

APPLETON'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XI

FEBRUARY, 1908

NO. 2

A CONFESSION AND A CONCLUSION

WHAT are you going to do with your boy? He is a dear little fellow, no doubt, and, with the addition of his mother in him to what you are, he is, as you well know, far above the average—really wonderful, you will admit. Some day, however, he will have grown up and will be a bigger problem than now, when diet, fresh air enough, and regular sleeping hours are the chief questions. Your father's father, way down underneath, felt that your father might some day be President of the United States. Your father planned, as he watched you, in your shapeless, helpless days, for some great future for you. Are you planning as hopefully for your little son?

Are the times out of joint, or has America changed, that such buoyant optimism no longer characterizes the young father of the day? Why is it that thirty years ago a young workman who saw a big house or a handsome equipage thought gayly "I'll have one like that some day," or "My boy shall have that when he grows up"—why is it that to-day he growls "Why should he have all these things while I have to work so hard?" and then denounces wealth and capital? The change in viewpoint is here. We all see it. Those of us who employ others feel it in the amount of work turned out and in the different spirit shown by our men.

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The politicians feel it and daily make stronger appeals to class spirit and passion. In other words it is a widely accepted condition.

Nevertheless, as you watch your baby don't be bitter, but reflect a little and ask yourself if it is a real condition or merely an accepted theory that confronts us? It was an accepted theory once that the world was flat, but that did not prevent it from being round. It was necessary to fight duels once; statutes call it murder now, and it always was murder. While there is life there must be either growth or decay, progress or retrogression—never a standing still, a happy mean. That is the Law, unchanging, unbreakable. There is undeniable evidence all around us that America is growing, progressing. Why then these megrims? Have we all fallen into a wrong habit of thought, just as the Puritans fell into one regarding witchcraft? Judge Sewall lived to recant and repent. Why should not we?

There is a reason, of course, for this popular belief and despondency, unfounded in fact though it be. The reason is that everybody has said so, just as everybody used to say that the poor old women of Salem held communion with the Devil—a real, personal, horned Devil at that—and so must be hanged. Why do they say it, if not true? Now we are on the trail! What do you talk about? Not the everyday things, not the many breakfasts that are good, but the few when the cereal is scorched, the toast burned, or the eggs stale. We have been so big, so prosperous, so marvelous as a nation that it has become commonplace. Thereupon people began to talk of the exceptions, the weak places, the doubtful phases, the discouraging features, ignoring the unostentatious, good, hopeful facts of growth and progress. In the craze for circulation—for circulation in quantity ignoring its quality—the magazines have sinned.

We, ourselves, as royalty and editors may say, must confess to having been affected somewhat by the taint. In searching for the Interesting all of us have overemphasized the Unusual until it in turn has seemed—only

seemed, remember—the Commonplace. Newspapers have done their share in spreading the Gossip until it seemed to be the Truth, but they have done yeoman service of late along the right lines. It was the great shock of the panic of 1907 that opened blinded eyes to the light—and there is an abundance of it. Why have we all kept our eyes shut? The pity of it, the needless sorrow and the gloom!

Look at your boy and smile with hope. There is always room at the top, only there's more of the top now, and it reaches higher than ever before. There is hardly a single place of importance in this land which is filled by mere favor. The men in charge have fought their way up—have earned their honors. Out of twenty-four railroad presidents who met a few months ago to discuss issues only two were rich men's sons and one of them has since been replaced by a self-made man. Don't stop for statistics and Gradgrindian facts. Look around for yourself and see the truth. There is more opportunity to-day in America than at any other time or place in the world's history. Look at the young men succeeding to-day—thousands of them. One of the leading railroad men of the East is thirty-one and at thirteen he was an office boy. One of the greatest editors and writers in the country, still in his thirties, worked his way up to the top in a mercantile business from an office boy's job, and then began all over again as a reporter on what he had spent for cigars, and reached the top again.

But why weary ourselves with writing examples when anyone may see them for himself, if he will only look around with open eyes? When he does look around he will find, if he look wisely, certain basic principles involved—willingness to work hard, readiness to work more and with cheerfulness, thrift, sobriety, patience, and energy—all simple, old-fashioned, homely virtues, the sort of things Poor Richard advised, the spirit that has made the Netherlanders rich and prosperous, the same spirit that has given Kennebec County down in Maine with only five millionaires, the highest per capita bank deposits in the world, the same spring of action that has made our leaders and our Captains of Industry.

Nearly twenty years ago Talcott Williams, that brilliant newspaper man and public-spirited citizen of Philadelphia, wrote to a boy who wanted to begin newspaper work: The best advice I can give you is to say what Charles Nordhoff said to me fifteen years ago when I began—the only man who gets ahead is the man who does more than his day's work—for I have found this to be true. Stephen O'Meara, who has made a success as Police Commissioner in Boston, an office unsought but accepted from a sense of duty, used to tell his cub reporters: "I have noticed that it is the man who does one hundred and ten per cent of his work who gets ahead." A railroad president in Chicago, once a simple, German lad, now a man of great affairs and a polished American, explains his success by saying: "I did all my own work and some of the work the other fellow wouldn't do."

Be of good cheer! Start your boy right, give him courage, teach him to work and to save and never to be discouraged. The head of the most successful electrical manufacturing concern in the country says: "We can't get enough good youngsters that we can push ahead." Let him be one of the good youngsters. Others are doing it. Don't spoil his chances by teaching him pessimism and doubt. Let him be up and doing. The trusts are nothing but bugaboos, not real menaces, and, as a matter of fact, have increased the openings for young men who have neither money nor pull, nothing but brain and brawn and bravery.

The world's not out of joint, but most of us have been wearing the wrong glasses, so that we have seen things twisted. To break our own editorial rule and be merely timely—that is all the panic was. Enough people got scared at the same time. When enough people are hopeful at the same time the boom will be here. That is all there is to it. You can attribute the panic to whom or what you please. Each of us, as a matter of fact, was in part to blame.

As long as we have broken one rule, let us break another, and talk about ourselves. We have begun what

is really a new magazine with this issue. It is only a beginning, and it will be even better. We are going to make Appleton's so good that our readers will talk about it and we shall get more and more readers and grow and grow in every way. Appleton's is to be a magazine of merit, but without a "mission," except to be more interesting every month.

Interesting as this youngster of ours is to us, let us go back to yours, which is what interests you even more. Do not be afraid to be American and to train him up the same way. Glory in our growth, our strength, our industries, our opportunities, our resources, our educational advantages, our hospitals, and our charities. Resume the old American superlative, "the greatest, the finest, or any 'est' you please, in the world." It is our birthright; it is the truth; and it is what has made America what it is. Take the hackneyed old prairie schooner motto "Pike's Peak or Bust!" It is better than to sit by the roadside and wail. If you know you can't get ahead, you won't get ahead. But if you know you will, you will. That is the epitome of the history and the spirit of America. Will you train your boy to reap the rich American harvest, or will you whine and let some little foreign-born of mettle take the place that might have been his? Do your share to help your son and better yourself, but do it intelligently, considering your associate's or your employer's interests at least as important as your own. That is the intelligent self-interest that makes for success.

So when you look at the baby to-night smile with him and over him and be hopeful for his future.



HOW THE TRUTH SAVED THE DAY

BY GEORGE C. LAWRENCE



HOW does the public know things? In the first place it doesn't; that is, it has to be taught or shown. And it has to be shown over and over again. The very knowledge which it has it is prone to cast to the winds when most needed. How then is the fabric built up and maintained?

In rough definition the sources of public knowledge of the truth, even the obvious, if you will, are three. First comes experience; that is, the knowledge gained at first hand. By its very definition it is small and relatively unimportant, affecting only a fractional part of the public. A few may see a fire or a railroad wreck or a prize fight, but the thousands upon thousands who add the knowledge of such happenings to their store must gain their information in another way. The most vital factors in public knowledge are excluded from this class.

Second, there is that stratum of public knowledge which is transmitted by word of mouth. Not, of course, the indefinite "I hear," the rumor that flies from the housetops to-day as rapidly as in the days of Dido. This, too, is a mighty factor, but chiefly in creating public error, and against it the forces by which truth is disseminated must forever battle. In this class, however, there is a portion of positive knowledge, that which is gained from teachers, lecturers, the pulpit, and the stage, and from that portion of daily intercourse based on solid substance. With the advance of civilization man has become more and more an unwilling empiricist, and that portion of his knowledge which he holds so lightly and acquires so vicariously, so far as these means of dissemination is concerned, has diminished steadily.

On the third source the public depends, even if unconsciously, for the greatest part of its knowledge; that is, on what it reads in books, magazines, and the daily papers. The knowledge gained from books is, by the very nature of its vehicle, specialized. The issues, questions, and events of the day are often history before they can be treated in this form. For every book that is read a thousand magazines and papers are made to add to the formation of current opinion. These are, and are more and more becoming, the great factor in giving the public information on all those subjects which form the warp and woof of the web of daily life and intercourse.

Magazines in America are a mighty force. The raw truth which is furnished by the press they analyze, digest, and apply for a public prone to jump at erroneous conclusions. The spirit of constructive statesmanship is in these publications and what the busy man has no time to do they do for him.

The greatest, the overshadowing, means of forming public opinion, the mightiest factor in contributing to that store of common knowledge on which business and social life is based, is the newspaper. "What," is the cry, "do I rely on the penny sheet, the chronicler of murder and sudden death, for the knowledge that I have?" So far as the greater part of it is concerned, yes, unequivocally yes. "I see by the papers," is the great American password. Of all that we know of current events the world over by far the largest part is obtained from the maligned newspapers. Stop to think, you who hold the obvious obvious. How many among the millions in this country know by any other means, for example, that Theodore Roosevelt is President? Not one in ten thousand. Run yourself fairly and honestly into the gaping corner and then admit that you know

[illegible]

to think that the emergence of President Carter is some kind of a sign of a new era in the history of the United States. —Secretary of the Senate Charles McNinch

Taken from Circulation and Hoarded—
Through Several Money Institutions Close
the Floor, the Banking Situation Is

[illegible]

NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS AT THE HEIGHT OF THE PANIC

"The press rose to the occasion and saved the day simply by setting forth the truth."

The Boston Daily Globe.

Don't Forget
to call every day, you will
find the Globe your best friend.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 22, 1906. SIXTEEN PAGES. PRICE TWO CENTS.

BOSTON HERALD

BRYAN SAYS THAT HE WILL ACCEPT NOMINATION

He has fought for Ash for the
last time. He has fought for the
cause of the people. He has fought
for the cause of the people. He has
fought for the cause of the people.

BUSINESS OUTLOOK GROWING BRIGHTER

Confidence increasing. Money
tight. Bank ready to
lend. Prices of securities
going up everywhere.



HIBBARD CHOSEN TO LEAD REPUBLICANS IN FIGHT FOR MAYOR

Postmaster nominates 16,950 Out of 14,000 votes
---Hansen Prodiges His Support---Fitzgen-
old and Confronted Disappeared---Chairman
Barlow of Board of Aldermen is Defeated---
Mrs. Hull Wins Four Weeks.

CONFIDENCE

PUT MONEY BACK IN THE BANKS---CORTELYOU

Money Fast Recovering from
Money Troubles and Lan-
guage As Valuable.

BALTIMORE

BALTIMORE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1906.

AID POOR WOMAN

Whole Value
Only For
Way.

ROOSEVELT KNOCKERS CLUB IS GROWING

Army of the "and
Waves from the Ring-
ship Ball.

THE OLDEST MINISTER IN THE WORLD

At 100 He Breaks Without
and still keeps
a step.

CHEERFUL

OUTLOOK FOR FIRST OF YEAR

A Little Cautious and
the Twelfth Will
be Over, says
Banker.

PENNSYLVANIA

BUFFALO EVENING TIMES

BUFFALO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1906.

THEY'RE AFTER MA

MURDER

PROMINENT

THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER.

FAIR-
PAGES AND LATTER
Page One to Twelve Only.

FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 23, 1906.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS.

TONGUE Of Wilhelm's Sister quoted the origin of the "Round Table." ---Hester Hester, "The Enquirer." ---Charles.	EFFECT Of the New Issue of Certificates and Bonds On Treasury Balances Will Be Estimated Addition of \$50,000,000. Not All of Which Will Be at Once Available. Which Will Be Left With Banks as Deposits. Increasing Taxes Now Held To \$300,000,000. Which Spending It Will Be Home sary To Draw on Depos- ---Hester Hester, "The Enquirer." of Money.	REID HAS FAITH IN AMERICA'S FUTURE RAPID Will Be Resumption of Normal Conditions in the Money Conditions After the Disbursements of Next Month. Interesting, Gossip About Baseball Players. Addresses Who Introduced the rights To London Situation Had Never Treated the Club Situation.	MILLS Should Make New Record To Next Year's Output of Coal and Steel Product. Of Present Production Per/cent Are Filled. There is Nothing That Can Prevent the Mills from New Year.	CLOUDS Will Soon Roll By, and Reverses Only Serve To Lift Us Higher. Says Ambassador Reid, at London Dinner. The Country Relief Was so a Better Condition. To Combat a Financial Crisis, He Declares. And Americans Keep the Thanksgiving Joy. With Hearts as Free and and as Free as the Breeze of the Cloud Man.
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CONSPICUOUS PAPERS IN CHEERFUL SPIRIT

"The optimism of true conditions was emphasized by the press."

it because you read it in the papers. How many in the country, except by this means, know that there actually was an earthquake in San Francisco or a war between Russia and Japan, or any one of the million happenings going to make up the sum of daily life on this old earth, which, except for the chroniclings of the daily press, might never have happened so far as a large part of the public is concerned?

Blink the fact as one will, the press, peddler of truths at a penny a thousand, is the major factor, not alone in public knowledge, but, as a result, in the advance of civilization itself.

"Truth," said Goethe, "must be repeated over and over again, because error is practiced not by individuals, but by the masses." That medium which can and does repeat the truth over and over again, which can and does minimize the practice of error by the masses—which makes obvious the obvious—is necessarily one of the mightiest factors in development. That is what the American press is doing to-day and has been doing throughout its history.

Concrete examples are many, but, for the case in hand, the most broadly illustrative best serves the case. The country recently passed through a financial panic which, within a month after its inception, was referred to as the "late panic." A greater danger was escaped, a greater calamity avoided, and how? By the repetition of the truth over and over again by the American press. Let us see how it worked out.

There are, unfortunately, always harbingers of disaster. Prophets of this cause are not entirely without honor in their own communities, for a certain respectful attention attaches to him who predicts hard times, backing his argument with reason however fallacious. So naturally there have not lacked, as there will never lack, croakers who prophesied hard times for almost any reason under the sun. While the prophets of evil raised their voices the country was never in so prosperous a condition. Suddenly, toward the end of October, disaster became imminent in spite of all the signs of prosperity. Financial institutions tottered, the money center of the country became demoralized almost in a night. An infection to stimulate this condition seized thousands. Banks were besieged. The panic spread throughout the country. The financial centers of the world were involved. Ruin stared millions in the face. Yet one month after this the whole situation was referred to as "the late financial flurry."

There was no real basis for a panic, and yet the public seemed to demand panic. How then was the terrifying situation ameliorated and the country saved from a financial wreck of tremendous proportions? Not by a knowledge of the conditions, for the public had that and threw it to the winds. A simple declaration of fear on the part of a score of depositors was enough to start a run on any bank. Institutions were toppling on every hand, not because of unsoundness but because of the inability of any bank to liquidate all its liabilities on a moment's notice. And yet where millions talked of ruin, and fought madly for deposits in October and November, the same millions in December spoke lightly of the late financial flurry. How was this salvation worked? Simply by the iteration and reiteration of the true conditions, in the light of which a panic was unwarranted. And by whom was the truth hammered home? By the American press. There was no other agency to do it. There is no other agency so powerful in disseminating the truth. At the first crash the newspapers realized that conditions did not warrant a panic, and almost before it had begun they were pointing out this basic truth. On the cars, in offices, or on the street, the omnipresent American expression "I see by the papers" quickly became one not of depression but of hope. Why? Because the optimism of true conditions was emphasized by the press. Many and many a depositor who had no first-hand knowledge of the situation turned to his daily paper and was comforted. Many and many a family, removed from the financial centers, obtained all its information from and based its action on the information purveyed by the press. Just so fast as any one was made to understand the true situation, of which panic was the last logical outcome, just so fast as the obvious which the public had forgotten in its fear was made obvious, so fast was the danger of panic eliminated.

The public, not conditions, were sick, and for the public the press prescribed simply allopathic slugs of truth. And behold the public was cured. Day after day the press fought to bring home a realization of the truth, and in the end truth conquered. It fought against enormous odds, against the susceptibility of the mob, against the tendency of the masses made up of individuals cognizant of truth to forget it and practice error, and most of all it fought against the vague

rumor flying from mouth to mouth which did more than anything else to perpetuate danger.

"We were talked to death," said the president of one perfectly solvent institution in the West which this same "rumor" forced to close its doors. "People who ought not to have done it circulated stories against us. They frightened depositors, who withdrew their money." What did it matter that the fright was unfounded and the withdrawal needless? Until the truth was accepted it was the existing condition. "No institution," continued the same official, "could have withstood it. I stood here and collected \$10,000,000 from our customers through my wicket. Ten million dollars is a good deal of money, but it went almost as fast as it came in. The drain was continuous and *the stories were kept in circulation.*" The comment of the *Kansas City Journal* was summed up in the headlines of its story "Rumors Wreck Solvent Institution."

That was the experience of a single institution, yet typical of all. Rumor gained by word of mouth made it typical of all. The true situation which made a panic unwarranted was obvious to all but forgotten by all. And in this crisis, which menaced the whole country, the press rose to the occasion and saved the day, not by argument, not by pleading, but simply by setting forth the truth and repeating it over and over again.

Reference even to headlines of the time will reveal the simple method. Nothing was suppressed, nothing was withheld. The public was simply given the means of making its knowledge right, and in the end victory was achieved and disaster averted.

The public was the sick patient, the press the physician, and truth the medicine. It was administered unsparingly and honestly. In New York, even at the bluest time, it was given forth bravely. At a recent dinner in New York at which the chief speaker dealt with this same financial flurry which once threatened to become a cataclysm, the tenor of his remarks was largely made up of "we now know." And the fact that we now know it, that a greater disaster was averted, is due to the press. Without this agency the endeavors of Cortelyou, Morgan, and all the other patriots would have been as nothing. The public knowledge by which the tide was turned would not have existed.

"Truth," says the Arabian proverb, "is not truth if it be not known"—a statement

which applies as completely to the recent panic for which the press acted as such an efficient palliative as on the day when it was uttered.

From coast to coast, from Canada to Mexico, the newspapers, during the financial stress, were engaged in making the truth known, in making obvious the obvious. How did they do it? They hammered. They followed Goethe's saying. In Providence, for example, where the influence of the New York situation reacted as strongly as anywhere, the leading paper, at the end of the week of greatest disturbance, published the following advice:

"Keep away from the banks. The only danger threatening the banking institutions of Rhode Island is the needless alarm of anxious depositors. It is the opinion of the *Providence Journal* that every depositor in a Rhode Island bank or trust company should refrain from excited withdrawal of his money at a time when the chief trouble of these institutions is in obtaining cash. Keep away from the banks yourself and advise foolish or ignorant persons who do not understand the situation to do the same."

Side by side with this advice appeared the headlines: "Day of Stress. Foolish Panic. Public Confidence Increases as Facts Overcome Rumor."

This particular case is cited because it affords a typical illustration of the course pursued throughout the country in making obvious the obvious; in contributing to the public knowledge. Who in New York among the masses really understood the situation at first? As it progressed the headlines and reading matter in the newspapers, as here reproduced in part, hammered home to the public the realization of the true condition. "Truth must be repeated over and over again," and it was. That no other agency than the American press could have done the work is shown by the needs of the situation; and the value of these repetitions is shown in the results.

Throughout the country the method was the same. In St. Louis, for example, the *St. Louis Republic* confined itself to editorial advice and placed its news stories away from the first page, simply to avoid undue excitement. In Boston the papers preached the truth from the housetops to the benefit of the community. At the end of the most difficult week the *Globe* advised its readers that money

The Minneapolis Evening Tribune

VOL. XLII, NO. 128

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1907. FIVE O'CLOCK EDITION PRICE ONE CENT

MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE GRIDIRON WILL REPRODUCE CARLISLE-MINNESOTA GAME SATURDAY AFTERNOON

**NOW LOOK OUT
FOR THE WEST,
SAYS CORTELYOU**

Secretary of the Treasury
Thinks Financial Fiasco
Has Passed.

**WOODRUFF STATED
MADE BY COUNTRY**

New York's Most Serious
Tax—Must Aid Other
Funds.

**CROP MOVEMENT
IS ALL IMPORTANT**

Official Thanks Manufacturers
in Behalf of Producers.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—(AP.)—Secretary of the Treasury, William C. Cortelyou, today said that the financial fiasco had passed.



**SECURE \$20,000,000
GOLD FROM FRANCE**

REMARKS MADE TO THE SENATE BY
SENATOR HARRIS.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14, (AP.)—Senator Harris, of Missouri, today said that the government had secured \$20,000,000 of gold from France.

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WORKER CLOSER GROUPS

Have Formed in Minneapolis and
Are Following Rules in
Action.

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 14, (AP.)—A group of workers in Minneapolis today formed a closer group and are following rules in action.

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**Heiress to Millions
Sues City and County**

Miss Dickinson, New Mrs. Sam. Knox, Begins Pro-
ceedings in Federal Court, Claiming Her Prop-
erty Is Too Heavily Assessed—Action Is
Brought in Suit to Secure Reasonable Credit.

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 14, (AP.)—Miss Dickinson, New Mrs. Sam. Knox, today began proceedings in federal court, claiming her property is too heavily assessed.

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FIGHT

MAILED BACK IS STOLEN

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 14, (AP.)—A mail sack containing mail was stolen today in Minneapolis.

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THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC.

MONDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 28, 1907.

ONE HUNDRETH YEAR.

NEWS SUMMARY

**AERONAUTS GATHER
FOR MEETING TODAY**

A Popular Show of Daily Journal, Monday, October 28, 1907.

**PREACHERS WHO CRY AGAINST
DELEGATE BOOING FROM PALACE**



**ROADWAY TO RELIEVE
OKLAHOMA SITUATION**

Proclamation Issued Afternoon
Session in the House
for the Week.

**COTTON MARKETS BE SET
BY ACTION FUTURE DEFENDERS**

London and Kansas City Markets
Set by Action of Future Defenders.

**FINANCIAL STATUS
BECOMING NORMAL**

Bank Which Reported Last
Week Are Preparing to Re-
sume Operations.

TO DEPORT \$670,000.

Foreign Flotation, Really
Most American Capital for
Gold and Silver Imports.

AMUSEMENTS

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 14, (AP.)—Theaters and amusements in Minneapolis today.

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The Times-Democrat.

NEW ORLEANS, MONDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1907.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS—No. 15,000

NEW METHODS USED

Change Recommended in
Financial Department.

Consolidation Forces Application
of Director of Bank.

Min. Department to Push Policy for
Bank Wholes.

Consolidation Forces Called to Confer
with Secretary of Bank.

**CLEARING OF THE STORM
IN FINANCIAL CENTERS**

PROMISE IS STRONG FOR STABLE MARKET

Feeling Among Banking Authorities in New York is
That-United Action and Wise Common Sense Have
Clear Forward Preventing a Disastrous Financial
Collapse in Metropolitan New York Stock Com-
mission in Southern Financial Center.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14, (AP.)—The clearing of the storm in financial centers is strong for a stable market.

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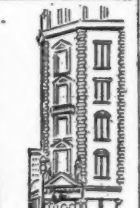
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WHITE HOUSE RESIGNED

Many Office Workers Resigned
at Washington.

Large List of Resignations Has
Reached the White House.

Minister of Finance Resigned
After War Department.

Financial Crisis Resolved for
San Francisco Stock Market.

Home Price of Tobacco Index
Down in New York, to Record
in Tobacco Industry.

FIRST EDITION

2:30 P.M.

THE DAILY STATES

VOL. 28—NO. 215

NEW ORLEANS, LA., MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1907—12 PAGES.

STREET PRICE—TWO CENTS

**MORE CHEERFUL TONE IN THE
NEW YORK FINANCIAL DISTRICT**

The Flow of Gold From
Europe to United States
Is Being Continued.

St. Louis Bank Reports Value
Metal Stock One Dollar and
Change Increase Will Also
Be Seen—Chicago Advancing
As View Improved of Trade in
near Chicago Could Not Be
Quoted.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14, (AP.)—The flow of gold from Europe to the United States is being continued.

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**PLOT HATCHED
BY THE GEBBIAS**

State Will Attempt to Prove That
James McInnes and Others
Were Placed in Position and
Killed.

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 14, (AP.)—A plot hatched by the Gebbias.

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**GOV. BLANCHARD'S MESSAGE
TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY**

LEGISLATORS GATHER
TO ANSWER LONG ROLL
OF GOV. BLANCHARD

Elaborate Presentation of the
Views in Favor of Re-
formatory Legislation.

Session of the Legislature is
Opening Tomorrow and There Will
Be a Large Attendance of
Legislators. The Session
Will Be Held for Answering
Proposals in Reformation of
Penal System in New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 11, (AP.)—Gov. Blanchard's message to the general assembly.

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FOUR MISSISSIPPI VALLEY PAPERS THAT HELPED

"The mightiest factor in forming public opinion is the newspaper."

previously withdrawn was being redeposited. A vital factor, but without the press how many would have known it, or how far would it have operated to relieve the situation? In the same city the Boston *Herald* on December 2d, in a story entitled "Work Again for Thousands" gave a detailed list of the various New England factories and manufacturing interests again in operation, which could not but assist tremendously in the restoration of public confidence.

In New York the situation was set forth day after day in its true light, and as the situation did not warrant the panic common sense won. The *Journal*, in simple words of truthful advice, made obvious the obvious. Under the heading "A Word to the Thoughtless," it summed up the situation, hammered home the truth, in the following language:

"To the wise no word is necessary. Men of knowledge understand full well that the country was never more prosperous, and that a panic in the midst of such unexampled industrial and commercial activity as this nation has recently enjoyed and still enjoys is a grotesque absurdity.

"The reasoning of those persons who are now participating in runs upon perfectly solvent banking institutions is on a par with that of those citizens who think they need have no concern about the conduct of government because they merely pay rent.

"The informed man knows that those who pay rent are as much taxpayers as those who own the houses in which they live. Their concern with government is equally as great as that of the property owner.

"Likewise the man who draws money from a perfectly solvent bank in such a time as this, instead of protecting himself, may be promoting his own undoing.

"Credit is the life blood of business. If banks fail, business will totter. If business is wrecked, employment will cease. And what will it profit a man if he gets his small hoard from a bank at the price of his business or of his job?

"Think of this before you join a line of the panic-stricken."

From city after city the handling of the situation by the press in giving to the public knowledge of the true conditions and in eliminating erroneous belief showed a spontaneous unanimity which could only have had its basis on a common appreciation of the importance to the public of emphasizing the truth.

"Flurry Fails to Disturb Trade," said the San Francisco *Call*, in a typical story dealing with the real effect of the panic, and from New Orleans was echoed the slogan backed by powerful editorials analyzing the situation in its true light. Day after day, as a perusal of its editorials shows, the *Picayune* of that city laid bare the basis of solidity in this manner. Day after day it, with the *Times-Democrat* and the *Daily States*, made obvious the true situation.

To call the roll of honor of all those who contributed to the fund of public knowledge, who hammered home the truth, who literally saved the day, would be an enormous task. Characteristic utterances may be quoted from only a few. "Cheerful Outlook for First of Year" was the word of the Baltimore *World* backed by reasons plain to even the most skeptical. "West Is All Right," said the Omaha *Bee*, showing that "real and genuine prosperity abides in the West." "Absolutely No Reason Why There Should Be Any Panicky Feeling Among the People Here," said the Buffalo *Times*, backing the assertion, as did all papers, with a plain statement of the actual situation that made the truth, which the public seemed to have forgotten, unescapable. To the Northwest the Minneapolis *Tribune* and many other publications set forth the words of encouragement of Secretary Cortelyou. In Massachusetts the Springfield *Republican* after analyzing the situation in a powerful editorial concluded with these words:

"And here we have the great assurance that while present crisis and industrial reaction may be severe or sharp for the time being, the depression will not be as prolonged as it was from 1893, when doubt existed as to the money basis of credit, or as it was in 1873 under a government paper régime. We are facing business reaction, but there is every reason to believe that it will not extend to very serious lengths or last long."

A bald and simple process it becomes in the end, little appreciated and often misunderstood in spite of its simplicity, and yet on it rests the whole structure of the "we now know" restored confidence. It is a matter of vital importance to the American people, this spreading of the truth by the American press. Of how great importance may be seen from the present illustration—the part played by the press in palliating panic by hammering home the truth on which public confidence and public relations rest. The part of the

THE SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER.

VOL. 12, NO. 102

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1935—BUSINESS EDITION

PRICE FIVE CENTS

**LINER EMPRESS
OF CHINA SINKS
WITH BIG CARGO**

Wrecked East and With
the Sinks of Her
Crew

WAS TO CARRY

**WASHINGTON
SHORT LINES
FILE REPORT**

Annual Statement of Rail-
ways in its Month of
Completion



**MAN MURDERED,
TWO WOUNDED
IN SALOON ROW**

**ROCKEFELLER IS
NOT AFRAID OF
GOTHAM BANKS**

Big Money Arrangements
in Loan Large House in
New York

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 17, 1935—ONE HUNDRED THIRTY-SIX PAGES

SUMMARY OF THE BEE

NOVEMBER 1935	NOVEMBER 1935
1 3 5 7 9	1 3 5 7 9
11 13 15 17 19	11 13 15 17 19
21 23 25 27 29	21 23 25 27 29
31 33 35 37 39	31 33 35 37 39

WAPKURN ON SESSION

Gov. Wapkurn today opened the 10th annual session of the State Board of Education at the University of Nebraska.

OMAHA ONLY GAINER

Of the 10 cities in Nebraska, only Omaha showed an increase in population during the year ending June 30, 1935.

WEST IS ALL NIGHT

On the Pacific coast, the night of the 16th was a memorable one for the people of the West.

CRISIS ONLY TEMPORARY

Part of the crisis of the nation and the situation of the world is temporary, and will pass.

VOL. 1, NO. 179-181
TEN PAGES
PRICE TWO CENTS

The Kansas City Journal.

KANSAS CITY, MO.
FRIDAY,
NOVEMBER 8, 1935

PERSISTENT SLANDER AND PUBLIC CREDULITY CAN CLOSE THE DOORS OF THE SOUNDEST BANK

**NOTED ACTRESS
KILLS HERSELF**

GLORIA BROADBENT, ACTRESS IN
NATIONAL THEATRE

LEAVES NOTE FOR HUSBAND

WAS APPARENTLY TO LEAVE
FOR NEW YORK

Referred to as a "lady of
the night" in New York

**TWO MEN SHOT
IN STATE HOUSE**

KANSAS CITY, MO., NOVEMBER 8, 1935

Two men were shot today in the
state house in Kansas City.

The shooting occurred in the
corridor of the state house.

The two men were identified
as John and James Smith.

APPEALED TO SENATOR PEOPLE

Senator People are urged to
appeal to the people of the
state.

The senator people are urged
to appeal to the people of the
state.

The senator people are urged
to appeal to the people of the
state.

The senator people are urged
to appeal to the people of the
state.

**CRISIS OVER,
BANKERS SAY**

RECENT FINANCIAL CRISIS
OVER, BANKERS SAY

OTHER BANKS IN GOOD SHAPE

NO NEED FOR FURTHER ALARM

According to their official
statements, the crisis is over.

**DUMORS WRECK
SOLVENT BANK**

NATIONAL BANK OF DUMORS
WRECKED TO RUINS

WAS IN SOUND CONDITION

BY THE CRISIS HAD BEEN
RECOVERED

Referred to as a "lady of
the night" in New York

Important Question No. 22
Which is the Capital Building in San Francisco, and Why?
Ten Dollars for Correct Answers
See Page 2, Section of November 1, 1935

THE CALL

SAN FRANCISCO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1935

Public Indulgence of the city
and country during these
troubles. The city and country
will be greatly
benefited and
the SUNDAY CALL

**Ryan &
Banks of**

**FLURRY FAILS
TO DISTURB
TRADE**

With One Exception
the Banks Are
All Open

Millionaire Safe Deposit
Expected to Re-open Soon

Insurers Say End
of Stringency Is
in Sight

Preference Given
to Meet Wage Payroll

Very limited loans in San
Francisco, with the
majority of the money
being loaned to the
city and county.

**City Banks Do Usual Business
and Situation Brightens**

Although the banks in San Francisco are closed today, the situation is brightening. The banks are expected to open tomorrow, and the city is expected to return to normal.

He's the Man That's Responsible for the Trouble



**Federal Government to Put \$30,000,000 More
in Circulation to Aid Business Activity**

Golden Wave of \$23,750,000 Soon Will End the Recent Cash
Stringency in the Eastern States

From San Francisco Post
Herald-Examiner of Nov.

The situation in the United States is expected to improve soon. The federal government is expected to put more money in circulation, and the cash stringency in the eastern states is expected to end.

SOME TYPICAL WESTERN NEWSPAPER COMMENT

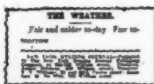
"A tremendous responsibility, honestly shouldered, makes the press the greatest palliative of panics."

press in disseminating truth, vital yet little understood, is of tremendous proportions and yet little realized. But in the end the American public does know things, does get the knowledge from the newspapers which day in and day out bring home truth.

No greater justification of the hackneyed phrase "I see by the papers" could be found than the treatment afforded by the newspapers to a situation offering unlimited opportunities for sensational and terror-breeding statements. A tremendous responsibility honestly shouldered makes the press not only the greatest palliative of panics, but the greatest repeater of truth to the decrease of the practice of error by the masses, and the greatest disseminator of public knowledge. So

far as the repetition of truth and the consequent elimination of error is praiseworthy and a vital part of our daily life, so far is the public press, its leading mouthpiece, not only praiseworthy, but a vital, concrete, and animating part. "I see by the papers" is really the watchword of American advance.

"Truth must be repeated over and over again," and if there be any foundation of truth on which the structure of business and intercourse rests, surely the public which profits by it, the public whose social structure rests upon it as a corner stone, owes a measure of recognition to the force that lays the corner stone and keeps it in repair, which repeats the truth and makes obvious the obvious—the free American press.



NEW YORK JOURNAL

8TH EDITION
ALL EUROPEAN NEWS
UP TO
FOUR O'CLOCK

NO. 8,317—P. 34. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1912. ONE CENT

A WORD TO THE THOUGHTLESS

TO the wise no word is necessary. Men of knowledge understand full well that the country was never more prosperous, and that a panic in the midst of such unexampled industrial and commercial activity as this nation has recently enjoyed, still enjoys is a grotesque absurdity.

The reasoning of those persons who are now participating in runs upon perfectly solvent banking institutions, is on a par with that of those citizens who think, because they merely pay rent, they need not have the same concern about the conduct of government as those who own property.

The informed man knows that those who pay rent are as much taxpayers as those who own the houses in which they live. Their concern with government is equally as great as that of the property owner.

Likewise, the man who draws money from a perfectly solvent bank in such a time as this, instead of protecting himself, may be promoting his own undoing.

Credit is the life-blood of business. If banks fail, business will totter. If business is wrecked, employment will cease. And what will it profit a man if he get his small hoard from a bank at the price of his business or of his job?

Think of this before you join a line of the panic-stricken.

William Randolph Hearst

DOCTOR IN FIERCE FIGHT WITH BURGLAR IN DARK

Bravely Men Fight Down Two
Vigils of Brink Rob
Four Air Lids

Four Persons in Line at Savings Institutions and Big Financiers Say the Fight is Won—Message of Cheer from Rothschild—Morgan Will with Gold.

Wall Street, and even the general public, today are apparently convinced that the financial crisis is over or, at least, fairly under control.

The pouring in millions into the banks and into the market by the big financiers and by the Government has met with success.

One estimate says that the amount of money put into the market today is the largest since the panic of 1907.

The fact has generally been taken as a sign of recovery, and it is believed that the crisis is over.

What the Big Financiers Say:

LORD ROTHSCHILD:

I have received word that the situation seems to be hopeful and reassuring. I would like to add a word concerning the excellent financial position of Mr. Morgan. Before now it has been generally recognized and agreed that he is worthy of his reputation as a great financier and a man of wonderful resources. He has shown today his courage and his ability to meet the crisis.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN:

Things look better, and I think I can now say. The light has gradually been won. What the people of New York to keep their heads and keep their money in the banks, and nations will again become normal.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER:

It is a great mistake for people to draw their money out of the banks and put it where it will do no good. It is chiefly the business of depositors, big and little, to furnish the remedy for the present trouble. They should reserve their resources and let the money do its accustomed work.

EDWARD H. HARRIMAN:

The banks of New York are perfectly sound, and they will stand by the people as long as the people stand by them. To quickly return to normal business conditions the people of New York must all pull together. All should be honest, prudent and cool. I repeat, the banks of New York are sound and entitled to the support and cooperation of the citizens of this city who wish their recovery from this passing crisis.

"The 'Journal,' in simple words of truthful advice, made obvious the obvious."

THE FIST OF FATE

BY PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WILMSHURST



AUGUSTUS VANDUZEN reclining spaciouly in one chair, with his right foot supported by a second and his left by a third; with a cigar tucked at a comfortable angle between his lips, and at his elbow a tall glass containing a pair of straws and many lumps of ice, and other things, bent himself to the perusal of a lengthy, typewritten letter.

"Um—ahhhhh—ehhhhhh—three times now," he read, "at as many crises, I have been failed by nephews that I have intrusted with important missions; and I am getting so that the very word is to me as a red rag to a bull."

J. Augustus laid the letter on his lap and clasped his fingers around the sweated body of the glass.

"And I don't wonder," he grinned. "No; not a bit in the world!"

Down went glass and up came letter.

"As you no doubt know," he read on, "Van, Courtland, and Kingdon all quit me right in the middle of the most important kind of undertakings because they happened to see three girls that attracted them. With less compunction, honor, and intelligence than you might naturally expect from an adolescent doodle-bug, they turned me down cold; and they are now mooning away their lives in the south of France with their respective brides; and I hope to Heaven they stay there and thereby keep me from committing murder in my old age."

Again the letter was laid aside and the glass assumed; and after a refreshmental interval, during which another cigar was lighted and a waiter sent for another drink, and another

waiter sent after the first with injunctions to see that he didn't get lost, the reading was again resumed.

"Ahhhh—ummm—with much trepidation—eh—going to intrust you with a mission—peculiar—delicate—hate to trust another nephew, but no one else available has the necessary qualifications for such an unusual—Ah! Here we are!" And J. Augustus bent closer over the letter; and that which followed did he read to himself.

It was:

There is to be a directors' meeting of the O. H. & M. on the 4th. Old Huntingdon holds the whip hand, and he'll use the whip like the original *Simon Legree*. I've thought the whole matter over carefully and I can see just one way in which we can reach him—through his daughter. He's ridiculously fond of her and with him her slightest wish is a command to be obeyed unquestioningly. I don't like to adopt such means but I can see nothing else for it unless you kidnap the old man and keep him away from the meeting. But seriously, there's absolutely no way to get at him except through his daughter. Now you're young, good-looking, well-bred, well-educated and, I've always heard, "a divvle wid the wimmen." Making love, then, should be amusement instead of work; so you can have a good time and as well assist me materially. Draw on me to any extent for expenses and you have my assurance I shall not be ungrateful for any benefit that may accrue to me through your efforts; and there's a big opening here for a young man with energy, initiative, ability, and application. I'm sure I need say no more.

Down went the letter, slammed flat upon the table by a broad and irate palm.

"No! You don't need to say more!" exclaimed J. Augustus hotly. "You certainly don't! Not by a blamed sight you don't!"

The fresh cigar puffed furiously; and the fresh glass lost its contents with frantic rapidity.

"Huh!" snorted J. Augustus savagely. "I wonder what sort of a porch-climber and gold-brick man Uncle Stivvy takes me for, anyhow! . . . He certainly has got his nerve to make me any such proposition as that. . . . If he weren't so old, and New York weren't so far, I'd go over there and break his spectacles. . . . The very idea of anyone handing me a proposition like that and imagining that I'd be skunk enough to take it up! . . . It fairly makes me sick at my stomach. . . . Hey, waiter! Bring me a bromo-seltzer, will you; and bring it quick!"

The bromo-seltzer came; and close behind it was one Hampton Smythe, of the old Boston Smiths.

Hampton Smythe surveyed his friend and noted the suspicious presence of the ominously effervescent bromo-seltzer with troubled gaze.

"What's the matter, Susan?" he queried anxiously. "You haven't found the straight and narrow too restricted for your number eights, have you?"

J. Augustus shook his head.

"I've been insulted," he returned. "That's all. . . . Have something?"

The other shook his head.

"It's too early for me yet," he responded. "I'm a night-blooming cereus. And, besides, I haven't been insulted—that is, not recently. . . . Just going over to try out my new Daim-Vite roadster. . . . Come along? Seventy horse and they guarantee a speed of seventy-five; and it's the loveliest thing to look at that ever fooled a cop."

J. Augustus arose from his chair with alacrity. He picked the letter from the table, holding it between thumb and finger and, with head averted and nose elevated, dropped it carefully into the fire.

"You bet I'll go," he said. "Maybe seventy-five miles an hour will help blow the stench of this from my nose and doublet. . . . Where do you keep it?"

"It's just over at the agency garage, on Boylston Street," returned Smythe; "and I've got the touring car outside. . . . Get a move on."

J. Augustus scribbled a hieroglyphic upon his check and tendered it to the attentive waiter.

"I'm with you," he returned; and together he and the scion of the house of Smith made their way out into the hall and down the steps to the waiting touring car.

II

Two hours later the long, low, rakish roadster, panting gently, came to a stop in the garage; and from it dismounted two dust-laden, grease-ridden, be-dusted, and be-goggled figures.

"Well, wha' d'yer think of it?" demanded Hampton Smythe as he stood with arms akimbo, proudly surveying his latest mechanical adoption.

J. Augustus VanDuzen pushed his goggles up on his cap and let his eyes rove slowly over the car, from steering wheel to tires, from searchlights to tank.

"It's a rinkumtiddler!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "It sure is a rinkumtiddler."

"I think so," asserted Smythe, in a manner that could have been no more complacent had he conceived and developed, designed and constructed the car himself, *solus*; as is the way, always, with those who own good automobiles, and sometimes with those who own bad ones. "Did you ever hear an engine like that in your life? And look at that control. Isn't it a wonder?"

He raised expectant eyes to J. Augustus, but the latter was immersed in thought.

"Hey! Come out of it," requested Hampton Smythe.

J. Augustus scratched his head meditatively.

"I've wanted one of those cars for a long time now," said he, slowly, to himself; "for an hour at least. . . . And Uncle Stivvy told me to draw on him to any extent. . . . It would serve him no more than right. . . . He certainly owes me something for that insult. . . . By jinks, I'll do it!"

The agent of the Daim-Vite Company was just then entering the office door. J. Augustus hailed him peremptorily.

"I want to buy one of those cars. How much are they?"

"With extras," returned the agent, "thirty-seven fifty."

"And when can I have one?"

"Not for a month, at least. The demand—"

"Forget it," requested J. Augustus, cheerfully. "I want one of 'em now. I want to run down to the Farms in it this afternoon—going to have a little race with my friend Mr. Smythe."

"But," objected the agent, "I—"

"Haven't you a show car?"



Drawn by G. C. Wilmschurst.

"Mr. Huntingdon cast a shrewd little eye upon the two young men."

"Yes; but——"

"I'll give you four thousand for it."

The agent shook his head.

"I might lose a sale," he said, "if——"

"Forty-five hundred," bid J. Augustus cheerfully. "That's seven-fifty—I guess my arithmetic's good, isn't it?—for you to put in a little tin bank for yourself. What d'yer say?"

The agent palpably was wabbling.

"I'll throw in an extra hundred for luck,"

volunteered J. Augustus generously.

The agent fell.

"Good!" exclaimed J. Augustus. "Fill her up with oil and gas—and don't forget the carbide—and have her ready at three o'clock. Come on, Hammy, my son. Let's go back to the club. I can feel that insult coming on again. . . . And this afternoon I'll show you how to run one of these juvenile steam rollers. Waterbury James has invited me down to his place for a few days, or a few years, or something like that. And I know he'd be tickled to death to have you come, too. We'll just pile down there this afternoon. Don't bother to take anything. His clothes always fit me perfectly; and mine fit you. $A=B$, $B=C$; therefore $A=C$. What could be more simple?"

III

As, going at half speed, which in this instance means thirty-seven and one-half miles per hour, they turned into the stone gateway of the Knob, the Jameses' North Shore place, they met Waterbury himself quite unexpectedly—so unexpectedly, in fact, that the cob that he was driving rose up on its hind legs and, after wavering uncertainly for an instant, lay down gently in the dogcart beside its owner; and then, recovering itself, leaped about seven feet into the air and, catapulting Waterbury James out upon his head into a bed of rhododendrons, leaped over the wall and three tramps and vanished down the road in a cloud of dust.

Waterbury James rolled over on his back and sat up, rubbing the clinging loam from his eyes and coughing dainty petals from his throat.

"Well, what the——" he began; and then he stopped; for through a rift in the soil one uncloyed eye had alighted upon the two cars with their two owners.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he said shortly. "I

might 'a' known it. . . . It's getting so, by heck, that the only place where a man can go to escape idiots like you is a tethered balloon—and even then some chump is liable to come along and blow up underneath him, or run into the rope. . . . Where's my mare?"

Hampton Smythe waved an indefinite arm in a general southerly direction.

"Judging by the time that she was making and the direction that she took," he returned, "I should estimate that she is now in the pur-lieus of Salem where the witches come from. . . . Horses are no good, anyhow. Now, if you'd had a car, you wouldn't be sitting there picking angleworms out of your hair and looking like a Sunday supplement lithograph of *Back to Nature*."

Waterbury James cast a loamy eye over his recumbent form.

"I certainly am a mess," he agreed mildly; and then, of a sudden, his gaze grew truculent.

"Doggone your two fool hides!" he cried hotly. "You've put me in a fine fix!"

"Why, what's the matter, little one?" queried J. Augustus.

"Matter enough. I was on my way to meet Muriel Huntingdon and her father at the station. They're coming down on the express. And I couldn't go down looking like this even if I had anything to go in. . . . It's too late now to go back to the house and get another rig. The train's due in about two minutes—and they're not the sort of people you can leave hanging around a railroad station for an hour or so. . . . For five cents I'd kick your heads off—both of you!"

J. Augustus advanced his spark a little, and opened his throttle.

"Don't cry, Rudolph," he exhorted. "We'll go down and meet them."

"But you don't know them," objected he among the rhododendrons.

"We will in a very few moments, though," returned J. Augustus calmly. He threw in the reverse. "Come on, Hammy," he called. And, with a whiz this way, and a whir that, he was gone with the head of the ancient house of Smith tearing along in his car close behind.

IV

THE train had but just come to a rasping, grinding halt as the two cars slid gently up by the station platform; and from the very Pull-

man before which they had taken their places there were descending an elderly man and a tall, lithe, dainty girl.

J. Augustus threw in the emergency and stepped from his car. But ere he could reach the two so easily recognizable, who now stood on the station platform with the peering, inquiring expression of the to-be-met, Hampton Smythe was already proffering a cordial hand and explaining his presence.

"Our friend Waterbury James met with a little accident while on his way to meet you, you know—horse ran away—awfully silly of him to drive horses, anyway—so dangerous—asked us—pardon me, let me present my friend Susan Van—I mean, J. Augustus VanDuzen—eh—Mr. Huntingdon—asked us to meet you," and he bowed and smiled with great amiability.

Mr. Huntingdon cast a shrewd little eye upon the two young men before him.

"Glad to know you, gentlemen," he said, "and sorry to hear of the accident. Nothing serious, I hope."

"Oh, no," returned Mr. Smythe blithely. "Horse sat down on him, that's all," and he cast a hungry and expectant glance in the direction of the dark-eyed, dark-haired girl, whose perfect lips were curved in a little smile.

The millionaire director of many companies caught the glance.

"My daughter—eh—Mr. VanDuzen and Mr. —?" and he turned inquiringly to the eager Mr. Smythe.

"Smythe's my name," he said. "Used to be Smith; but father hit the stock market for a couple of million or so and mother changed it to Smythe. It pleases her and it doesn't hurt us, so the old gentleman and I let it go at that." And to the girl: "Delighted to know you, Miss Huntingdon. By Jove, I'm glad the horse sat on Waterbury! I'll never say another word against horses as long as I live. . . . This is my car, right here—the one on this side. . . . That's it. You sit right there. Has it been hot in the city? It's been perfectly bully down here."

J. Augustus sniffed softly. "Considering that he's been here twenty minutes," he muttered to himself, "he's remarkably well posted climatically."

He turned to Mr. Huntingdon. There was a perceptible smile upon the grizzled lips of the elder man.

"Your friend seems very progressive," he said.

J. Augustus nodded. "Progressive is one word," he admitted. And then, as he lugubriously eyed a dusty red streak that was fast vanishing down the road, "Suppose we follow?"

V

THE house party at the Knob comprised, as learned J. Augustus on reaching the house, merely Mr. Huntingdon, his daughter, Hampton Smythe, Waterbury James, and himself. There had been, and was to be, a host of others. But business had summoned some, and sickness had demanded some, and more were away on Pauncefote Hicks's yacht. And so, for the time, the few that were left would have the great house and the many acres to themselves.

For two weeks J. Augustus, who had as completely forgotten his uncle's letter as if it had never been written, and who had as completely forgotten the proposition that that letter had held as if it had never been made, vied in the lists with Hampton Smythe and Waterbury James for the favor of the girl who was more beautiful than it is safe for ninety-nine women out of a hundred to be; but who, being the hundredth, merely added her great beauty to her other charms and presented the staggering total in perfect security.

At the end of those two weeks J. Augustus had the great satisfaction of noting that he was beginning to forge a bit ahead of his adversaries. At least he thought so; yet, as no one else seemed to agree with him, the matter is debatable. Still, the fact that his lifelong friends, Hampton Smythe and Waterbury James, began to take a great and abiding dislike to him seems corroborative evidence.

Be that as it may, at the end of those aforementioned weeks, Fate, who sometimes shows an inclination to butt in no matter whether she is needed or not, lined up alongside of J. Augustus and showed him that she was with his colors; for Waterbury James found himself suddenly summoned to join his father and mother at the bedside of a sick aunt, while Hampton Smythe, in a misguided attempt to uproot the First Baptist church with his roadster, was dispatched to his Beacon Street home in a special car, nursing a broken collar bone, a black eye, and a heart torn with bitter, biting regrets.

Waterbury James, whose summons came coincidentally with the Hampton Smythe cata-

clysm, journeyed up to Boston with the other in the special car. J. Augustus went down to the train with them to bid them both a fond adieu.

"Don't worry, children," he said soothingly. "I'll see that she isn't lonely while you are away. . . . So don't hurry back. . . . Stay as long as you can, and then a month or so more. . . . My! Hammy, but your eye's a sight. Let this be a lesson to you. Never try to turn over a church by hitting it in front. Go around behind where they put in the broken bricks and use mud for plaster."

What Waterbury James and Hampton Smythe said in reply it were as well to omit.

On the following afternoon, after a parasitical morning at golf, J. Augustus suggested a spin in the new roadster.

The girl clapped her little hands delightedly and her dark eyes glowed.

To the garage went J. Augustus trippingly; and anon the long, low car rolled up to, and almost into, the porte-cochère, its engine beating not half so loudly as the heart of its owner.

"Father's going, too," cried the girl, who, arrayed in pongee dust cloak, little goggles, and beveled toque, was awaiting him on the top step. "Won't that be fine!"

"Immense," agreed J. Augustus, lugubriously. "But there are only two seats, you know."

"Oh, I've always just been dying to perch on that cute little place up behind there," she cried, pointing a delicious finger at the rumble. "And now I'll have a chance. . . . Help me, please."

J. Augustus, futilely racking his brains for some other objection, and one that might be found legitimate, assisted her to the rumble; and ere he had discovered that which he sought, Mr. Huntingdon was beside him.

"Is it perfectly safe?" asked the man of money anxiously.

"Well," replied J. Augustus cautiously, "some people—"

"Why, of course it's safe, daddy," interrupted the girl. "Especially with a driver like Mr. VanDuzen."

"And it surely won't break down anywhere?" persisted her father. "You know I absolutely must be back in time to catch the Boston train connecting with the midnight to New York."

After the sentiment that the girl had expressed as to his abilities as a chauffeur, what could J. Augustus say but:

"You're just as sure to make the train as though you were on it now."

Mr. Huntingdon slowly clambered into the body seat, beside that of the driver. Expectantly his daughter gripped with firm little hands the two little handles of the rumble. And J. Augustus threw off the emergency, threw in the second speed, let the clutch grip, and they were off.

They did not break down. Nevertheless, six-thirty that evening found them forty-one miles from a town and seventeen from a railroad or trolley line, and nobody knows how many from a house. It also found them stalled. J. Augustus got out and cranked the engine. It responded to the spark. But ere J. Augustus could get back into his seat, it had stopped again. So J. Augustus got out once more and cranked again.

Again the engine started; but ere J. Augustus had fairly left it, it had once more stopped. So J. Augustus went back and cranked again; and again; and again; and again. Then he stopped to wipe the beaded perspiration from his wrinkled brow.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Huntingdon anxiously.

J. Augustus waved his hand insouciantly. "Oh, nothing of any consequence," he returned airily. "I'll locate the trouble in a minute. It's probably a bad connection somewhere."

J. Augustus inspected the wiring. There was apparently nothing the matter with it. He looked at the vibrators. They seemed to be in perfect order. Then he put in new spark plugs.

"Now!" he announced triumphantly when at length he had finished. "We're off!"

But they weren't. The engine remained more lethargic and stolidly sullen than ever. So J. Augustus looked at the commutator, for he didn't dare touch it, and then gave the carburetor a cursory inspection. And finally, after one hundred and ninety tense and turgid moments—moments that wrought ruin upon the disposition of driver and at least one passenger—he bethought himself of the gasoline tank.

It was dry! And the auxiliary supply, he suddenly remembered, he had emptied into the main tank the day before. There was nothing in the world the matter except that he had no gasoline. Yet nothing in the world could have mattered more.

J. Augustus lacked the moral courage to



Drawn by G. C. Wilmschurst.

"'But,' he protested helplessly, 'I don't understand. I——'"

confess his fault. Weakly, shakily, covered with sweat suddenly turned colder than any ice could ever hope to be, he sat himself down upon a Canadian thistle by the roadside and, gazing with popped eyes into the face of tired nature, began to tell himself, to himself, what he thought of himself.

He had not half finished when he was interrupted by peevish tones that demanded querulously as to whether or not he had found out what the matter was—and whether or not he could fix it—and if so, when—and how long it would take—and what the devil he meant by bringing them out in such a God-forsaken place, anyhow—and if he didn't know that it would be all they could do to catch that Boston train if they started at once.

J. Augustus opened his mouth. But the truth would not flow from his lips, and his mind gave birth to no lie that he might utter. So he remained silent.

Mr. Huntingdon was now hopping up and down upon the floor of the roadster.

"Demmit!" he cried impatiently. "Demmitall! Don't sit there like a bump on a log, man! What's to be done? I say, what's to be done? If I don't get back in time to catch that train, I'll miss the directors' meeting and that old scoundrel VanDorn will euchre me out of my shirt! Demmitall, wake up!"

For the first time since he had left Boston the remembrance of his uncle's proposition returned to the dank mind of J. Augustus. The recollection smote him sickeningly, as a kick below the belt. And as all that it meant sank deeper and deeper into his humid brain, opening up broad vistas of horrible possibilities and tortuous ramifications of awful probabilities, he could but blink battily and gasp.

What had he done! What an ass—what an utter, hopeless, fat-headed, long-eared, prone and puling ass!—he was! Why, he had unintentionally, and in perfect innocence, played his uncle's game to a point of perfection undreamt of—a million times better than he could have done had he tried!

His uncle would think that he had been the scoundrel that he had esteemed him! And should the fact that he was his uncle's nephew become known, Huntingdon would think—! And still worse the girl would think—! He could not bear even to think what she would think! And he tried to shut his horror-popped eyes and groaned aloud.

"Well?" demanded the hopping financier, in testy, yet not unreasonable, excitement. "Well? Well? What's to be done, eh?"

J. Augustus tried to stiffen his limp and lifeless spine. It was for him to do but the best he might.

"We're stuck," he said croakingly; and that was all.

His passenger started to make a few remarks that he considered appropriate to the situation. But just then his daughter, leaning forward from her seat on the rumble, laid her hand on his arm.

"You said that Mr. VanDorn would profit by your absence from the meeting?" she asked in clear, cold tones.

Her father hopped a foot in the air.

"Profit!" he yelled, his voice expressing every shade of disgust for the use of such a mild word to express such a mighty meaning. "Profit! Well, I should certainly say he would *profit*! He'll squeeze me to a pulp. He'll stick the knife in me, handle and all! He'll—profit!!—Profit!!!!" and he stopped, gasping, to claw the air with frantic fingers.

His daughter rose to her feet.

"Then it's perfectly plain," she declared icily; and deadened though the heart of J. Augustus was, yet did the words and the tone cut with piercing pain. "This person," and she indicated J. Augustus with a bare movement of her proudly poised head, "is Mr. VanDorn's nephew. He himself has confessed it to me. . . . Come, father. We'll walk."

Her father stood with drooping jaw and lifeless hands.

"But," he protested helplessly, "I don't understand. I——"

Then, suddenly, he did understand; and only his daughter's restraining hand kept him from falling upon J. Augustus and rending him limb from limb, a consummation which, at that juncture, J. Augustus would have rather welcomed than otherwise.

With little head held proudly erect, red lips set firm, the girl, without a backward glance, without even so much as noticing him, led her raging father down the stone-lined dusk of the silent road. And long after they had vanished from sight, there came to the quivering ears of J. Augustus, still limp upon his thistle, a running, raging, choking commentary upon himself and upon his deeds; and it was a commentary in which he thoroughly concurred.

VI

LATE on the following afternoon, J. Augustus, after gazing stealthily up and down the street, came feebly forth from the Boylston Garage and, with hanging head and furtive eye, made his way to Dartmouth Street, thence to Commonwealth Avenue, stopping at every corner to gaze surreptitiously up and down, here and there, this way and that; for Shame roweled him deep. He felt himself a man dishonored; and though that dishonor was known but to himself and two others, and though those two others were far away, yet did he skulk slinkingly; for such is the way with those upon whose souls rests a burden of disgrace. They think that all may see that which is to themselves so plain.

Coming to his club, which was also his

abode, J. Augustus stole softly up the broad marble stairs and edged into the lobby; and at the desk a telegram awaited him.

It was:

J. AUGUSTUS VANDUZEN,
Commonwealth Club, Boston, Mass.
Old H. in here yesterday madder than wet hen and gave away whole snap. Cleverest coup I have ever seen made. Position of confidential secretary awaiting you at your own salary. Thank heaven, at last I have found a nephew worthy of being my successor and heir.

STUYVESANT VANDORN.

Slowly, painfully, J. Augustus read the typewritten words upon the yellow paper. Then weakly he pushed the button at his elbow.

"Waiter," he said, a moment later, "bring me a bromo-seltzer. . . . Make it two!"

MR. HICKS BRANCHES OUT

BY CARRINGTON A. PHELPS



OR three days and two nights Mr. Patrick Hicks had foreseen the time when appetite should drive him to do something shocking to his professional pride.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to state that he was newly landed in an alien city. For Mr. Hicks' career had hitherto budded and blown in the far West, where "plants," in the vernacular, otherwise neat little country banks, were plenty and easy for the plucking. Mr. Hicks had flourished and fared high, until, his expressive countenance becoming too familiarly known to the provincial constabulary, he had embarked upon a little Eastern jaunt. He had heard they were easy in the East. So he "operated" upon a likely bank up in New England. Just as he had his "soup," otherwise nitroglycerin, neatly placed and primed, he was assaulted from behind by two indignant sheriffs. He had, with some difficulty, escaped and, in no wise daunted, at once es-

sayed attack upon another rural treasure house. For nine hours he toiled of a peaceful Sabbath afternoon and evening, and for his irreverent labors reaped an atonement of four dollars and fifty-three cents in silver, three counterfeit half dollars, thirty-one cents in stamps, and half a pound of red sealing wax. He saw by the paper next morning that he had been preceded by the bank cashier by about four hours. So Patrick Hicks came to New York, and in a laudable endeavor to place the imprint of his personality upon the town, lost his financial reserve, his watch, a diamond stud, and a tooth.

Now, a gentleman who loots safes, and he must be a gentleman to be the favorite of so dictatorial and fickle an art, is helpless without money. That gentle felony, burglary, requires no capital, nor indeed does highway robbery or shoplifting. But of these crafts Mr. Hicks knew nothing, embarking as he had in his career without apprenticeship in those lesser strata which leave so decided a stigma upon their graduates. It will thus be seen that

Mr. Patrick Hicks without cash was in a bad way. He knew how to handle dynamite and, to this end, applied at the several big construction jobs in the city for work, but they had all the "Pete" men they wanted already. He could not ply his profession, he knew no other way of making money, and he would not beg. So amiably and with gusto he economized, sleeping in the moonlight upon a park bench and following the marvels of the water front by day.

Upon the evening of the third day Mr. Hicks had made up his mind. He would be a burglar. He surveyed the proposition with whimsical enjoyment, deciding upon a black mask and a jimmy as the necessary adjuncts to success. He rather regretted that he should be forced to the step, involving as it did so decided a backsliding. He had always anticipated retiring from the profession, retiring grandly and with dignity. In fact, he had just such an idea vaguely in mind when he came on to the East. But he had not anticipated retiring crab fashion down the rungs of the ladder he had thus far so airily ascended. He was game though, was Patrick Hicks, for he made him a mask of a black tie, looted a junk heap of a piece of steel for his jimmy, and strode forth, a full-fledged, hungry burglar.

It was a large, brownstone, and corpulent house that Mr. Hicks selected as his victim. It stood on a prominent corner of a refined street facing Mr. Hicks' park, and the display of vases and draperies at its windows gave much promise to its famine-threatened observer. Having marked down the quarry and its handy rear alley, Mr. Hicks bestowed himself on his bench and waited patiently until the tower clock struck two. Then he sauntered down the street, turned leisurely up the alley, where he vaulted lightly a six-foot fence, and dropped into the confines of a little Italian garden. He paused a moment to admire the fountain and its statuette, then, approaching the house, he inserted his improvised jimmy beneath a window edge, and heaved. Persuasively and patiently he heaved until there came a slight crack as the catch broke and the frame slid smoothly upward. Mr. Hicks mounted the ledge and lowered himself to the floor. A clock obtruded its metallic voice on the stillness and from somewhere in the darkness came the contented purring of a cat. Mr. Hicks drew forth an electric pocket lamp, sole tool of his

trade left from more prosperous days, and its glittering eye flashed bulletlike through the gloom. He rejoiced to find himself in the kitchen. He was further delighted when he discovered two bottles of ale, a cold fowl, and a pastry reposing negligently on an upper shelf in the big refrigerator. He consumed everything except the left drumstick of the fowl, which he regretfully relinquished to the cat who at the smell of food came clamoring dolefully from the darkness. He had more difficulty with the ale, principally because the corks were never intended to be drawn with a fork. He felt better after eating, so much so that he was almost tempted to forego the untried mysteries of burglary. But the memory of to-morrow's hunger urged him forward, past the inviting realms of a great tobacco-haunted, leather-and-oak library, between the cluttered beauties of a splendid drawing-room, into a paneled hall, and up the cave-like vista of a huge stairway.

He turned into a yawning room at the head of the stairs, and then something ticked twice and his little lamp went out. He pressed the button, shook the thing, all in vain: something had befallen its insides and its light had flown forever. He went through his pockets three painstaking and unavailing times. At last he discovered in a forgotten cranny a splinter with a little nub at its end that once had been a match. He kneeled, and carefully drew the nub across the sole of his shoe. It broke off promptly, and he set his teeth. He turned to retrace his steps and collided with a wall, at which he rejoiced; for by merely following it he would assuredly come upon a door. He moved forward very slowly and quietly because there was deathlike stillness in the house and because the darkness was almost physical in its intensity. Suddenly he was struck a staggering blow exactly upon the bridge of the nose. His head began to sing like a locust and something warm trickled down his upper lip. Groping, he found he had collided with the edge of a heavy marble mantelpiece. Dazedly he followed down the length of it and then began probing the air in search of the continuing wall. There was no wall. His head began to throb and he turned to find the mantel again. His left shin struck agonizingly upon something that toppled forward in the darkness, leaving him breathless, awaiting the crash. There was a slight movement and the thing returned, only this time upon the

other shin. Mr. Hicks groaned, and dropped crippled to his knees. His trembling hands fell upon the malicious cause of his suffering, a huge mission rocking chair. He climbed painfully into it and leaned back soothing his tortured limbs. The pain lessened after a little and then there came a clanging crash, apparently at the base of his skull, and a big hall clock boomed thrice. Mr. Hicks drew a deep breath. Starvation had its charms after all. Weakly he got to his feet, and, with arms extended and utter recklessness in his heart, took three steps forward. Then, coldly, ominously, leisurely a voice said in his ear:

"What?"

Mr. Hicks became for a moment tense as a piece of wire; after which he shrugged his shoulders, elevated his eyebrows at the darkness, and waited, clay in the hands of destiny. Five minutes he waited before he took another step forward. Again the voice, this time in the other ear:

"What?"

Mr. Hicks sighed audibly.

"Go it," he said, "only get it over." There came a satisfied chuckle and the voice said, soothingly, ingratiating, amorously:

"Pretty Polly?"

Mr. Rags set his upper teeth in his lower lip, and his breath came hard. Oh! for the perils of a cracksman's life once more, with the sheriffs and jails, guns and nitroglycerin. And, oh! for a barrel of water and a firm grip on this thing's tail feathers. He turned squarely in his tracks and, unmindful of Delilah's whispers, strode forward, head up, chin forward, as might a martyr who treads the brink of a pit. He found a piano—with his knee. He turned from it in high-minded indifference, and, as he turned, calamity came upon him, for he brushed against a stand of some wabbly description, and as he felt it reel he swung about, clutched it madly, caught his foot, and, still clinging to the thing, sat down helplessly in the arms of a giant cactus.

Then broke the patience of Patrick Hicks, iron of will, deadly of determination, icy of soul, coolest of safe wreckers, and there arose a tide, lurid, iridescent, sparkling, that flowed softly, vitriolically, lavalike out upon the peace and serenity of the sleeping night. A tide eminently fruitful, too; for as Patrick Hicks, exhausted of vocabulary and parched of soul, turned his hungry eye hither and thither, it became suddenly glad and hopeful again. Through the Stygian Inferno it had

discovered a star, a ray of light, a crumb of manna. It was a practical star because it was a keyhole. Patrick Hicks moved his head by the fraction of an inch and the star disappeared. It glowed again when he resumed his position. Cautiously and on hands and knees he approached, for here was a door, and a door meant possible liberty. Inch by inch, groping, fending, poking, and praying, he advanced until he clutched joyously and with dumb tenacity a door knob and arose to his feet. It turned under his hand and a great perpendicular ray of light leaped at him as the door with a click slid away. He heard an exclamation and then steps approaching. He was in for it. Behind him there were horrors. Before him there was only a human being. He threw back the door, and stepped into the room. A woman stopped in her tracks not three feet from him and threw her hand across her lips as though to stifle a scream. Mr. Hicks was not pretty, for he was badly mussed, and he still wore his mask. Also his nose had been bleeding. The woman was clad in some sort of clinging stuff and she was extremely fascinating in her pathetic, brave terror. Her face was gray and her shaking hand was spilling something from a glass upon the carpet. Mr. Hicks' eye flashed beyond her to a dresser, a case blazing with jewels, a crib, and in it a little child. It lay with one arm thrown above the pillow, and Mr. Hicks saw that it was pitifully emaciated. The mouth drooped wearily at its tender corners and around the eyes were cruel shadows. The breathing was that of the fever-ridden, short, gasping, harried. Mr. Hicks looked at the woman again. Suddenly she held out an imploring hand.

"She sick?" queried Mr. Hicks, in a hoarse undertone.

The woman nodded and opened her lips. Then she caught them again with her hand. Mr. Hicks understood that she was wrestling mightily with fear and that it was decidedly a question which would get the mastery.

"Is she very bad—liable to die?" asked Mr. Hicks.

The woman nodded emphatically and then, with a strange gasping whisper: "Take—jewels—kill her—to wake," pointed at the case on the dresser.

Mr. Hicks smiled, first at the jewels, then at the child, and, finally, at the woman. She was on the verge of a breakdown. He knew the symptoms. Mr. Hicks shook his head,

placed his finger at his lips, and tiptoed out through the door. But he left it open, for he craved light. Fascinated, the woman followed him through the hall, heard him softly descend the stairs, heard the slight rattle of the front door as it opened and closed. Then she sank to the floor, stifling her sobs lest at the crisis she should awaken the sleeping child.

And Patrick Hicks, empty of pocket and forgetful of his newly adopted profession, walked blithely down the steps, whistling, because of the approaching policeman.

"I'm the cook," said Mr. Hicks, when pressed for an explanation. "It was too hot to sleep and I came out for a walk."

"Cook is ut," said his interrogator, shortly, "wid a clouted face an' a mask on ut? Then walk wid me, me bould bhoy, walk wid me."

In the Market Court that morning Mr. Patrick Hicks cast discretion aside and spoke the truth, calculating that he might as well be hanged for a thief as a tippler. For the judge was a tartar and Mr. Hicks had been told by several of his fellow-prisoners that he need expect no mercy. So he discovered an alien joy in informing the stern-faced man behind the desk that he was Patrick Hicks, the most expert safe blower in the West and the most disgusted burglar in the East.

"Right you are," he said. "I was caught with the goods on. I was starving and I had to do something. If I'd had the money I would never have tackled your precious town, but I hadn't eaten for three days, and I thought I'd try this trick, though I never did it before. It's not in my line, and never will be again. Serves me right. I had intended

to square it, but I hit the town hard and it hit back so much harder it broke me. It's too late now. Give me the limit, for it will mean quiet for my rural friends just so much longer."

"Why didn't you steal anything?" asked the judge.

"I did—me an' the cat—chicken and ale."

"I mean jewels or something like that?"

"There was a kid—pretty sick—and her mother was badly scared, and I was afraid she might cry—I can't stand women doing that."

"Well?"

"Well, I don't know—the kid was sick—and the woman said she might die if she was waked up. I don't know."

"Why did you want to reform?"

"Nothing in it, your Honor. Don't pay in the long run. Then I was sick of it, but I lost my roll, and a tooth, and starved. I was going to be a foreman of a drilling gang. That's where I learned how to handle the nitro."

The judge looked at Patrick Hicks and his eye was very cold. Mr. Hicks looked back at the judge and something said down in his heart: "Ten years."

"Too bad you have decided not to reform when you get out."

"What's the use—by ten years—I mean by then—"

The judge gazed stonily at Mr. Hicks, who braced himself. It was coming.

"I believe," said the judge deliberately, "that you have been telling me the truth. I know where they want a foreman. I am going to put you on probation. I am the man whose house you broke into last night."



GOOD OUT OF EVIL

By HENRY LEE HIGGINSON



THE year is ended and the panic of October and November is over. Of course we, as a nation, prepared ourselves for it by doing too much business, but the great break in prices during November seems to have been unnecessary. People became frightened by the suspension of the Knickerbocker Trust Company and that of several small banks, and began to withdraw their money from the savings banks, trust companies, and national banks. The premium on currency rose to three per cent, for currency is needed by everybody and especially by the large corporations paying their workmen each week. The more drawing and hoarding goes on, the greater the stringency. People do not see the folly, the cowardice of drawing money from the banks, putting it in their pockets or in their stockings or safety vaults, thus preventing the business of the country from going on. At this season of the year an enormous deal of currency is needed by the farmers, who are selling their crops of wheat, corn, oats, hogs, cotton, and cattle. This farming population is not much used to banks and bank checks, and, when alarmed about the banks, refuses to take anything but gold and silver or the bills of the very institutions of which they are afraid, the folly of this appearing in the fact that they do not wish credit in the banks, but are willing to take the promises or bills of these banks.

Of course our national bank currency is secured by a deposit of United States bonds at Washington, and in every case has been paid dollar for dollar. The number of banks that have failed and hurt their depositors is infinitesimal, and property in them is safer than in individual hands.

Now at last people are becoming more con-

fident of safety and are letting out their accumulated moneys; and the country banks, which also have foolishly drawn in too much currency and gold, are also letting their funds out and buying either good securities or good notes. In short, people are beginning to use their tools of business again. It is idle to suppose that a farmer can raise crops without plows, hoes, and shovels, and it is idle to suppose that business can be carried on without the necessary tools of currency and credit. A little common sense and courage would have saved millions and millions of money lost to individuals by forced sales, but the real values have not been destroyed. Our crops are worth as much as they were a month ago and will come to market presently; indeed, they are coming out now, and, therefore, our railroads are earning as much as a month ago.

Meanwhile, a great many laborers have been dismissed because the corporations could not get money to pay them and because these corporations cannot borrow enough for future extensions and improvements. The present paralysis comes in part from having done too much business, and in part from fear born of the threats and legislation against corporations, of which we have seen so much. This fear will naturally run through the country, and will affect everybody's earnings; and while a large number of immigrants are returning to Europe, they all are taking with them a good deal of currency much wanted here.

Several things are clear: our crops are good and are needed at high prices, for which they are now selling. These crops go, in a large measure, to Europe, which pays us gold for them. The men and women who have kept their jobs will be more diligent and more careful in their work, and we shall find, as has already been proved, that four men can do as much work as six did last year. Many corpora-

tions have dismissed a considerable proportion of their laborers and are getting larger results from the reduced numbers. In many cases our manufacturing corporations have shut down their factories, and will not go on at full speed unless they can sell their goods; and just now goods are not selling well. The railroads have laid off, in a large measure, the men busy on new or unnecessary work; the repairs will not be made, and the extensions will be delayed. Presently the farmers and work people will begin to buy more clothes and shoes and, as their money comes out and the counters of the shops are cleared, the manufacturers will replenish them, and the work will go on. This will take some time, but inasmuch as all classes have prospered to a wonderful degree within the last two or three years, not only the corporations, but the farmers, the traders, and especially the work people, and inasmuch as they are all in a comfortable condition, we shall find that the recovery will not be long delayed.

It would seem likely that the granger roads, so called—that is, those west of Chicago and St. Louis—will have enough work in bringing the existing crops to market, and this applies to the railroads through the cotton States. At the same time, the expenses of these roads will drop somewhat, as all the work unnecessary for the moment will be put aside. Therefore, the results on those roads ought not to differ much from the past year.

We have a right to expect fair crops for next year, for the farming is better done than it used to be and, therefore, the results are better; the farmers take more pains about tilling and manuring their lands, and are using better seed; they diversify their crops, and, by the planting of trees, they are working against droughts—the great enemy of the farmer. Irrigation does something more. If the farming population can be sure of enough rain, it can be pretty sure of enough sun, and so the crop ripens. Our season has not been particularly good this year, but the results, on the whole, are satisfactory.

In the East no doubt the factories will work on less time than during the past three or four years, but people will have moderate employment; and meantime the manufacturers will practice various economies, will shed the habit of waste, so destructive in this country, and the workmen will follow suit. If a man has not too much money in his pocket, he will drink and smoke less, and his wife will buy

fewer clothes. One great advantage in our country is that nobody has any special state to keep up. Our friends across the water must maintain a certain style of living; our people cut down living expenses with a resolute hand.

The disadvantages of a panic are evident, and a panic is a disgraceful event, coming from extravagance of habit, too much rashness in business, and then terrible fright which knows no reason. But for years our Western brothers have spoken of severe money troubles as a mere "Wall Street flurry," and now they have seen clearly that troubles in the banks of New York and of the other Eastern cities are always reflected in their own banks. It is impossible that credit should suffer in one part of our country and not in another. The dealings of the whole country with the cities of Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and New Orleans are huge, and every bank looks to the great centers for their exchanges and their guidance. All banks had better be more closely connected than at present, for then they would work in more absolute sympathy than now. If currency is very short in New York, it will be very short in the small places of Nebraska and Texas. People must become convinced that the whole country suffers together. The trouble had not been going on in New York a week before it was felt severely in Seattle and all places between there and here. Constituted as we are, when great fear comes some palliative is necessary. In Europe provision is made to meet panics. The Bank of England, for instance, which alone in England issues paper, breaks the Bank Act by issuing more paper if necessary, and thus supplying people with money as they want it. If this same power had existed in New York, and had been legalized, we should have been saved a great deal of trouble. All bankers have known this and have repeated it again and again, but many men and women, more particularly our legislators, have laughed the idea to scorn. The one thing to be remembered is that when such a fright comes and the banks need more money to meet the fears of the people, they issue what are called "clearing-house certificates," which are merely promises to pay between bank and bank in any one center, and these promises to pay are secured by the best collateral in the power of the borrowing bank. The managers of the clearing house judge as to whether the

collateral is sufficient, and it is deposited with the Clearing-House Committee. It is an illegal proceeding resorted to on every occasion when necessary, and has been used with effect half a dozen times since the Civil War. If the clearing-house certificates of New York were good in Chicago or St. Louis so that the banks in the different cities could help each other, it would be still more effective. Further than that, the banks issue cashier's certificates for one dollar, two dollars, five dollars, or even less, and these are used as currency. The proceeding is illegal from beginning to end, but in a higher sense it is lawful, for it is necessary. The existing legislation does not warrant it, but the law of necessity is much stronger and is based on human nature and needs.

The farmer must forward his crop and must be paid for it before he forwards it; the workman must go to the shop for food and must have something to buy it with. He has earned wages and he wants a representative of these wages in his pocket. In short, an emergency currency comes into existence in every panic, and will come in every future panic. It rests with Congress to legalize it or not, but no Congress and no Government can prevent its use.

With our great crops, which depend upon the industry of the farmers and upon our wonderful soil and the weather, with the power of work and the power of saving of our great population, with the invention and industry of our people, and with our very great accumulated wealth in the shape of factories, railroads, canals, mines, and farms, we can fairly hope for a sure recovery and for good times not very long delayed. Necessarily the Presidential year will bring some uncertainty in our movements, but we have all the elements of prosperity. Better and more economical methods are needed in all fields of work, whether agricultural or manufacturing, on our railroads, in our mines, and a much better banking system is essential. A good banking system helps the whole nation vastly more than it helps the banks. The field should be open to everybody to establish banks, and it is no matter how numerous they are; if they were more closely linked together, it would be much better for them and much better for the borrowers.

The farmers who have accumulated very large sums of money, kept in the banks of the Western States, can help the traders and

manufacturers by a free transfer of this money through the banks, and again the manufacturers and traders can help the farmers when this money is needed to get out the crops. It is the farming population which has been making the large profits this year and which, on the whole, has the surest livelihood before it, for not only do our people need to eat three times a day, but the same is true in Europe, which is always hungry for our food and our cotton.

Our national-bank system is good, but it is becoming antiquated; it is based on government bonds which we ought to be paying off more and more. As we grow larger and need more banking facilities, the supply of the government bonds falls off, thus curtailing the existing basis for the issue of bank currency. Our Government should have nothing to do with the immediate proceedings of the banks, except to inspect and criticise the actions of these banks. In short, the Secretary of the Treasury should not be able to "come in or go out" of the money market. The system should be automatic and take care of itself. The Government should not hoard money or throw it out at the will of anybody or everybody, but all the surplus of the Government should be kept in the banks subject to the use of the whole population of the United States, and the Government should receive a return for its deposits, just as any manufacturing corporation or private individual receives it. This money should not be protected any more than the money of any private individual. In short, the Government should get out of business and stay out.

A great central bank for the issue of currency for an emergency and for the deposit of government funds would be a great help in steadying our affairs. Plenty of people believe that the interests of the banks are opposed to the interests of the farmer or work population, and there never was an idea more false; if the manufacturer does not flourish, the workman does not flourish, and the miner is out of a job if the manager of the mine is losing money. If there is anything at all in religion, it is that we should help each other, and we cannot help each other effectively if a large part of the population is taking away or hiding the tools of commerce.

We Americans have relied on individual effort and have thereby accomplished ex-

cellent results, but we have failed in such organization as has greatly benefited the European nations. Germany more especially, through organization and scientific work, has developed some industries which produce better and cheaper goods than we have made up to this time. Canada has a far better banking system than we, and the keynote is combination through organization. If to-day our banks were so closely connected as in Canada, the terrible need of currency would not exist, for each bank would know that it could get this currency as required and, therefore, would not pile it up in its own vaults.

The strength of the banks depends upon confidence of each other and of the public, and on mutual support, but many people are jealous of the banks. If anyone will study the condition and the efficiency of our banks since the Civil War, he will see how strong they have been, how few have failed, and how essential they are to the progress of the country. Everybody needs a bank and of course the stronger the better, but they are strong enough and well managed. They would be strengthened still more by our trust in them, and the wise course is to trust them. In truth, the strength, the courage, and the liberality of the banks toward their customers during this trying panic has astonished and delighted the business men of many years' standing and experience. Money is much safer in them than anywhere else, and everybody needs to accumulate and to borrow money for some purpose sooner or later.

The other great institution to be well treated and encouraged is the railroad system. The railroads have opened our country and have thereby settled our land. The country has sent out its crops by railroads and has thereby grown rich. Our railroads are nearly twice as efficient as the European railroads, and work at about half their rates. The returns from the railroads have not been so high as is afforded by many industries and do not

compare with the returns of the farmers in good years. The farmers sell their crops for cash, pay off their mortgages, and put their money in bank, spending something each year on their farms. The railroad companies pay, on the whole, a moderate return to the owners and yearly put a very large portion of their money into their properties, increasing their efficiency and marking down their rates. Two thirds, or sixty-six per cent, of the gross receipts of the railroads go into wages and supplies, and much of the rest into improvements.

At present the public, both here and in Europe, has been greatly discouraged from putting more money into railroad property through the attacks on corporations, more particularly on railroad corporations. The railroads have no money and cannot make the much-needed extensions and improvements unless they can borrow from the great public. Yet, as the country grows fast, the railroads should be extended and improved; therefore, it rests with the public whether to tie the hands of these companies by refusing money, or to trust them and take the railroad securities.

It is easy enough to get the best securities of railroad corporations which have been built up honestly and ably, and which are worth more than their capitalization. This last fact is easily enough verified by experts, and the United States Interstate Commerce Commission has lately looked into this very matter, and has found the statement to be true.

Our citizens, as a rule, trust each other. In the Civil War our soldiers trusted each other, else we should have been beaten out of sight. If our citizens now trust each other, trust the banks, and trust the great corporations, they will flourish; if not, the country will have a very hard experience.

These questions are vital to the Nation, and should be taken up and answered without delay.

HOW A PANIC WAS ARRESTED

BY ALEXANDER GILBERT

President of the New York Clearing House Association



THE history of the Clearing House and its influence in the promotion of sound banking have been so frequently described, that I shall omit all reference to that branch of the subject and content myself with a brief article on the Clearing House Committee and its relation to the panic of 1907. It is only necessary to say that the Clearing House Association itself is not incorporated, but is simply an association of banks, bound together by ties of mutual interest for the convenience, the benefit, and the protection of their own business affairs, and for effecting at one place a daily settlement of the exchanges between themselves. The members of the Clearing House Committee are: James T. Woodward, chairman, president of the Hanover National Bank; William A. Nash, president of the Corn Exchange Bank; Dumont Clark, president of the American Exchange National Bank; A. B. Hepburn, president of the Chase National Bank; Edward Townsend, president of the Importers and Traders National Bank; and Alexander Gilbert, president of the Market and Fulton National Bank and president of the Clearing House Association. This committee is the executive committee of the Clearing House Association and administers the affairs of the organization. The wealth it represents and the power it wields in banking circles make it the most influential business committee in this country.

At the outbreak of the recent panic it was found necessary to appoint a subcommittee to take charge of the loan department, the business of which it was anticipated would be large. The work of the subcommittee is very important. It has charge of all the securities upon which loan certificates are issued. It

carefully investigates and reports upon the quality and character of such securities, as well as upon the needs and condition of banks applying for aid. If a bank requires to be examined it has at its command as efficient a corps of examiners as it is possible to find in the country. These men can take charge of a bank at the close of the day and present an exhaustive report of its condition on the following morning.

The subcommittee is composed of James G. Cannon, vice president of the Fourth National Bank; Gates W. McGarrah, president of the Mechanics' National Bank; H. P. Davidson, vice president of the First National Bank; Walter G. Frew, vice president of the Corn Exchange Bank; and A. H. Wiggins, vice president of the Chase National Bank—all men of recognized ability and experience.

Applications for loan certificates are made to the Clearing House Committee before eleven o'clock in the morning of each business day, and after being passed upon by the committee are referred to the subcommittee, whose duty it is to have proper papers executed and satisfactory security deposited. The management of this branch of the work by the subcommittee, including the keeping of books and records, has been most thorough and systematic and has very materially lessened the labors of the Clearing House Committee.

The panic of 1907 at its outbreak threatened to be more disastrous than any that has preceded it. That it was not so is doubtless largely due to the persistent and extensive stock-market liquidation of the preceding nine months. Had the liquidation begun as the result of the panic, the consequences would have been more alarming. As it was liquidation had well-nigh exhausted itself. Wall Street had made its losses and had become reconciled to them. Many weak spots had

been taken care of and there was little to fear in that quarter except high money rates. Then again for more than a year conservative bankers have anticipated just what has happened, and they have not only kept themselves strong, but have warned their customers against expanding their business obligations. This advice in a large measure has been followed with the result that business conditions in commercial circles are generally sound.

On Thursday, October 17th, the financial skies, which had been gradually darkening for some days, grew ominously darker. Persistent rumors of impending bank trouble were in circulation. On the day following at an afternoon session of the Clearing House Committee information was received that one or more important banks would require assistance. Following closely in the wake of this came the suspension of the Knickerbocker Trust Company and runs on other institutions. It became painfully evident to the committee that a crisis had been reached in the financial disorders which so long had been manifest through persistent stock-market liquidation and high money rates. The committee fully realized what it all meant. Several of its members had passed through the panics of 1873 and 1893 and were competent to diagnose signs of approaching trouble. They were familiar with Clearing House loan certificates and, knowing their efficacy in time of panic, they felt themselves in possession of a power which in the event of serious trouble could be relied upon to prevent widespread disaster and restore normal conditions.

One thing, however, gave the committee considerable apprehension. Great changes had taken place in the business world since 1893. The business volume of the country had largely increased. The number of banking institutions in New York had more than doubled. The deposits and loans, including those of the trust companies, had nearly quadrupled. Many of these institutions, notably the trust companies, were carrying very small cash reserves. Should a panic occur the burden and strain upon the Clearing House banks would be greater than anything hitherto experienced. Would they be able to bear it?

The banking reserve was just about intact. The time had arrived when to protect the credit situation it would be necessary to very largely deplete it. How far could this de-

pletion safely be permitted to go? The New York Clearing House reserve is the foundation upon which rests the great volume of commercial credit which grows out of the business transactions of the country, and the narrowing of this foundation would mean a contraction of credit, while its entire dissipation would mean the destruction of the credit superstructure resting upon it. How far could it in safety be used, and what should be done to protect it?

The men who were to decide this important question were animated by a single purpose—to use the power possessed by the Clearing House Association to prevent panic and steady the financial situation, to protect every solvent member of the association, and finally to root up and destroy, if possible, certain evils which were the legitimate outcome of the rapid, extravagant business life that has characterized the past decade. It was through these evils that groups of speculators had been able to obtain control of a number of important banking institutions and use them for the promotion of their own speculative purposes.

How thoroughly all this has been accomplished is now a matter of history. The panic started at a tremendous pace, but was speedily arrested. Every solvent Clearing House member was amply protected and the promoters of the chain-of-banks system were speedily shorn of their power. The committee, knowing by experience that the issuance of loan certificates would result in the curtailment of cash payments and the derangement of the exchanges throughout the country, were reluctant to issue them until the drain upon the banking reserve should render it imperatively necessary.

As a result of this delay the reserve was depleted to the extent of \$12,000,000 before the step was finally taken on October 22d. Immediately there came pouring in from all parts of the country demands for currency, much of which was not really needed, but was only asked for to quiet the nervous apprehension of timid bankers. Much of this demand was supplied. It would have been impossible to supply all, for that would have depleted the bank reserves to a dangerously low point. As it was, by the 29th of October—one week later—the reserves showed the startling deficit of \$53,000,000.

Nothing more is needed to show how promptly our Clearing House banks opened

the door of their treasure house and how freely they met the demands made upon them. Surely the charge of hoarding money can never be successfully maintained against them.

The committee held its meetings daily from the beginning of the panic until the end of December. It had its finger on the pulse of every Clearing House bank. It knew every weak spot in the association. It was familiar also with the danger points in Wall Street and in commercial circles, and when assistance was required to prevent any occurrence that would intensify the panic, the Clearing House banks freely gave it.

At this writing, the loan certificates issued amount to \$97,000,000, which amount, considering the growth of bank liabilities since 1893, is not as large proportionately as the amount issued in that year. The deposits in 1893 amounted to \$400,000,000. The amount of loan certificates issued was \$41,690,000, or a fraction over ten per cent of the deposits. The bank deposits of 1907 were \$1,050,000,000, and including trust companies would amount to \$2,000,000,000. But the amount of loan certificates issued in 1907 was about \$97,000,000, or a little less than ten per cent of bank deposits and less than five per cent of deposits of banks and trust companies combined. Of the amount issued a considerable amount has been canceled.

A larger amount was taken out than was actually required. And at no time was the full amount issued in use, as retirements began almost as soon as the issue.

A careful computation shows that \$74,000,000 would have sufficed to do the required work. With this amount of certificates restricted in their use to Clearing House purposes, exchanges to the amount of \$230,000,000 daily have been settled quietly and effectively. Here we have the best object lesson of an emergency currency that can possibly be given—a currency that is as absolutely secure as anything human can be,

that can be quickly issued and quickly retired, that requires no complicated bank machinery to put it into circulation, that will never be issued until it is imperatively required, that can never result in inflation, and that will always be under the control of the most experienced bankers. Furthermore, it may be added that this is a system which is purely American.

All that is needed to adapt such a system to our requirements is development, and I feel confident that if the subject could be referred to the Clearing House Committees of the three central reserve cities, an emergency currency plan could be evolved that would be in harmony with our national banking system and be less subject to criticism and opposition than any other system which has yet been proposed.

Notwithstanding the fact that the impression prevails in some quarters that the banks generally suspended cash payments, the truth is that cash payments were more freely made over the counter, and pay rolls more generally provided than in the panics of '73 and '93. While it is true that a number of banks did restrict cash payments, the larger number kept up their counter payments and provided pay rolls as usual, except in cases where very large sums were demanded. In these cases the refusal was accompanied by an offer to buy currency if the applicant would pay the premium. The Clearing House banks have paid large sums for the purchase of gold and currency in order that their customers should not be inconvenienced by lack of cash.

The fact should not be overlooked that in time of panic depositors put very little cash into their banks and thus the banks can only keep up cash payments by continuous buying. Considering, therefore, the length of time covered by the hoarding of currency and the cost of obtaining money it must be admitted that the banks of New York have established a good record.

WHY MR. MORGAN?

THE FACT

By WILLIAM C. CORNWELL



ON Thursday, October 24th, loans had been called in the morning from the Stock Exchange houses as is usual daily, but no provision had been made for their renewal. For four hours not a dollar was offered on the Exchange and brokers' loans to the extent of many millions called by the various banks had no method of liquidation. As the hours went on without relief the danger became more and more apparent, and as time for settlement approached and passed without action, the seconds became charged with peril. Bids for stocks came fewer and fewer, the market began to break in waves of panic, Union Pacific dropped eight points to 100, the rest of the market following. In five minutes more Union would have broken ten to twenty points lower, and the bottom of the market would then have dropped out.

At this critical juncture when every member on the floor was holding his breath with fear, an authorized broker rushed into the loan crowd yelling, "Mr. Morgan will give you all the money you want, boys!" and a moment later J. P. Morgan & Co. offered twenty-five millions on the floor of the Exchange, a terrible crisis was averted, and the price list bounded back to former figures. The situation was saved and the worst development of panic, collapse of the market and the closing of the Stock Exchange, was prevented. It appears that the danger had been pointed out to Mr. Morgan a short time before by the officers of the Exchange and others, at his office, and he had immediately made an assessment upon the Clearing House banks for the great sum needed out of their

reserves; this call had been instantly responded to by the banks and the money pool thus thrown together for handling the situation on the Exchange was left absolutely in Mr. Morgan's hands for three days. No banks could call any of the loans which Mr. Morgan had made with their money, without his approval.

The detailed story of the panic would be a transcription of the conferences and the events taking place in Mr. Morgan's library during two weeks of afternoon, midnight, and early morning meetings. During these meetings the combined wisdom of many minds helped to solve the difficult problems. The expert chairmen and committeemen of the Clearing House; the officers of attacked trust companies, unflinching, indomitable, and resourceful; veteran presidents of old storm-proof trust institutions; the Secretary of the Treasury, level-headed and determined in aiding and saving—from all these, help in accomplishing the final great results was invaluable; but Mr. Morgan's personality dominated all discussions, and when intricate situations or obstinate complications seemed to block progress, it was his decision which cleared the way for action. In the conduct of this campaign Mr. Morgan did not eschew business principles or ignore the opportunities to help legitimately the enterprises with which he was connected, where their availed resources would naturally work them benefit; as, for instance, in the acquisition of the valuable Tennessee Coal and Iron properties in exchange for the Steel Corporation bonds, which latter were available in the company's treasury, and furnished a marketable collateral against loans that would otherwise have been sacrificed. In the loans which Mr.

Morgan's own interests made to the trust companies, ample collateral was taken, but not more than prudence or experience in banking required.

The banking forces in New York are divided into two groups: the Clearing House banks which, by reason of organization and efficient machinery, are always in shape for emergencies; and the outside contingent, consisting of trust companies and individual banks whose resources are perhaps equal in the aggregate to the other, but whose members are scattered, isolated, and, as a whole, unorganized. There is no affiliation between these groups, but on the contrary, by reason of the competition which has been growing for some years, there has developed distinct antagonism. A central bank, if we had one, would naturally have taken the leadership of both sections in time of danger. In the absence of this a leader was necessary or the isolated institutions would have been picked off one by one and annihilated.

Mr. Morgan is a born leader. He is an up-builder, not a destroyer; a conservative optimist. His successes have been reached by competition, but not by destructive competition. In the organizations which he has perfected and made successful, his competitors have not been wiped out, but have actually been benefited. He is not, however, a philanthropist in business—a mollycoddle; he is a money-maker. Naturally he views the situation from a broad standpoint. In a wide

consideration of conditions he concluded about two years ago that a disaster was coming. He accordingly began to put his house in order. His various enterprises are to-day on a cash basis, commanding immense resources and not extended as to credit.

In the present situation Mr. Morgan was separate and apart practically from both the Clearing House and the trust company interests. None of the minor jealousies influenced him. His concerns had enormous cash resources of their own and powerful connections abroad. It was the logical thing, if he would do it, for him to step to the front and take charge of the situation.

Mr. Morgan had gradually in the last two years turned over responsibilities to his lieutenants and had partially retired to the enjoyment of that part of life which he was fortunate and sensible enough to have taken up gradually years before. He had become a collector of pictures, antiques, and rare volumes. He was getting out of life far more than could ever come to a man in the lower plane of successful money getting.

But when the emergency called, he put on again the armor, and turned from the fire of logs in his wonderful library, and from the atmosphere of beautiful things, to face again the bitter tempest and to lead in the fight against panic. There was no shrinking, no hesitation. He remained at the front until the danger was passed.

THE MAN

By KERCHEVAL WOLFF

Now that the panic is over and reconstruction has begun, Mr. Morgan still remains the central figure. When men have ceased to dispute whether this should be called "the Roosevelt panic" or the "high finance panic," historians will still be giving Mr. Morgan his due.

This much everyone knows—Mr. Morgan saved the day. What he did has been told. It is a big story; a fine story; the story of a big man and a splendid accomplishment. Yet that is not enough to know. What he did is history. Why he was the one man to whom all others turned, why it was he who

was called from comfortable cabin to the bridge of the ship of finance and to the chief command when the storm was at its height—that is the real point of interest.

Why Mr. Morgan—past the threescore years and ten, far past the fatal Osler line?

Why Mr. Morgan—rather than some younger or wealthier or more ambitious figure?

It is not enough to say that he was the leader of a powerful group, the one man in whom Europe had confidence, the one financier the people would trust, the one banker

that others would follow. The real reason lies deeper than that. Why was he each and all of these?

Answer after answer might be given, yet each would prove, upon analysis, to be merely a narration of what he did and not really why he was the man to do it.

First is to be analyzed the panic condition. Briefly summed up in lay terms panic is a product of imagination, diseased imagination, but nevertheless imagination.

It may surprise those who have not given him thoughtful study, to know that the salient quality of the great cold-blooded banker, the forceful, almost brutal financier, is imagination—the same quality that makes a poet, a painter, a sculptor. He could feel and visualize what was going on in the troubled minds of the people. He saw the same bogymen they saw. He felt their fears, and he knew what to do. Facts did not suffice for him, for if fact alone had sufficed there would have been no panic.

Imagination alone, untrammelled and unrestrained, would have made the panic worse. It would have been as if one child in the dark had caught another's terror and made the bogymen seem all the more real and approaching. It took responsibility for others to develop the self-restraint within and the calm confidence of manner without—just as it requires the responsibility of the nurse to soothe the frightened children.

The capacity and the wish to assume this responsibility have been Mr. Morgan's from his youth. Trained for his place at the head of an old and honored banking house of international scope and reputation, by a father whom he respected and honored, responsibility for the welfare of others has become a part of his being. Such responsibility for bearing the family name must rest on sentiment, and that is the second quality that appears in answering the query in the title to this article.

Growing out of this is another quality which will be more readily accepted—truthfulness. Mr. Morgan has never deceived his following.

The man's great force therefore is compounded of imagination, sentiment, and truthfulness—the force that has made men avoid his anger, obey his suggestions without question, and follow him almost without question.

This force, formed as it has been of such

human qualities, has grown strong through the habit of command. Marryat told the British navy that no man was fitted to command a ship unless he first learned to obey instantly and without question. This was Mr. Morgan's experience. Junius Spencer Morgan was a great banker, but he was a wiser father. He educated his son on broad and thorough lines. Then he made a clerk of him. And it was not until John Pierpont Morgan had proved himself a good clerk that he was given wider scope. He had first to earn the right to carry on the family name before the charge was intrusted to him.

The ability to make quick yet accurate decisions came from this training. Other men hesitated what to do. Mr. Morgan apparently spoke offhand, yet always with finality. As a matter of fact the decision that had taken scarcely an instant to be made was nearly a hundred years in formation. It was the result of Mr. Morgan's own life and his father's training behind him. He spoke for the House, and he spoke thereby with long-trying experience and thoroughly tested success. He spoke confidently because he knew whereof he spoke. Therefore, to imagination, sentiment, truthfulness, responsibility, force, and the habit of command, were added in this recent panic a reputation for leadership and a successful career.

This gives us the Morgan of the panic of 1907—the man to whom the others turned. Because he had given his word the Trust Company of America was saved, though \$34,000,000 in actual money was paid out over its counters to a clamoring mob before calm reason stopped the riot. At his command men gave up connections and positions long struggled for and warmly cherished. At his call millions came forth into helpful action. It was because of a man—a manly man, a man of force who was trusted, and who saw the childlike terror with vivid imagination—that the panic stopped.

That is the answer to the question. It remains to prove the details. Is Mr. Morgan really imaginative, or is that merely a writer's didacticism? Study his avocation. That is the best way to find the real man. Art and literature rule his collections. The faithful, serviceable, beautiful collie is his chief pet. His successive yachts have all been named *Corsair*, indicative of imagination and grim humor. There is something that suggests the best kind of pure imagination in the

choice of such a name by such a man. His aesthetic tastes, to which the Metropolitan Art Museum already owes so much, rest on imagination. A man lacking that quality might order others to buy for him for the sake of owning a collection, but that is not Mr. Morgan's spirit. He is appreciative of the best; he knows what is good and chooses for himself with taste and enjoyment.

In business the same quality is predominant. It took imagination to conceive and organize the United States Steel Corporation, for which everyone first praised him and then criticised him. Now the public is slowly growing to comprehend what a balance wheel of business it has become. It took imagination to appreciate the possibilities of the South and to unite broken fragments of bankrupt roads into the Southern Railway system with its splendid resultant, the New South. It takes imagination to look beyond the politicians of the present and to rely upon the ultimate sobriety and good sense of the South to give just treatment to his railroad. It took imagination to realize that James J. Hill was a true prophet and to join with him against what seemed an all-powerful combination. These are a few illustrations out of many.

When has Mr. Morgan ever shown sentiment? will be the next question to be asked. The answer is less obvious. Sentiment is something your manly man conceals. It crops out, however, occasionally—in his great gift to the Harvard Medical School in honor of his father whose name alone appears—in his retention of his father's name for the London House. But the best illustrations have hitherto never been published. Mr. Morgan is an active director in the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. It is because of his sentiment for Hartford, his birthplace, that the name of the road has never been changed. That railroad has inherited a part of the old Air Line. There is a short cut from Boston through Willimantic

to New Haven. This passes through Middletown, where there is a heavy curve which must be eliminated to secure highest speed. This change was prevented for years because it required the removal of the Old Cemetery. When the people of Middletown finally yielded, the plans were laid before the Board of Directors, from which they have never emerged. Mr. Morgan objected. His ancestors were buried there and he will let no profane hand be laid upon the dead, whether of his line or another's. To those who have seen the last remnants of somebody's beloved ones mishandled in the course of public improvements, this trait will appeal most strongly, and is there anything but sentiment in such a trait?

Mr. Morgan is of French descent and he is Gallic in his imagination, sentiment, and parental respect—Gallic at its best.

The other qualities disclosed are more readily acceptable to the average reader and so need no detailed discussion.

The panic was founded upon imagination. Mr. Morgan as a figure appealed to the imagination of the public by reason of his force, his truthfulness, his successful career. His truthfulness made him trusted by other financiers. There is no sham about him. He is honest, because it pays and because he likes to be. He took toll for piloting the ship of finance past the rocks, but he piloted it nevertheless to safety. His own qualities of imagination and sentiment enabled him to read men's minds and feelings and to play a bit of a part, the make-believe of a child, and to bully and ballyrag when tonic words were needed to bring everybody into line.

Because of the character earned by his seventy years and more of successful, honorable life, he held the public's confidence. Because of his achievements and temperament, he appealed to the public's imagination. This combination in the public mind enabled him to do what he did.

THE MAN CHILD

BY LEO CRANE



THESE things began long before El Gizeh was. They were ever since the two played as boys in the mud pools of the river shallows, near the yellow walls of Beni, in the country of the Khedive. Though Mohammed and Hassan had been playmates, scarcely ever had they been friends. Hassan would cheat at games, he would evade forfeits; he was full of tricks. And many a time in the sunset, after a whole day's play, he would spoil all by a spiteful turn, and Mohammed, wrathful, would drive him home, flinging handfuls of sand.

But there came a time when they were no longer children; for the hot sun of the desert, and the long burning glow of the red sands, makes of children men quickly. Then came El Gizeh, and the rivalry became like that which men call hatred, and with it envy, bitterness, thought.

El Gizeh was their first common love. Long before they had thought of women, they had each loved El Gizeh. It was their first great desire to possess, to have and to hold.

El Gizeh was not a thing of beauty. He was a long, loose-limbed, weakly shambling thing, trembling as a woman after a sickness, wabbling on his warty legs, blinking at the sun, and snuggling selfishly to his mother. This was El Gizeh when first old Ibrahim spoke to the two boys of him.

"He shall belong to you," said the old man, smiling complacently, "to you both."

Immediately an envious light came into Hassan's eyes.

"No," he said, darting a glance at Mohammed, "I want all of him."

And Mohammed, too, wanted El Gizeh from the first; for, awkward and shambling though he was, with the instinct of the desert tribesmen Mohammed could see that some

day El Gizeh would be a great camel, tireless, patient, long-suffering, a priceless thing to those who would cross the burning sands. And so he, too, wanted all of him, but he said nothing, knowing the hatred of Hassan and the tricks.

It was the next day that Hassan came to Mohammed, saying: "What good is half a camel? I will run you a race for him."

Now, Mohammed was not sure that he could beat Hassan in a race, and he hesitated. "Thou art afraid! Dog!" taunted Hassan, noticing this doubt. After which there was a fight, and Hassan carried scratches on his face. He left Mohammed alone for a little, but soon again he began to torment him, insisting that they make a race for the camel. So loud was he in these challenges that they came to the ears of old Ibrahim, who loved them both, and who detested a quarrel.

"Now, you are sons of my two brothers," said the old man to them, "and I would not have you other than loving kinsmen. Allah save us from it! But if ye cannot agree to have El Gizeh peacefully between ye, then will I bestow him on the one who goes quickest to the wells beyond the walls, and who comes back with water in a cup. More than half the cup must be filled, for it is not right that the water be spilled on the way, running. But first I will assemble the judges, and we shall have the race in the evening."

Neither Mohammed nor Hassan rejoiced exceedingly at this, for the course was long and the conditions hard. Moreover, they could no longer refuse to wager each his share in the animal, and El Gizeh was by now worth the having. Old Ibrahim spoke of the matter to his friends and kinsmen, and that day, near the hour of sunset, they came with grave smiles to see the running.

At a signal the two boys were off like jackals. Mohammed was the swifter runner,

but cunning Hassan knew the distance and he felt sure of wearing the other out. The empty cups they carried in their hands. Mohammed was leading but a very little, and as they passed the house of Mirzah, the water carrier, Hassan saw Aishe watching them from the doorway. Hassan knew that she would be waiting for their return, and, boys though they were, they ran hard and fast that this one might see. There had been rivalry of late between them for her favor.

Nearing the well, Hassan was breathing in gasps and running heavily. The pace had told on them both, and they must now return slowly, carrying the water. Quite together they came away, balancing the cups gingerly and striving to run with all care. It was on nearing again the house of the water carrier that Hassan sprinted, and Mohammed, following him, passed close by the house. And Hassan, feeling himself rapidly weakening in his stride, sought for some trick by which he could defeat the other, whose pattering feet he heard so close behind. The girl, Aishe, stood watching. With a quick reach and jerk of his arm, Hassan caught her and flung her behind him. The running Mohammed blundered into the girl and fell sprawling. The cup of precious water was spilled. Hassan, chuckling, ran on to the winning of El Gizeh.

The years go by quickly. And Mohammed found himself thinking less and less of El Gizeh, save in admiration, for it had grown to be a treasure of the desert, strong, fleet as camels are fleet, and enduring; but he thought more and more of Aishe, who had those graces in early maidenhood which have inspired the Arab love songs.

Here, too, Mohammed found his rival anxious to defeat him. Hassan was a likely youth; he had camels of his own; he was the favorite of old Ibrahim, who, in aging, had grown old in shrewdness and craft. Mohammed found himself with little measure of success, until he bought a camel, and Aishe, the light of his eyes, the treasure of his love, fled with him, riding before him.

They two crossed the long, bitter stretches of the desert, braving the hot winds of the days, and planning their future in the dim, starlit watches of the nights. They struggled to live for each other on the meager store of food Mohammed had provided; they no longer thought of that past existence in the

mud-walled town; before them was the world and the life of it and the gardens of which they had heard so much.

Under the star-studded skies, when the wind whispered softly over the floors of sand, they plotted their conquest of the dearer world, where love lived and the roses bloomed for it. They looked on life as two children who have found a break in the hedge, and slip through to find themselves adrift in a foreign land of mysteries. Into a coast city they went, and in it they were lost among the myriads preceding them.

But the lost were not idle. A long time afterwards crowds would collect in the byways of this same city—grave old Arabs in their colored robes, idlers with fez and cigarette, foreigners from across the sea of blue, gay soldiers of that country which cashed their tribute, unveiled ladies in their dresses of white, above them the flutter of sunshades, old men and boys, princes and beggars, all halted in the sun by some garden wall to see a wondrously skillful tumbler who performed his feats for their asking and was content with their offerings. This was Mohammed.

Years passed again before a certain clever young fellow, who had lived all his life beyond even greater seas, and who was an adept with words, wrote a flaming announcement, and with it labeled the fences of a countryside, reading:

MOHAMMED, THE MYSTERY!

A MARVELOUS, MIRACLE-MOVING
MAGICIAN!

A WONDROUS TROUPE OF ARAB BALANCERS
FROM THE VAST DESERTS OF THE
EAST, HEADED BY MOHAMMED,
THE MYSTERY!

THE GREATEST MARVEL OF MODERN TIMES

The man who wrote this was Billy Andrews. The one he wrote about was none other than Mohammed, who had fled from the mud walls of Beni with Aishe, the daughter of the water carrier. They were with the Consolidated Outfit, three rings, a chariot course, a street parade, touring the West, and Mohammed starred as manager of the Yussuf Ali Troupe of Arab Acrobats. He had found the world but a market, and he had sold the talent he possessed. Aishe bartered necklaces and curios to those who

thronged the tent of cages before the opening of the Big Show. Sometimes she rode as a princess in the pageants. There was a freedom and a glitter about this life which appealed to them. They were nomads, and this wandering was nomadic. But they were neither of them quite content. They still believed in rose gardens, and the peace of the dearer world.

It was while on the second Western trip that Mohammed was told by the management that a troupe of camels and their trainer would join the show. These were for exhibition purposes, and Billy Andrews had suggested that the Arab tumblers open their act with a parade of camels and riders, picturing a desert caravan, which the manager had said was the idea of a genius, since it worked in the camel stunt twice for one contract stipulation. Mohammed was not so elated at this innovation. He had had an interview with the driver of the camels. That driver had been Hassan. They had stared at each other for a long space of bitter silence, a time filled with denunciations too vast to be uttered.

"Dog!" had mouthed the one in his beard. "Thief!" had hissed the other.

Billy Andrews, who saw this meeting, thought he perceived in it the dignity of the desert salutation. All that had been of hatred, he had mistaken for reserve. So he reported to the management that they would have a happy family of tribesmen. But Billy Andrews, with all his deftness in the use of alliterative synonyms, knew not the choice brand of Arabic spoken in the vicinity of the mud walls of Beni, nor had he ever heard of Aishe's courtship, nor of the race to the water wells, nor of El Gizah, who is much to be considered in the telling. He could not have picked this last from the bunch of cud-chewing camels, and thought him only a drowsing, mild-eyed thing like the others.

It would be hard to say when first the bitter enmity between the two Arabs culminated in a public exhibition of temper. For a long time they passed and repassed each other gravely, and their animosity would be indicated in no other way than by a quick glance of distrust. Not even Aishe would have known from their bearing of the long feud; and she, adopting in some minor part the freedom of this new country, had had oppor-

tunity for conversation with Hassan, but that grave master of camels had not as yet deigned to notice her presence. It was during one of the last try-outs of the new act, under the direction of Bengé Lawson, the ring marshal, that this feeling of hatred evidenced itself in a brief flash of rage on the part of Mohammed.

Mohammed had never forgotten his defeat in the running for El Gizah. Now, day after day, he was within caressing distance of that prize which he had lost, and lost by such a trick. Of this he had spoken to the woman, Aishe, and in the soft cadence of her reply found some solace, for she said, smiling gravely:

"If thou hadst won him, perhaps thou hadst not won me, beloved."

Which was in a measure true. Nevertheless, Mohammed could not restrain his wrath at the thought of El Gizah's ill treatment; for the camels were harshly used at times by Hassan; his ungovernable temper would burst forth and he would soundly belabor them. So much of his ugliness of spirit had he vented on the creature that the nature of the beast was quite spoiled, and while a handsomer animal than any of the herd, El Gizah had developed nasty little tricks which showed him to be a spiteful thing. In the tent where they were tethered between the performances, El Gizah was kept apart from the others, and the men had been warned not to approach him unwarily, for his hissing was a danger signal to his spitting, and El Gizah's spitting nearly cost one stable hand his eyes. Mohammed had, despite this warning, made advances of friendship to the camel, and these were kindly received. Seldom had he gone into the tent without carrying some morsel for this one, which should have been of his family, his child and Aishe's, but of whose possession he had been vilely cheated. And so it was when Mohammed first saw Hassan cruelly beating the camel for a minor fault during the caravan performance, that he could no longer restrain himself, and he sprang forward to catch Hassan by the throat, flinging him aside to the ground. El Gizah shuffled away, sniffling, having an air of injured dignity. Hassan, club in hand, came frantically back to the encounter.

"Dog!" he screamed viciously, aiming a heavy blow at the other. "It is my beast! Thou spawn of a toad!"

"Thief! Thou hast stolen from the blind!"

And they grappled each other by the beards and throats, and had it not been for Bengé Lawson's quick interference there might have been a star performer the less in the troupe of wonderful acrobats, for Hassan was the stronger and he could easily have ruined the other for tumbling. They were parted; but the ultimatum had been flung forth. It was war between them.

To such a pass had things come when the show reached its farthest Western point. Beyond was the desert country and desolation, the white alkali plains where lived only the horned toad and the rattlesnake and the owl, and where the sun of the heavens became a vast burning glass in the noon, scorching the sands and baking the few green things to tinder which had struggled up during the brief season of rains. This trackless waste stretched away to the southwest, narrowing in some places so that it could be crossed without dread, and again broadening so that those who must venture paid an Indian guide to pilot them. The route of the show swung to the northward and toward the more populated districts. Once before, on the first trip West, Mohammed had seen the desert. Its majesty had then filled him with a longing, a desire, an unrest, which was nomadism conceived of contemplation, and which had filled his heart with the ache to be adrift under the stars, and free. He was captive to his desert dreams.

And now the heart of Mohammed was troubled. It was oppressed that he, a true son of the East, should be so far from his own country, a wanderer amid the people of a strange alien land. He had never thought of these things before with so much distress, nor had given to them such grave reflection. He would not now, nomad as he was, have worried because of them, but for stronger reasons. Long had he and Aishe traveled the world together, searching happiness, and always had they been but two. Now was fast approaching a time when they would be another!

And were his child a man child, Mohammed felt that in this alien place he could be no true son of the desert; that the peace of an Eastern night could never be the rightful portion of his son. He would see camels, true; and bearded, sun-darkened men, and great tents looming in the gray of evening; and he would see horses, droves of them; and he

would be a nomad with a caravan. Ah, true! But he would never know the sight of a pale gold desert with a spot of green where the well palms showed; nor the half score sprawling camels with their bales, resting, when the turquoise dusk crept in from afar, and the halt was made, and the crimson tents pitched, and the black-nosed horses of the East picketed. He would never know the gleam of a true caravan fire, a ruby on the desert breast, nor the musky odors of an Eastern caravan, halting on the road to market; nor would he ever spread his prayer carpet and bow his "*La ilaha illa-llah*" to the somber East before the last lavender of the West had yielded to the purple and the stars. He would be with a caravan, vast, wonderful; but he would not ride upon his own camel in the dignity of a man. He would be born a clown.

Then Mohammed thought of the desert so near to them, that desert which he had heard was so like his home. Surely it had the glories of the sunset and the nightly blessings of the stars. Vast it was, indeed, and trackless; the footfalls of the camels would be as silent, and the winds would be as softly sweet when the hot sun of the noon cooled behind the farthest hills. There was little time to be lost if he would go, and Mohammed made his plans quickly. Why should he consider Hassan, who had always carried a double face? Kinship Hassan had never known, and what kinship is there, thought Mohammed, like that of the child to be? So he made his preparations in all stealth, saying no word to Aishe, since, being a woman, she might have hindered him.

One night he softly awakened her.

"Come," he said gently. "Be not afraid, and we two shall again seek the peace of a new land. God is great, and He will be the Guide. Dost thou not remember the desert when we fled from Beni? Inshallah! We will go again."

So they went silently to a place beyond the tents where Mohammed had carried the things he thought would be necessary to their pilgrimage; and there Aishe found he had brought old Soada, the mother of them all who were with the caravan, since she had been living as a mother when they were but children.

The next morning there was hubbub among the show people. A search revealed that Mohammed, the tumbler, and his wife, and

another of the Arab troupe, had gone off. And two camels of the herd had gone with them—one an aged beast worth but little; the other, El Gizeh, king of the camels. Hassan, the owner, was loud in malediction. He went about like a man without wits until he found pinned to his costume chest a writing. He read this screeled, and his face grew black with anger:

REETING, O HASSAN!

Know thou that the time when she who hath followed me over the world must be considered. I go into the desert that we may again know a little of the old peace. I have taken two of the camels. The one hath been of little use to thee. Thou wilt not need it. El Gizeh, which should have been mine own, I have also taken. Thou canst spare him a little, thou hast had him so long. Surely, by Allah! they shall be returned to thee, when that which troubles me is accomplished. Until then, when thou shalt hear what has been in my heart, to these many days, may Allah protect thee.

Hassan's face grew darker with each new reading of the epistle. He could make nothing of it, save that Mohammed, whom he hated, was a thief of the night. Mohammed had always wanted El Gizeh, the camel, and they had been enemies because of this. A virtuous indignation stirred the bosom of Hassan.

"By Allah!" he swore, shaking his tawny arm heavenward, "but I will catch the dog! And he shall live to hate the mother that bore him!"

It was when he thought of Aishe, the daughter of the water carrier of Beni, that Hassan paused in his hasty, revenge-seeking stride. He pulled reflectively at his beard and muttered to himself:

"She—she is but a woman——"

By midday Hassan had made all preparation for a determined pursuit. He exhibited an amount of nervous energy and fierce eagerness equal to a hound, but knowing little of the country, and less of its language, and not wishing to lose valuable time, he prevailed on the management to allow some one to accompany him. The management selected Billy Andrews for many obvious reasons. The show management was very anxious to recover the whole outfit without damage, and one view of the wrathful countenance of the camel master was enough to convince anyone that unless the utmost tactful diplomacy were exercised, something would happen to one or both of the desert people. Billy Andrews had been known to

tame a particularly rabid city editor one time, and with this record he was worthy of the mission.

Andrews had requested the assignment, too, but when he and Hassan reached by rail the town nearest the desert, and finally saw the sterile stretches before them, hot in a white-hot sunlight, dazzling, shining, bare, lying in silent, yellow malevolence, he wished himself back with the jogging show. Hassan sniffed at this desert. He indicated that he had known other deserts, which—and he sniffed again. Swarthy, muscular, and vigorous as a Numidian, he only became the more animated when he saw for the first time the waste land of the West.

In that little half-ruined town squatting between desolation and the pitiful edges of the scrub they learned that an Indian had reported a curious cavalcade, consisting of a mule and two devil creatures with backs like mountains, striking across to the southwest. This strange party of men and beasts had been guided by an aged Mexican, so he said. He had stumbled across them one night when the moon was but a wafer of gold caught in a filmy net of clouds, and the first sight of this mysteriously moving caravan, gliding along at a weird, stealthy pace, had almost turned his mind. A large reward convinced "Dog Owl," however, that he was mistaken in thinking it a vision of evil, and under his guidance, for he had been recommended as one who knew every water hole, Billy Andrews and the morose Hassan started into the desert. They hired half a dozen burros. "Dog Owl" confidently assured them that the camels could be overtaken in less than three days.

It was their second night in the desert, under its drifting moon, the pallor of the sands only relieved by the grotesque shadows of the cacti, which seemed as sentinels dozing in a conquered and wasted province. The wondrous colors of the day had long since passed into somber night, with its mystic atmosphere, half greenish mist clarified in moonbeams, half dense shadow blacking the desert hollows.

The last traces of an Indian pueblo in the distance, the shoulder of a crumbling wall, gave a touch of deepest dark to the mottled half light of the plain, and intensified the silver point of the largest star above it. The grandeur of an ancient desolation, the weight of a century of silence, lay thick upon this

barren world. Billy Andrews felt himself deserted of mankind, lost, forgotten, until an exclamation from Hassan caused him to start as if he had been rudely awakened from a dream. Hassan pointed to the southwest, where slowly advancing, gliding it seemed, came a black shape, a hugely proportioned shadow.

"A camel," said Hassan, grunting.

"It must be Mohammed—" began Billy Andrews, staring.

"Inshallah!" prayed Hassan with a brutal satisfaction. "The dog comes."

And there was such an intense reflection of hatred on the face of the Arab that Billy Andrews cautioned him against haste.

"We will hear what he has to say, O Sheik of the Desert," suggested the envoy of peace. "He may have—"

"He can only admit that he is a thief."

"But go slow, go slow."

The camel came with a long swinging stride into their fire's little circle. "Dog Owl," the Indian, regarded its approach with wide-stretched eyes, and he stirred uneasily. An exclamation of pure rage broke from Hassan as the driver swung to the ground, and he recognized in him Mohammed.

"Allah Kerim! I have found thee!" greeted Mohammed.

Hassan started forward, menacing the newcomer, until he felt the firm hand of Billy Andrews on his shoulder. "Peace!" commanded a calm voice close to his ear, and Hassan fell back grumbling.

There was dignity in the pose of Mohammed as he stood before them. The gentle gleam of the firelight touched his strong face, and kindled into brighter colors the folds of his robe. He stood erect, as a proud chieftain of the wastes, having the instinctive nobility of him who has never known a master. There was no trace of cringing from the bestial evidences of wrath that had been so plainly displayed by the other Arab.

"Why came ye after me like dogs into the desert?" he questioned them gravely.

"Thou thief! thou—" cried Hassan, on his feet again.

Mohammed did not waver, but sternly regarded the other's distorted face.

"O Hassan! my kinsman! thou wert ever ready with big words! Thou, who hast been a thief all thy days! Did I not say I would return El Gizah to thee? But ye come like a hound, following me. Last night that

guide with me spoke of thy presence here. I would not have the woman disturbed, now that she is troubled. So I come to thee, O Hassan, hoping that thou wilt understand."

There was so much of imperious dignity, and of grieved sadness, in these words as he uttered them that Hassan kept silent. Mohammed stepped back a little from the fire, and with a slow, even sweep of his arm indicated the dim-lit stretches of the desert.

"Does not that remind thee of something, O Hassan? See where the light falls as silvery laughter on the level sands! And the stars—are they not as brilliant as the jewels we counted when we were young at Beni? Desert born thou. Son of the Desert. So am I. Whom hast thou to care for, save thyself? No one—nothing! Thou art a juggler with a show, a clown to make sport of thy wares. Thinkest that old Ibrahim gave El Gizah to thee for that? These are not reproaches from me to thee. But hadst thou a child, O Hassan, wouldst thou have him born a slave? Wouldst thou not have cared to see him in thy desert tent, under the stars? Is it not a heritage? Thou, who hast been a chief of tribesmen, wouldst thou have a son a dog?"

Hassan had slowly raised himself to his knee, and stretching out his arm, cried:

"Aishe, then, Aishe is the mother of thy son, O Mohammed?"

Mohammed only answered him with a continuance of his defense: "I said my child should be desert born! Out where the winds are free, and the world is wide! Out where God reigns alone, and the earth and the skies keep company! Thus should my child be born. Wanderer let him be, beggar let him be, but I shall have brought him into his first heritage, to that which his people had before him—a camel and a tent—he shall be born an Arab!"

A wondrous change had taken place in the once merciless Hassan. The speech had somewhat softened him. When he replied, his voice had in it something of a stern sympathy and not a little consideration. He had listened attentively, and there could have been put to the Oriental no greater argument, no finer problem, no more subtle possibility than that of a child, the firstborn. Hassan knew not his own, and, therefore, as an Oriental, he had grieved. That Aishe should be the mother of this little one, Aishe, the one he had sought for his own love, was enough to choke his vengeance into nothing.

"Thou hast a son, O Mohammed?" he asked quietly.

"I know not if there be a son," replied the other, his face lighting eagerly. "I came to meet thee, and thy wrath."

"Let us go, then," cried Hassan, rising. "We will put our quarrels by until we know thy fortune. Better will it be for thee, O Mohammed, if it be a man child. What canst thou say if it be not?"

Mohammed made the salaam of the East as if he were resigned.

"Great will be my sorrows," he said gravely. "The desert is for men."

The Indian guide began packing the burros.

"How go we?" asked Hassan, half an hour later.

"By the highest star!" said Mohammed, pointing to that bright gleam above the pueblo. And they followed him out across the silver blackness of the desert.

Billy Andrews had understood very little of their conversation. At times Hassan had turned to him, interpreting, so he knew that in Mohammed's tent they would find the end of this strange adventure. Andrews, smoking, rode last of the party, and he reflected on the little drama into which he had been plunged. And as he watched the shambling camel ahead, the lurching forms of the laden burros, and the robe-muffled Arab riders, it seemed that some olden dream was working out before him, in which, once long ago, on such a plain

as this, guided by a single brilliant star, had men and camels sought the birthplace of a Child. Quiet was the desert, as if enchanted, sleeping in its midnight grandeur, creating ever the new mystery of itself. And the little caravan moved across it, specterlike, toward that other mystery of creation, a new life stirring in an old dead land.

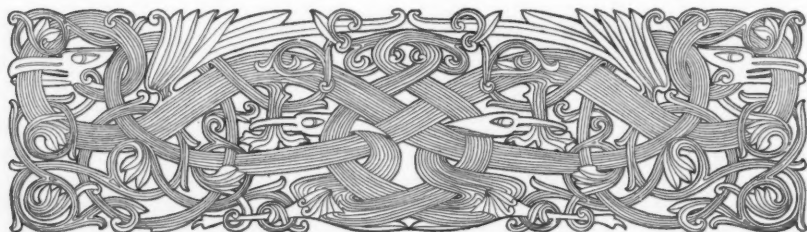
It was shadowed morning when the dim outlines of the tent grew before them. The caravan hurried forward. At the earth's end lifted the ashy ribbon of the dawn. They saw the glow of a cigarette as the Mexican arose to meet them. What a congregation at this rendezvous, thought Billy Andrews, slipping wearily from his burro—the copper-cheeked Indian, the sombreroed Pedro, the swart-skinned Arab tribesmen, and he, a Broadway label in his shirt; envoys of the world's four quarters! Which of these could say he knew more than the other of the Playwright, or had a keener significance of the universal Play?

An old woman stumbled hastily from the tent's shadow, calling to Mohammed, who answered with an emotional cry, a prayer of triumphant thanksgiving: "Allah! Allah Kerim!"

Hassan, gravely smiling, gathered the tether of El Gizeh in his hand.

"A man child, O Mohammed!" he said, lowly, following his kinsman. "He shall have El Gizeh for his own. A camel and a tent! He shall be an Arab!"

Then there came a feeble wail upon the quiet of the desert air.



HUMANIZING A CORPORATION

BY GEORGE W. PERKINS



THE formation of the United States Steel Corporation meant that individual ownership of some of the most prominent steel industries of this country ceased.

To men and students of affairs the real problem that faced the new corporation was this: Could men on salaries and wages successfully carry on this vast organization, directed only by other men on salaries—with no proprietorship above them save a vast and scattered body of security holders?

In a very short time the managers of the Steel Corporation realized how fortunate they were in having in the organization of the various subsidiary companies a large number of men of exceptional ability; men who had gone into the business early in life, had mastered it, and were enthusiastic as to its future—hard workers withal, believers in their country's future, and in steel.

The problem to be solved was how to unify these organizations, covering so many outlying points where the work was actually being done, in such a way that the management in New York would feel that the organization would almost automatically and under changing conditions of men and times, give to the stockholders service equal to that which comes from management incident to individual ownership.

Looking to this end many plans were talked over and various forms of organization discussed. We found that the thousands of men employed in the Corporation were divided substantially into two classes: Those who worked with their brains, and those who worked with their brains and their hands.

The responsibility for general net results rested largely with the former class. The

responsibility for the practical, everyday handling of the machinery and the manual labor rested largely with the second class. But it had been found that while the responsibility of the first class of men was, of course, very great, the opportunities of the second class might be of almost equal importance, because in the practical, everyday working of the thousands of little and big machines, and the general handling of material, the man who is actually doing the work, if his mind is centered on it, can, with surprising frequency, suggests this, that, or the other improvement which reduces cost, improves quality, and increases output.

One difficult problem was how to arrive at some method of compensating the officers of the subsidiary companies for successful management and, at the same time, compensate the actual workers in the plants.

After much discussion of various phases of the problem, the Finance Committee of the Corporation agreed that the Corporation should devise some plan by which, after having earned its fixed charges, a dividend and a sum sufficient for maintenance and repairs, its vast organization should have an interest in subsequent earnings.

It was believed that this was not only fair to the organization, but that it was excellent business for the stockholders.

Many profit-sharing plans were studied. Nearly all of them, however, were found to be weak, unfair, or inadequate to the size of our undertaking. If we were to do anything of this sort, it must be on lines so broad and so equitable as to appeal to one and all and work out in such a practical way as to succeed and be of mutual advantage to the capital and the labor of the organization.

In December, 1902, the Board of Directors finally authorized the announcement of the

plan which has commonly come to be known as the Steel Corporation's Profit-Sharing Plan. It is divided into two parts and, as briefly as I can put it, is as follows:

One part was intended to interest the officers, managers, superintendents, and others in positions of responsibility and control.

At that time it required, in round figures, about \$75,000,000 per annum to pay the interest on the bonds of the Corporation and its several subsidiary companies, its dividends, and to make proper sinking-fund deposits.

It was announced that if, during the year 1903, the Corporation's earnings were between \$80,000,000 and \$90,000,000, one per cent or \$800,000 as a minimum would be set aside. If the earnings were between \$90,000,000 and \$100,000,000, 1.2 per cent would be so set aside; and so on, on an increasing scale, until if between \$150,000,000 and \$160,000,000 should be earned, 2½ per cent or something like \$3,500,000 would be set aside.

It was announced that one half of any such sum so set aside during the year 1903 would be distributed in cash, and the other half invested in preferred stock, one half of which would be distributed immediately, and the other half held.

If a man remained in the Company's service for five years, the stock thus set aside would then be delivered to him, to do with as he liked; that if he died or became disabled while in the employ of the Company, the stock would be delivered to his estate or to him; that he could draw all dividends declared on the stock while he remained in the Company's employ; that if he, without consent, voluntarily left the Company's service, he would forfeit the stock that had thus been set aside for him, and all such stock so forfeited would not revert to the Company's treasury but would be divided among such employees as remained with the Company for five years.

Of course the object in setting aside this stock was to provide a proper incentive for the man to remain in the Company's service, to give up any thought of ever going elsewhere, and to make up his mind that he had enlisted for life in the steel business under the banner of the Steel Corporation.

During the year 1903 something over \$1,250,000 was thus distributed. In 1904 the same amount. In 1905 \$1,800,000. In 1906 \$3,300,000.

The other part of the plan was an offer to

the entire organization to purchase the Company's preferred stock.

At that time there were about 170,000 employees in the service of the Corporation and its subsidiary companies. There were divided into six classes as follows:

Class A, those who received \$20,000 a year and over;

Class B, those who received from \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year;

Class C, those who received \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year;

Class D, those who received from \$2,500 to \$5,000 a year;

Class E, those who received from \$800 to \$2,500 a year;

Class F, those who received \$800 a year or less.

The Corporation announced that it would purchase and set aside at least 25,000 shares of the Corporation's preferred stock and that, during January, 1903, this stock would be offered to any and every man in the employ of the Corporation or any of its subsidiary companies, at the price of \$82.50 per share, which was slightly under the market price of the stock; that every man could subscribe for as much stock as he chose, not to exceed a sum represented by a certain percentage of his salary, fixed as follows:

Where a man's salary was \$20,000 a year or over, he could subscribe for as much stock as five per cent of his salary would purchase. Where his salary was between \$10,000 and \$20,000 a year, as much stock as eight per cent of his salary would purchase. Where his salary was between \$5,000 and \$10,000 a year, as much as ten per cent of his salary would purchase. Where his salary was from \$2,500 to \$5,000 a year, as much stock as twelve per cent of his salary would purchase. Where his salary was between \$800 and \$2,500 a year, as much stock as fifteen per cent of his salary would purchase, and where it was \$800 a year or less, as much stock as twenty per cent of his salary would purchase.

It was announced that if, on this basis of subscriptions, more than 25,000 shares were subscribed for, in allotting subscriptions preference would be given to the men who were receiving salaries of \$800 a year or less; so that if any one was not allotted stock, it would be those receiving the larger salaries—the idea being that these latter men would, in all probability, be sharing in the other part of the offer above described, viz., where profits were distributed based on earnings in excess of \$75,000,000 a year.

It was arranged that subscriptions should be made in monthly installments, to be deducted from the salary or wages of the subscriber in such amounts as he might desire, not, however, to exceed twenty-five per cent of any one month's salary or wages.

This provision was put in to prevent an employee subscribing for the stock and turning it over to some one else to take up and possibly resell later on at a profit; also, in the case of a smaller wage earner, to interest him in saving a regular amount of money out of each month's earnings. At the same time he was given as long a time as he wished in which to pay for the stock, not to exceed three years.

It was agreed that the dividends at the rate of seven per cent, as paid, should go to the subscriber for the stock—he being charged, on deferred payments for the stock, interest at the rate of five per cent.

As soon as the stock was fully paid for, the certificate would be issued in the name of the subscriber and given to him, and he could then sell it or dispose of it as he chose; but, as an inducement for him to keep it and to remain continuously in the employ of the Corporation or one of its subsidiary companies, and to have an interest in the business similar to that of a stockholder or a working partner, the following offer was made:

If a man would not sell or part with his stock but would keep it and, in each January for five years, commencing with January, 1904, would exhibit the original certificate to the Treasurer of his Company, together with a letter from the proper official, to the effect that he had been continuously in the employ of the Corporation or one of its subsidiary companies during the preceding year, and had shown a proper interest in its welfare and progress, he would receive each year for five years a credit of \$5 for each share of stock he owned or was paying for.

For example: The first stock offer was made at \$82.50 a share. If a man subscribed for a share of stock and kept gradually paying for it and held it continuously for five years, these \$5-a-year payments would, in themselves, mark the stock down until, at the end of five years, it would only have cost him \$57.50.

In addition to this he would receive a credit of a considerable sum in the difference between the five-per-cent interest charged him on his deferred payments and the seven-per-

cent dividend paid him on the par of the stock.

It was further agreed that these \$5 payments made yearly for five years would be deposited in a fund, whether or not the subscriber continued to pay for and finally took up his stock, and that such payments as were thus left in the fund by men who failed to continue to pay for their stock would be divided at the end of five years among those who persisted in their payments and remained in the Corporation's employ continuously for five years.

It was only fair to increase in this way the reward of the men who, through thick and thin, good times and bad, in periods of depression and discouragement, stuck by the Company; for, after all, it is to this kind of manhood that the Company must look for its protection in times of sore need.

While at first glance this may seem to be a complicated offer, at second glance it will be seen to appeal to a good many sides of a man. In the first place, it gave him an investment that would pay him a handsome interest on his money.

Thousands of these men have no way of investing their funds, and many others are induced to invest in fraudulent and unprofitable enterprises.

Whatever might come to the Steel Corporation because of fluctuating conditions, the \$5 per share per year, credited as before described, would do several things:

First. It would be a great incentive to the man to go into the purchase of the stock because it would mark it down so low.

Second. It would be a great inducement to him to stay with the Steel Corporation for at least five years.

Third. It would be an assurance that in times of depression his share of stock, for which he started out to pay \$82.50, could hardly fall below \$57.50, to which, in the course of five years, it would be marked down by these \$5-a-year payments.

Besides, the Corporation guaranteed that the selling price of the stock would, at the end of five years, be at least equal to the price at which he bought it.

Fourth. The \$5-a-year payment was another way of sharing profits with the workingman, with whom to share profits on the basis of any percentage of yearly earnings was found to be very difficult, and so this \$5-per-year payment to him, out of the earnings of

the Steel Corporation, was a guarantee that he should share in whatever profits were made, whether they were large or small, he only having to show that he was a permanent stockholder and permanently in the Company's employ.

This is an important point in the whole plan, because it will be seen that while the managerial force received a cash payment each year provided the Corporation earned over \$80,000,000, the other men, on smaller salaries and in more inconspicuous positions, provided they took up stock and kept it, received \$5 a year per share, whether the profits were large or small. In other words, what was substantially the laboring part of the organization, through this \$5 arrangement, was guaranteed profits, whether profits were earned or not.

It was also agreed that if a subscriber should die or become disabled while faithfully serving his Company, the money paid by him on account of the stock he was purchasing should be paid to his estate, together with a sum equal to \$5 per share for each of the five years that had not at that time expired, and further, that his estate could take up the stock at the price at which he had originally subscribed for it, less the credits accrued to his account.

It was announced that if this offer met with favor and was a success, it was the intention to renew it each year, so that it might be possible for a man to buy each year one or more shares of stock under the same sort of a five-year arrangement—the result being that a man would ultimately be interested in contracts with the Corporation that in some cases had five years to run, in some four years, some three, some two, and some one; that he would always be looking to an arrangement between him and the Company that required at least five years of service to complete.

In January, 1903, when the plan was first announced, 27,000 employees subscribed for 49,000 shares of the stock. Almost immediately depression in business came upon us and something over 12,000 subscriptions dropped out during the year. The next year 5,000 more dropped out, but in the third year only eighty-six dropped out, and over 10,000 of the original subscribers have remained, have paid their monthly installments, and received their yearly credit of \$5 per share.

The five-year period on this first group ex-

pires next month, and these 10,000 men who started five years ago to buy, month by month, shares of preferred stock at \$82.50 per share, will find that, through the difference in interest and dividends credited to their account, the \$5 per year credited to their account, and the sums credited to their account from the general fund provided from those who have dropped out from time to time, their stock has been marked down to a point where it has cost them almost nothing, and it is to-day selling for \$86.25 per share and paying regular dividends on par of seven per cent per annum.

Thus 10,000 men have been provided with an opportunity to make a most unusual investment for their savings. In no other way could they have begun to set aside twenty-five per cent of their wages each month in anything that would have been as profitable and as secure.

Does anyone think that with this practical demonstration before him in January of this year any such man will not have formed an attachment for the Corporation he is working for that will be deep and lasting? On the other hand, does any one doubt for a moment that this arrangement, taken in all its phases, has been other than of the greatest possible pecuniary advantage to the security holders of the Corporation?

In the year 1904 stock was again offered under similar terms, the price being fixed at \$55 per share, and over 10,000 employees subscribed for 32,000 shares.

In 1905 another offer was made at \$87.50 per share, and about 8,500 employees subscribed for 18,000 shares.

In 1906 the offer was again made, at \$100 per share, and over 12,000 employees subscribed for 24,000 shares.

In January, 1907, the offer was again made, at \$102 per share, and over 14,000 employees subscribed for 27,000 shares.

In the five years there have been over 72,000 subscribers, of whom about 25,000 dropped out, mostly in the first two years and largely because of the business conditions existing then.

There are now over 46,000 subscribers who are making regular payments on account of their stock. The \$5 deposits per share made by the Company into that fund now amount to over \$1,000,000.

Some idea of the average holdings of the employees may be gained from the figures of 1905. In that year over 3,000 men sub-

scribed for one share each; 3,500 subscribed for two shares each; 1,583 subscribed for five shares each; 192 subscribed for from six to ten shares each, and 60 subscribed for more than ten shares each.

It will be seen from this that the stock has been very largely taken by the workingmen in very small amounts. We have instances where such men have subscribed for one share in each of the years that the offer has been made, and all such men are now paying out of their monthly wage a certain sum on account of the five different shares.

By the close of this year, when this plan will have been in force five years, over \$10,000,000 will have been actually distributed to the organization under the various provisions of the plan. That is a very large sum of money, but it has gone to a very large number of men, and has been one of the factors that has helped to form an organiza-

tion which, for loyalty and efficiency, is perhaps unequaled in the industrial world today; an organization where the officers of Company A are only too glad to pass on to Company B any new ideas or better methods that they develop; an organization that has demonstrated that coöperation can win success and, best of all, success for everybody; an organization where, in place of a mere handful of partners, there are approximately 50,000 such partners, each one of whom is a worker in the cause.

In these results is there not a form of socialism of the highest, best, and most ideal sort—a socialism that makes real partners of employer and employee and yet preserves the right of private property—retaining the capitalist's incentive to enterprise while giving the worker a new inspiration for effort—humanizing a vast organization—promoting good will and industrial peace?

COLOR SONG

By ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

RED

ASK the poppies who I am,
Ask a ruby for my name,
Ask the crimson wave that flows
Past the silent House of Shame.

Ask the blood that stains the snow,
Beg a rose to ope her mouth,
Where she swoons all drugged by me
On the bosom of the south.

Ask the scarlet birds that fly
Tinted shadows through the dusk,
Ask a woman's painted lips,
Velvet petals dewed with musk.

Ask the sunset ere it dies
Once my secret name to tell,
Ask a devil, ask a saint,
Ask of God, and ask of Hell.



France—1792

GALLANT and gay and young was he;
Sweet as the Queen's own lilies, she;
Prince and Princess of high degree.
These two met on the marble stair
That led to the *Salle des Fêtes*, and there
She caught a rose from her powdered hair.

Careless of courtiers' frowns and quips
Held it against her lovely lips
A moment's space, as the wild bee sips!
A moment's space, and the crowd closed in,
Throb of flute and the violin
Blent with the merry dancers' din.

On the azure riband that crossed his breast,
Jewel-splendid and lace caressed,
He set the flower her lips had pressed.
Life, to them, was a garden spot,
A song, a tread in the grand gavotte,
Treason and Time, to them, were not.





By Meribah L. Abbott

Dawn crept into the sullen sky;
Throb of flute and the viol's sigh
Died in a madder, fiercer cry:
Roar of rabble, and clang of bell,
Ribald jest and a mocking yell,
Sounds of shame, and the sights of Hell.

The steps are steep to the guillotine;
The red blood oozes out between!
Who goes up with brow serene?
A Prince as proud as a Prince may be,
And a fair little Princess of high degree:
White as the Queen's own lilies, she.

Riband and lace have rent and stain!
Wail, O winds, in pitying pain!
Weep, sad clouds, but ye weep in vain!
Life was a laugh, a dancer's pace!
Death is weary, and sad of face!
God in His goodness grant them grace!



"Where the summer visitor finds rest."

A SHORT CUT TO BOSTON

BY CHARLES CULVER JOHNSON



WITH less pomp than marks the opening of a county fair, a project second only to the Panama Canal in its importance to the American merchant marine is proceeding among the sand dunes of Cape Cod. Less than a baker's dozen of spectators watched the breaking of ground last summer for the canal that will make an island of Massachusetts' famed "right arm," and revolutionize the coastwise marine commerce of the northeastern United States.

Two huge suction dredges building in a New Jersey shipyard form the solution of the labor problem selected by the company constructing the canal. Each will cost half a million dollars. No dredge exists that approaches either in size or power. A day's work by one is equal in result to the best effort of a thousand men striving ten hours at a similar task.

With their aid, William Barclay Parsons, chief engineer of the Boston, New York and Cape Cod Canal Company, says the water way will be open to traffic in 1910, or before. Thus comes the end of a struggle extending

through three centuries, the success of a plan three times defeated by war, and once by the assassination of a President of the United States.

While marine interests of New York, New England, and elsewhere watch the development of the project with keen interest, Cape Cod is fairly shaken to its center by the promised culmination of the task first suggested in 1630. Sandwich, the northern terminus of the canal, may be said to have been born and brought up with the canal plan. Its founders, who organized the village in 1639, were among the first in their day to look upon the canal with favor. As for the section of the Cape that lies away from the canal, westward, the mention of the idea to almost anyone reveals a disapproval that dates from the seventeenth century.

"Say," said a weather-beaten Eastham resident, who had spent his early life fighting the Atlantic gales afloat and his later years keeping encroaching sand from his little farm, "don't ye know th't 'f Providence hed thought we needed a stretch o' water atween us an' th' rest o' the state it'd been put thar? 'Tain't right t' fly in th' face o' Providence! 'Tain't right, 'n no good'll come uv it."

Sometimes such statements are answered with the generally forgotten fact that in 1717, at Wellfleet, the sea forced its way across the Cape, making such a channel that a whale-boat was rowed from one side of the Cape to the other through the opening. The channel

folk take deep pride in their home, a fit inheritance from their Puritan ancestors.

Ever since, three centuries ago, the Pilgrim mothers washed their clothes on Cape Cod beach and cared for Peregrine White, their first American baby, the Cape never has



"The village pier with its weather-beaten shed."

was closed by the efforts of the Cape Cod people. Had this not been done, it is probable that the sea would have eaten away from twenty to thirty miles of land.

To one who knows neither Cape Cod nor its people, opposition to any movement certain to accomplish so much, both for commerce and humanity, may seem absurd. Commercial progress rarely takes note of sentiment, patriotic or otherwise, but Cape Cod

strayed far from conservatism. The coming of the railroad was accepted because it seemed necessary to the marketing of the Cape's twin crops, cod and cranberries. But such a physical change as digging a canal across the shoulder of the Cape, and diverting any part of the stream of vessels that sail or steam around Race Point and its dangers, is, from Provincetown east to the very canal towns themselves, consid-

ered by many residents the mistake of the century.

The canal is a minor rather than a major undertaking. The usual difficulties encountered in work of this sort are lacking. Its real length will be eight miles, although the distance to be excavated is twelve miles. At the middle section, known as "Culebra Cut," a small engineering force and a gang of laborers are busy and will continue so until the coming of spring, or the arrival of the dredges. The southern approach to the canal, through Buzzard's Bay, will be a six-mile channel. This is to be dredged, buoyed, and lighted, a task requiring a year's time to complete. The uniform depth will be sufficient to accommodate the deepest draught vessels passing through the canal.

The course of the canal lies west from its entrance to the Cape, thence east, thence almost due north, thence east to west. Sandwich, the northern entrance, lies at the north end of Barnstable Bay, where deep water is plenty. While the Buzzard's Bay channel will be protected by a breakwater, nothing of the sort is necessary at Sandwich.

Cape Cod's shifting sands have formed the basis of many an argument, as they have the graves of countless ships. In the past the canal promoters have been confronted with the statement that even though a comparatively sheltered point might be selected for a northern beginning it never could be kept open, because the wash of the sea from the fierce gales that rage about the Cape would shoal the bottom in short time, rendering constant dredging necessary to maintain a reasonable depth. This would make the canal practically useless, except to vessels of the lightest draught.

Canal company engineers who have carefully investigated the question say that no such danger exists. The Cape farm has more to fear from sand annoyance than the canal. Nor does the ice of winter threaten, because conditions are such that it will prove no greater impediment to canal navigation than is always encountered by coastwise vessels during the winter. Indeed, there will be less difficulty, because the canal company proposes to charge tolls, and will take measures to see that entrance ice does not interfere with its receipts.

The precise lines of location of the canal will now be fixed, something not before accomplished, although the general plan will

carry the \$11,990,000 water way through the villages of Sagamore, Plymouth, and Bourne-dale. Its mean depth at low tide will be twenty-five feet, and two hundred feet will be the bottom width. The surface width will vary, in accordance with physical conditions.

Tides are a feature of the canal problem. Engineers, by the use of various scientific instruments, are establishing wind and tide records that do not now exist. These will form a necessary working basis of calculation. For a time it was thought tide locks would be required at either entrance, because on one side the Cape the tide rises eight to nine feet, and on the other four to five feet, the result of air and water currents. Inasmuch as the difference in the rise and fall of the tides is so great, there will at all times be a current through the canal, although not of sufficient strength to cause injury of any sort.

Four fifths of the canal right of way is through pure sand. The finer grade is in pockets, while the coarser sand seems to lie all along the canal route. Especially is it found among the boulders. While Cape Cod has no rock foundation, large boulders are often found in some sections, like the huge rock, long a landmark for seamen, that lies imbedded in the earth near Eastham, and "Rent Rock," in the western part of Brewster. Dynamite will shatter the boulders, and a rattling steam shovel toss the fragments one side.

The suction process has been adopted for the removal of the sand. By this means the earth will be drawn up into pipes and forced through a pipe line to the point of deposit. There will be neither pick and shovel brigade nor track laying of consequence.

Sandy though Cape Cod be, it is far from desolate at many points. Results of persistent battling with the drifting sand are seen in trim-looking farms, "close reeved, or under bare poles," as their occupants describe them. Life moves slowly in these homes, the chief event being the occasional trip to the nearest village. The canal project, however, is discussed at length, rooted objection thereto usually being manifest.

Away out on the Cape's western extremity lies Provincetown, the heart and soul of the canal opposition. It is the chief town of this storm-beaten peninsula that crooks out one hundred and twenty miles from the mainland. Its quaint houses and conservative people attract many a summer visitor, for here indeed one finds the old time New Eng-



"A silhouette of slender masts in bold relief."

land fisherman's town. Gloucester, up on Cape Ann, has a wider reputation, but the ways of Provincetown, like its houses, are manifestly of the days of long ago, while the present has forced itself upon Gloucester to a considerable extent.

The seamed face of the oilskin-clad fisher for cod, who, with his fellows, constitutes the bone and sinew of Provincetown, shows a courage born of a brave spirit and familiarity with danger. Minus his oilskins, sitting on the little front porch, enjoying his days ashore as only he can enjoy them, he is still as picturesque a figure as ever adorned canvas.

Down at the wharves the stanch, graceful craft, built to face the worst storms of the Cape and Hatteras, lie as quietly as a skipper taking his afternoon nap ashore. Slender masts

stand in bold relief against worn-out buildings, a silhouette of youth against the stooping figure of decaying age.

Three thousand ships might anchor at one time in Provincetown harbor. An endless procession of vessels is always in evidence. Such of the residents as do not follow the sea have been accustomed from childhood to watch the white sails or the ribbons of smoke that passing craft exhibit. From their point of view the canal is a menace. "We shall be islanders if the canal is built," they say. "And that ends Cape Cod."

It is small use to tell these Provincetown folk, as they stand in their low-studded doorways beneath the slanting gables, that the canal will only rob the Cape of its terrors, and make it possible for the coastwise craft to



ROUTE OF CANAL AT SAGAMORE, LOOKING WEST, SHOWING CUT THROUGH THE HILLS

avoid the grinding shoals and fearful gales that in a quarter of a century have ended one hundred and fifty lives, wrecked almost eight hundred vessels, and caused a consequent property loss exceeding \$10,000,000.

"All that's th' toll o' th' sea," said an old shellback, white-bearded and sturdy, as he stood on Wellfleet wharf, drying his nets. "Ye can't keep th' sea fr'm a-takin' its toll. 'Tain't no kind o' use t' try. Lot's o' them ships won't pay no canal tolls they say th' comp'ny's goin' t' charge, but jus' 's long 's thur's ships, th' sea'll take its toll."

It is, of course, still a problem as to what proportion of the traffic will take advantage of the canal route. It would seem that the toll rates must be heavy indeed if they deter any shipowner from sending his property the shortest and safest way, a gain both in time and insurance rates.

The greatest gain is, of course, in the lessened distance. The present route from New York to Boston, via Long Island and Vineyard Sounds, is three hundred and twenty-six miles; outside Long Island, three hundred and forty-two miles. Via Long Island Sound and outside Nantucket, four hundred and two miles; outside Long Island Sound,

four hundred and eight miles. Each route is a recognized ocean highway. With the canal open for traffic, these will be the distances: Via Long Island Sound, two hundred and sixty miles; outside the Sound, two hundred and seventy-nine miles. Vineyard Sound is no part of the inside route.

This latter fact is a matter of no small importance, because Vineyard shoals are dangerous, especially in times of fog, which in fall, winter, and spring are all too frequent. Fog means indefinite delay and added expense, especially in the case of "tows," as the long lines of oceangoing barges in the wake of puffing tugs that creep along the coast at all times of year are called. Eliminate the fog item, even in a degree, and a surprising addition to the profit side of the ledger follows.

In addition, the saving of time must be reckoned, because a passage from New York to Boston, via the canal, for either steam or sailing craft, as well as tows, is infinitely shorter, in the first place, while the absence of shoals and Cape gales makes far better speed possible. All shoals and all gales will not be avoided, but the difference between an ordinary gale of wind and the outside Cape variety is about that between winter and summer.

To realize the dangers of a passage around the Cape, it is well to digest the fact that seven life-saving stations are located in that little section beginning with Wood End on the north side, and ending with Cahoons Hollow on the south. The other stations are Race Point, Peaked Hill Bars, High Head, Highland, and Pamet River. There is no more dangerous point on the Cape than that marked by the Highland Light. If a vessel is unable to weather Race Point in a storm, her loss is well-nigh certain.

So great is the number of wrecks in the district covered by the life-saving stations—charted wrecks—that the charts look as if some one had taken a sharp pointed lead pencil and tried to make as many distinct dots on a given surface as possible. All this directly across the bay from placid Ocean Beach at Marshfield, where the summer visitor finds rest, dreamily ignorant of the ocean tragedy at his door.

Melancholy, indeed, is the sight he sees who cares to take a longshore tramp through the danger district, a sight in harmony with the sound he hears, for Cape Cod surf roars its warning in no uncertain tone. 'Almost smothered in the sand that grows thicker with

every gale lies what some time must have been a fine coaster. Farther on, particularly in the Highland district, is the broken hull of a schooner, her masts, hanging splintered, reaching to the sea, as if trying to lend a hand to the crew that perhaps lie alongside the sunken hulks. It is fortunate, so far as appearances are concerned, that so small a proportion of Cape wrecks find the beach.

Standing on the village pier, with its weather-beaten shed slightly bent, as if to meet the gales that sweep in from the ocean, one finds it difficult to realize that death and destruction hover about the danger zone of the Cape shores. Perhaps it is because some of the residents have grown all too familiar with Cape tragedy that they oppose the canal so stoutly. Logic and reason, not to mention humanity, are on the canal's side. Yet the old-time Cape dweller often argues against it, not lacking assertion to give proof to the truth of his contention. At such times his attitude reminds one of that of the hero of a Cape Cod ballad:

Says I, "How d'yer know you're right?"
"How do I know?" says he.
"Well, now, I vum, I know, by gum,
I'm right because I be!"



ENTRANCE OF CANAL AT BUZZARD'S BAY



"What some time must have been a fine coaster."

Now that the canal is fairly under way, it is interesting to note the fine example it presents of what American persistency and stern determination will accomplish. As long ago as when Captain Miles Standish commanded the Puritan standing army of twelve, there was discussion as to the feasibility of some sort of water passage through the narrow neck of the Cape.

The Pilgrim traders conveyed the boats containing their own furs, and others they obtained from the Indians in trade, along the shores of Barnstable Bay to the mouth of Scusset River, and up this stream as far as possible. Then the furs were taken overland by a trail cut through the forest to Herring Pond. From here they went in boats to the Dutch blockhouse, that stood near the mouth of Manomet River, easily navigable for more than a mile from its mouth.

These early traders saw the need of a canal, but it was nearly a century before the thought took practical form. October 30, 1737, the General Court of the Massachusetts Bay Colony appointed a Commission to examine the neck of the Cape with a view of locating a route for the canal. What the Commission reported did not prove a basis of action.

The next step was in 1776, the appointment of a Commission similar to the one whose mission failed in 1737. At this point, war made its first appearance as a factor in delaying the canal project, action twice repeated. During the Revolution and for years afterwards the plan slumbered, but was revived in 1791 by a petition to the Massachusetts Legislature,

which resulted in the appointment of a third Commission. The Legislature acted upon the report of this Commission, resolving that the construction of a canal was practicable.

Winthrop James surveyed the canal route in 1791. His chronicle of the survey opens thus:

Thursday, May 12, 1791.—Set out. Miss H., a lovely girl of eighteen, was polite enough to take this opportunity to visit her Barnstable friends, and rode in the chaise with me.

Mr. James also writes that he began his survey at "Agawam Point, in a line from the point to the n. e. cor. of Sam Bourne's house at the shore of Buzzard's." He encountered much swamp and brush land, but on the whole found the route practicable. Curiously enough, the route of the canal now building differs little in many respects from that suggested by this gallant surveyor of long ago.

May 14, 1801, Sandwich consented to a canal across the Cape. The War of 1812 intervened and another plan fell through. In 1818, however, the canal question was again agitated, and Sandwich, on petition of Israel Thorndike and others, considered the project once more, voting that "such a work, if practicable, will be of public utility, and this town will oppose no obstacle."

Still, that something which always intervened again checked action, and nothing was done beyond a survey. In fact the canal section is the most thoroughly surveyed land on Cape Cod.

In the early days of Sandwich a brook ran through the center of the village, crossing the country road. This marked the course of the first contemplated ship canal. It was the central point of the numerous surveys. The same stream is now the bed of Scusset mill pond, West Sandwich. With Herring River in North Sandwich and the Manomet River it formed a trio of streams that figured in every survey from the landing of the Puritans on the Cape.

The canal project slumbered until 1824, when President Monroe in his annual message recommended that Congress appoint a Commission to determine the advisability of the Government constructing the canal. Accordingly, Government engineers surveyed the territory and submitted recommendations. This was as far as Government action went. The recommendations are still on file in Washington.

The next attempt to revive the canal plan was an ill-omened time—1860. The effort was short-lived. Civil War came, and capital was not to be had for any such investment. Thus for a third time war crushed the canal promoters' hopes.

In 1870 the Massachusetts Legislature granted a canal charter to Alpheus Hardy, a Massachusetts capitalist and a summer resident of Bourne. This charter was extended five times, but for naught. Nothing was done, save the employment of a few laborers, who dug sand for a time at Scusset Beach.

Then came the application that resulted in the granting of the Whitney charter. After investigation Mr. Whitney refused to undertake the task. In 1883 the charter was transferred to Frederick A. Lockwood, of Boston, who agreed to assume the construction for \$1,000,000 a mile, the canal to be completed in a year and a half.

This time work actually began, an entrance being dug at Scusset Harbor. A \$100,000

dredge was built and towed to the canal's point of beginning. It did not prove the success anticipated, and after an enormous ditch had been dug through the marsh, and a mile inland, all labor ceased. The dredge was towed back to the shore, where, soon after, it was burned by incendiaries. Over \$1,000,000 was expended in this attempt. Further proceeding was prevented by the assassination of President Garfield, and the financial depression following.

The present project had its inception in 1899, but it was not until 1904 that active steps were taken. The contract for the canal's construction was awarded June 7, 1907. Ground was broken August 19th of the same year.

As a constructive engineering problem, the canal is a simple matter. Singular, indeed, is the manner in which its fate seems linked with war and "hard times." To-day it is opposed for no logical reason. Summer residents of the Buzzard's Bay country object, now and then, because they fear the canal will make Bay life less attractive. They know the railroad bridge is to be changed about, and that summer quiet is likely to be more or less disturbed.

Whatever disturbance there is will be only temporary, so far as interfering with aught save the section close to the canal is concerned. The smiling yachting pictures that each summer displays alongshore will not be marred. One or two summer homes may be sacrificed, but nothing more.

The tonnage of the fleet that annually makes its way around Cape Cod is 30,000,000. Twenty-three per cent of the wrecks between Norfolk, Virginia, and Portland, Maine, occur in the immediate vicinity of the Cape. At least two years must elapse before the new water way is open to traffic. When that day comes Cape Cod's reign of terror as an unavoidable menace to seamen will cease.



XANTHIAS JOLLIED

"Ne sit ancilla tibi amor pudori."—HORACE: Ode 4, Book II

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

NAY, Xanthias, feel unashamed
That she you love is but a servant.
Remember lovers far more famed
Were just as fervent.

Achilles loved the pretty slave
Brisëis for her fair complexion,
And to Tecmessa Ajax gave
His young affection.

Why, Agamemnon at the height
Of feasting, triumph, and anointment,
Left everything to keep, one night,
A small appointment.

And are you sure the girl you love—
This maid on whom you have your heart set—

Is lowly—that she is not of
The Roman smart set?

A maiden modest as is she,
So full of sweetness and forbearance,
Must be all right; her folks must be
Delightful parents.

Her arms and face I can commend,
And, as the writer of a poem,
I fain would compliment, old friend,
The limbs below 'em.

Nay, be not jealous. Stop your fears.
My tendencies are far from sporty.
Besides, the number of my years
Is over forty.

THE END OF THE RAINBOW

BY LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN



KNOW you must think me extraordinary to talk in this way of Mac before him," she said, turning, appealing and smiling, to her husband's friend. "But you see he has been my one subject—the only one I've cared about—since I met him; oh, more than a year ago. And you are the very first chance I've had to indulge myself. It is really your fault. You've led me on. Knowing you love him and understand him, I've just burst out with everything to you." She ended with a pretty fluttering gesture of the fingers.

Mac's friend seemed to consider it, if extraordinary, at any rate charming, to hear a woman so beautiful, so shining, so much to be praised herself, heaping worship before the quiet man sitting in the background. There he lounged, angular, plain, his long legs crossed, his long chin in his hand, his eyes all for his wife. He had a still face with a lurking humor, that flashed in and out under the fusillade of her spirited personalities.

"I am almost ready to be jealous of you," she went on, still to Mac's friend, "to think that you knew him when he was making himself so splendidly; and went on knowing him when to me he was only a name. I knew him, oh, yes, as a celebrity! I loved his books! But, as to knowing him, ah"—she sighed with a rueful smile half mock, half earnest—"I was too humble to dream of such a thing. Nothing romantic had ever happened to me! Just bread-and-jam teas and governesses; and after that country visits and eligible creatures; and after that Paris, Vienna, Venice, Florence, the usual grind, the usual stupid people. Until that day in the Piazza San Marco, papa and I going into the church, one of those same stupid people bouncing out. . . . 'Ah . . . aw . . . I say, glad to

see you! Introduce a friend?' And Mac stepped out of the shadow of the church porch, like a figure out of a picture! It was there that my romance began."

She glimmered between them in the candlelight, with her cloudy, pale golden hair, her thin, gold-colored gown, her eager, changeful face. And, looking at Mac, his friend realized just how much this meant to him—to be the romance of such a creature! She could not keep her eyes off Mac for a moment.

"There is no use trying to tell you what it means to me," she went on. "It's not that he's great." A murmur as of protest came from her husband's throat, and his eyes flashed a thousand twinkles. "It's because—ah, you know—it's like knowing the whole world to know him, only he makes the world seem so different! He has a power over common things to make them seem, or rather really be, wonderful. He's fated to romance. He *is* it. Why, from the very first—" She hesitated, looking at her husband. "Oh, Mac, do you mind? *May* I tell him that?"

"Oh, by all means, tell him anything!" Mac murmured. He was watching her like a man enchanted, but his lips never quite lost the trace of faint amusement.

"Well, then," she turned to Mac's friend with a charming, half-mischievous, half-mysterious air, "that meeting of ours in the Piazza San Marco—that wasn't quite the first. It didn't come to me in a flash that first time we met; it grew on me as we came to know each other, the idea that I had seen him somewhere before.

"At first it was so vague that when I stopped to think about it I was sure it was a fancy. Just because he was so much the thing I had wanted all my life, he fitted into past and present. He slipped into my dream. But then again when the notion took hold of me,

I knew it was too definite for that. I told myself it was because I had seen his pictures. It wasn't until after we were married that one day, when he turned and looked at me suddenly—and you know how he *can* look—it came to me in a flash, one of those true flashes that have nothing to do with thinking, that he had looked at me in that way before. Then I knew that I had seen him, not as a picture or a dream, but really somewhere in the real world. And not merely as a passing figure either. I knew we must have looked into each other's eyes.

"But as for where it could have been, I couldn't recall any forms, color, light; any scrap of furniture, any bit of hill or sky that might have been his background. Just nothing but Mac, his face, as if I had met him in empty space.

"It was one of those vexing freaks of memory, like forgetting a name. The more I tried the less I could think. You wonder why I didn't ask Mac about it? Ah, you see, now that I remembered I was so afraid he had forgotten! For, if he did remember it, why hadn't he spoken of it? Oh, how I watched him; how I waited to hear him come out with the question, 'Julie, don't you remember . . .?' At last I took my life in my hands and came out with it to him.

"I remember, as if it were this moment, how he dropped the coat he was holding, and turned with a queer, quizzical sort of a smile. See, he has it now! 'Why,' he said, 'of course I remember. But I was afraid you didn't. You didn't speak. I was waiting for you.'

"It was as if he had reassured me that he loved me. How I pounced on him. 'Oh, tell me, *where* was it?'

"He had been eager; and I think I never saw him so taken back. 'Why, don't you remember?' Then, as my blank face must have told him what a lack-brain I was, he laughed as if it were too funny. 'Well, then, Julie,' he said, 'I can't remember either.' We both laughed. It was too delicious and too absurd now that we knew we both remembered, to think we'd both forgotten. But I knew there must have been something wonderful in that first meeting, and I wanted dearly to know. The more Mac laughed at me the more I made him help me try to remember. First we made a joke of it; then we made a game; that is, Mac made it."

"You were the inspiration," her husband spoke out of the shadows.

She sparkled to the tribute. "Well, in the end it was I—" she broke off, "but that came afterwards. We began stupidly by going over our visiting lists; then through the alphabet; then through the social events of the last six seasons. At last we took to the map. It was getting to be a mania with us. We invented all sorts of sure combinations by which we could run down that place. But, oh! dear, we never could find a spot where we had both breathed the same air at the same time; not one of those dear, romantic, right places where such a first meeting as ours ought to have taken place, and I was getting faint-hearted. Then one night I put a pin into Biarritz and looked at him defiantly. 'I was there,' I said, 'in April, 1900.'

"'Why, then,' he said, 'I was there too.' For a moment I believed him. But then I saw his smile. You know that smile.

"'Oh, Mac,' I said, 'you know you never—'

"But he shook his head at me. 'I was, too. It was there I met you.'

"And then I knew reality had ended. Our game had begun." She leaned forward. Her cheeks were flushed. Her eyes were brilliant. "But Biarritz—of course I showed him in a minute that for such a first meeting as ours a prosaic watering place like Biarritz would never do. We found much better places than that.

"There was Perugia during the celebration of its patron saint. There were carpets hanging from the balconies and red streamers over the white door lintels, and little bunches of flowers in all the windows, and wreaths on the shrines in the street. I was leaning out of the window of the saint's house. I looked down and saw a man passing beneath. He looked up. And between the waving in and out of the saint's banner I saw his face and he saw mine." She caught her breath with a little laugh. "He was wearing a peasant's hat, and had a piece of the saint's colors in his buttonhole."

"And you," said Mac from the background, "you had a little cameo pin at your throat, a long curl blowing out at your left ear, and a bunch of violets in your bosom."

She drew a deep breath, smiled at him, turned back to his friend.

"And the other places?" he prompted.

"Oh, there was St. Petersburg at the time of the riots!" she cried, her face flashing into fire. "It was the night of the assassination

of the Grand Duke Fergus. We had been at the opera, and were trying to get home when the rioting began; and I, with some escort, was somehow separated from my party. Shall I ever forget that terrible street! I can see it now, all dark except for the flash of torches, and roaring with men struggling, shouting, sweeping down the middle of it, and the helmets of the 'horse' bursting out between the houses to ride them down.

"The crowd went back on us like a wave; and my escort lifted me up to save me; I looked across a sea of heads, helmets, and flying stones and saw Mac's face. They were shooting between us, and the puff, puff, puff of their fusillade spread out in a thin drift of mist, so white, white, and I saw him head and shoulders above it. He wore no hat; he had a white flower in his buttonhole; and he was pale, and looked at me."

"And you," said Mac, and he looked dreamily before him as if he were recalling a real memory, "you had a bunch of cherries in your hat. I remember those cherries. How they danced like blood against that background of faces! And you were laughing."

There was a moment's silence, as if all there sat breathless, waiting for something. Then her looks changed. Her smiling grew more serious, and on her face fell a shade, a sort of delicate awe. "But there was another place of ours," she said. "We didn't choose it. I don't know how it came into my mind; but it was at Lake Maggiore. One day, one beautiful day, walking on the lonely side of it, I came to a great white rock whose base was level with the water, and whose top rose high above me and overhung the lake. I knelt down at its foot, and, as I used when I was a child, looked into the water to see how much prettier the world seemed upside down. And, suddenly, the face was looking up at me from out of the water, a little shaken by the ripples, but real, wonderful, all in light, like the head of a god looking out of the sky. I held my breath. I wouldn't have looked up and broken the spell for anything in the world."

She had been looking down dreamily as if it were not the dark wood of the floor she saw, but Lake Maggiore's blue. But now she raised her shining eyes to Mac's friend. "That was the *real* way we first met."

He gasped. It was so sudden to him. "But how do you know?"

She hesitated. "Because it was the loveliest way it could have happened; because it was so right that he should have been looking down on me from a height; because—ah, it's crept upon me so gradually I can't explain it. How do you know when you know you are loved? I know it that way."

"But Mac?" he protested, "does he?" She nodded. "He is sure it must have been in such a way, for he had the feeling that first time he saw me, though I was not far away, I was somehow remote."

She rose. Now that she had told all her great story her intenseness had snapped like a taut string. She was laughing. "And now, since you've been so good as to believe me, I'll show you the very rock he looked over. We photographed it last summer."

She crossed the room, a delicate golden splendor; passed between the dark wings of the tapestries. They heard her subdued rustle up the stair.

The two sat without a word, as if they feared to move lest they should break a spell. Yet as he waited it seemed to Mac's friend almost as if he could hear the subsiding of the high, tense atmosphere. He looked at Mac, sitting motionless, looking down at the ash of the dead cigar he held in his long fingers, and on his lips that ghost of a smile of humoring tenderness.

"Mac," his friend burst out, "did you ever really meet in such a way?"

Mac raised his eyes. "Yes, we met."

"What, at Lake Maggiore?"

"Lord, no! Not *there*."

His friend gazed at him. "Then you've known where, all along?"

"Oh, yes! Ages ago, before I knew you, before I even knew myself. It was in Chicago, in a dry-goods shop. I sold her seven yards of white silk."

There was a moment of listening silence. Mac looked inquiringly at his friend.

"You think it spoils the romance? You think I ought to have told her? Well, you've seen her, heard her. Which is worth more to her, do you think, the fancy or the fact? And for the romance—" He paused. They heard the rustle of her returning. "My dear chap, isn't the essential romance of it just that she should have remembered?"

THE SUBSTITUTE

BY EDITH BARNARD



It was a Castle of Romance. To outward appearance it was the same as the other five houses in the row, except that it was painted a serviceable yellow, and that its garden showed signs of more tender care. It was an ordinary little place, just such as a man and woman must save hard in order to possess, every board and door and window bespeaking some sacrifice; but to Miss Matty it was, not the less, a Castle of Romance.

Its lord and master was a wonderful being whose shoulders were stooped with years of bending over a clerk's desk; his hair was gray and his face was not always well shaven; he did not go forth upon knightly quests, but went into the city instead, and returned by the same train every evening; he carried no sword, but a folded newspaper in his pocket; and his shield was nothing more than the simple honesty of a hard-working man. To his neighbors neither he nor his house possessed the slightest air of romance; only to his wife, "Miss Matty," was the glamour visible.

Sometimes during the day she would pause in her work and look about her, out of the window at her garden, and then up to the crayon portrait over the mantel, and say:

"Oh, she must 'a' been a mighty good woman!"

In Miss Matty's family there had been four sisters and four brothers; of the sisters, Miss Matty was next to the youngest, and she was the "uninteresting one" of them all. In her childhood she had, of necessity, looked after a succession of babies, and long after she was grown, even long after the time when she had come to admit to herself that she was, as her comfortably married sisters said, an old maid,

she was still looking after other people's children. Indeed, it was owing to her capability as "helper" that she was given a home with the brother into whose house the children crowded most rapidly. Toward each new baby her yearning care was unfailing, but the baby's first smile and first caress were invariably for its mother. Miss Matty could never understand how creatures so young could distinguish, but they never failed to do so. When they were very, very little she could almost believe that they were her own; but when their tiny hands learned to reach out toward some one else, she realized that she was, at best, only a substitute.

It did not occur to her brother, nor to his kindly wife, that Miss Matty had not everything in the world she might desire; she shared their family life, and she shared the second-best bedroom with their oldest girl. Miss Matty had shared everything all her life, with some one; at home, before the brothers and sisters had gone to make families of their own, she had shared her room with a little sister; and being the third girl herself, she had never had an entirely new dress; even in the matter of a love affair, she did not have a lover who was absolutely her own. When it became clear to the family that one Andrew Truitt was courting Matty, she had glowed into a faint prettiness under their teasing; but Andrew had turned to her only because his first sweetheart had been cold, and when she smiled again he went back. The affair did not even go on long enough for Miss Matty to begin on her trousseau; in that, too, she had only the reflected pleasure of helping her sisters with theirs.

Occasionally she taught school; not regularly, for she was not considered quite good enough as a teacher to be given a permanent position. The little district school was not

far from the Claggett farm, and whenever the teacher did not appear one of the children would run across for Miss Matty, to substitute for the day. It was always an exciting and pleasurable event, but poor Miss Matty was conscious of her deficiencies, and her cheeks would flush when the older children had to help her. From time to time, when the visiting dressmaker of the community was not to be had, the neighbors would send for Miss Matty to help them with their sewing; in that, too, she was not quite good enough to be regularly engaged, and was only a substitute.

She had come to accept the fact so simply and unquestioningly, that when Mr. Spranzy asked her to marry him, to take the place of the Mrs. Spranzy who was gone, it seemed the most inevitable thing in the world that she should do so. He had come into her life like a prince out of a fairy tale, except that the manner of his arrival was his visit to the Claggett farm for the purpose of selling its owner a new reaper. Then he had come back two or three times, at first with an excuse and finally without one. On his fourth visit he had asked Miss Matty to take the place of his departed Julia, and on his sixth she had gone back with him—still, however, "Miss Matty" to her husband. For her, it was going into a new world.

After the first wonder of it all, the joy of possession had come upon her. It was hers, all hers! For she gradually realized that the new home was, indeed, her own, and one from which she could not be dispossessed; that the house and the husband were hers, and not the less hers for having belonged to a former Mrs. Spranzy. There was not the slightest thought of jealousy in her simple heart; there was only gratitude. It seemed to her that there was nothing she would not do for the poor woman who had been obliged to leave so much, and who had, moreover, left it that she, Miss Matty, might come into possession of it!

She would stand in the doorway of a room and wonder how the other Mrs. Spranzy had cleaned it. She tried in every way she knew to discover the plans and methods of the woman who had owned it all before it became hers; for there entered her heart a great ambition: not only would she show her affection and gratitude to Mr. Spranzy by making him as comfortable as his first wife had made him, but she would pay her predecessor the tribute of doing it precisely in the first Mrs. Spranzy's

way! But the idea once conceived, she had some difficulty in finding out what that way was. Her husband was chary of speaking about his first wife. Miss Matty feared that his sense of loss was still keen, and thought it rather indelicate to mention her; and when she did, on one occasion, ask him how Mrs. Spranzy had made the brown bread he was so fond of, and insisted upon having every day, Mr. Spranzy had seemed so uneasy, that when he had gone poor Miss Matty looked penitently, with tear-filled eyes, at the portrait, and said, as she so often said:

"She must 'a' been a mighty kind woman, to be mourned like that!"

She searched through all the house in the hope of finding a cookbook, or something which would help her to cook for Mr. Spranzy as the other had done, but there was nothing of the sort to be found. All she could do was to imagine it all, to evolve methods from her own experience; and, as she lived in a castle and had a prince for a husband, it was not so very difficult to make other wonders come true. After the first time, she did not dare mention his Julia's name to Mr. Spranzy, but she often wondered how well she was succeeding in her effort, whether she was really doing things in the way the first Mrs. Spranzy had done them, whether she was doing them as well. She longed to know, she longed for some measure of praise. Mr. Spranzy accepted all that was done for him, and was most evidently happy, but he had nothing to say about it. She longed for words, or for some means of knowing how well she was succeeding in achieving her ambition; and yet, when Mr. Spranzy came home with the letter, her heart almost stood still.

"My wife's cousin, Julia Keene, wants to come on a visit for a few days," he said, with the manner of one announcing a calamity. "She hasn't been very well, and she wants a change."

Miss Matty had never heard of the first Mrs. Spranzy's namesake, but she took the letter that he handed her, and read it through in a daze. She folded it, trying to steady her thoughts, and put it back into its envelope.

"You can't possibly write her not to come, Mr. Spranzy," she said. "She is Miss Spranzy's own cousin."

Mr. Spranzy did not reply, but looked steadily out of the window at the budding roses in the strip of garden. His wife watched him solicitously, and repeated:

"You can't tell her not to come."

Mr. Spranzy turned quickly toward her, and then glanced away. He began to rub his cheek in a way he had when puzzled. She recognized the sign, and sighed.

"I know it won't be the same as if *she* was here," she said, "but I'll do all I can."

Mr. Spranzy swallowed, rose from his chair, and walked from the room. His wife's eyes followed him with admiration and pity, and then she sat for a while looking up at the picture.

"She must 'a' been a mighty noble character, to be mourned like that," she sighed.

In the two days before Mrs. Keene's arrival, Miss Matty worked hard to have her house in order; and when she was, at last, awaiting the moment when Mr. Spranzy should bring the guest, she went into the dining room, and glanced up again at the portrait, as if for courage.

"Oh, I hope I have everything all right!" she said, and clasped her hands nervously together. Then she wiped her eyes, and went to the front door.

Mrs. Keene's large person was preceding Mr. Spranzy up the little rose-bordered walk.

"Oh, you got roses!" she was saying. "I always did tell Julia this place needed flowers." She nodded toward the figure of timid hesitation in the doorway. "There you are," she called out reassuringly, and in a moment she was kissing Miss Matty cordially on the cheek. "I was just tellin' Mr. Spranzy how nice the place looks," she said. "Julia never could bear the clutter of flowers; said green grass was good enough for her, and plenty of trouble to take care of. I like something real bright an' cheerful myself, an' I'm glad to see your taste runs the same way!"

Mr. Spranzy was rubbing his chin, and Miss Matty looked to him in vain for explanation; that his flowers should be given her unfailing attention was one of the things about which he was most particular. But Mrs. Keene was quite capable of filling all lapses in the conversation.

"My! How nice your house looks!" she said when they were all in the sitting room. "Why, you keep the front room open, don't you? Well, I declare! That's the way I do, too; but Julia never would have it so. Many's the time I've said to her, 'Use your things while you got 'em; you never know when you'll up an' die, an' leave 'em to somebody

else to enjoy.' That's what I always said, an' here it is! You're just right to use 'em all, just right."

She was looking about her, at walls and furniture, and she turned toward the place where Mr. Spranzy had stood, to offer a further congratulation; but the head of the household had quietly disappeared. He found that the easiest way of escaping his wife's questioning eyes. That every window and door in the house should be kept pleasantly open was the first direction he had laid upon her. Mrs. Keene looked at Miss Matty, and wondered if the half-frightened expression on her face was its usual one; but nothing could stem the tide of her talk. Everything in the house called for comment, and always brought forth approval. Miss Matty was so filled with amazement at the things Mrs. Keene was revealing, however, that she almost forgot to be glad at the lady's words of praise. But it was at supper that she received the greatest shock of the day.

"Land, you must think I'm comp'ny, puttin' flowers in the middle of the table," exclaimed the first Mrs. Spranzy's cousin, when Miss Matty summoned her to the little dining room. "Not but what I like it; I like to take a little pains for folks myself, and I like to be the one pains is took for. But Julia wasn't that kind, was she, Josiah? What? Oh, yes, I ain't sayin' but what Julia was a good woman, an' my own cousin, too; but I guess your second does better by you. Miss Matty, this brown bread is as good as any I ever et, if not better; but you oughtn't 'a' made it especially for me!"

It was only the desirability of sampling the excellence of the meal that gave the lady pause; but Miss Matty had a chance to say:

"I'm real glad you like it, Mis' Keene. I make it fresh every day, for Mr. Spranzy's used to it that way, an' I want to do everything just like *she* did!"

Mrs. Keene laid down her buttered slice of bread, and looked at Miss Matty, then at Mr. Spranzy. Miss Matty was having difficulty in restraining her tears, so mixed and painful were her emotions; but Mrs. Keene was not blind to the faint tinge of red that crept into Mr. Spranzy's cheeks. Her mouth twisted into a grim smile before she answered.

"Oh!" she said, somewhat dryly. "Well, I don't know as Julia made it fresh *every* day; did she, Josiah?"

Mr. Spranzky took a long draught of coffee, by way of reply. He was always a quiet man, but to-night he found nothing whatever to say to the voluble guest. Indeed, he seemed to find it difficult even to look at her squarely and fully. He left the table as soon as he could, lit his pipe, and went into the front room. After a while, when Mrs. Keene got up, she saw through the half-opened door that he was lying down on the best velvet sofa, with a newspaper over his face. She followed Miss Matty out to the kitchen.

"Well, I declare," she said. "I don't know as even I could spoil a man like you do. Seems to me I'd just *have* to draw the line at the best velvet sofa, an' smoke in the front room!"

Miss Matty looked up with hurt protest in her eyes.

"Oh, no," she said. "I don't mind his doing that. He's used to it, an' I wouldn't like to deny him anything his first wife let him do!"

Mrs. Keene looked at her a moment before replying.

"Did he tell you she let him lie on that sofa?" she asked.

"No," said Miss Matty, "he never told me anything about her. I just had to find out by watching him. He don't like to talk about her."

"No, I guess he don't."

Miss Matty, however, did not seem to hear, and when they were in the dining room again she looked up at the crayon portrait.

"She must 'a' been a mighty good woman," she said in a low tone, and looked at Mrs. Keene for confirmation.

But Mrs. Keene was looking at her curiously. Then a twinkle came into her eyes, and she opened her mouth as if to speak; but she only said "Hum!" which might be taken in any way at all.

When Mr. and Mrs. Spranzky went up to bed that night, no word was spoken between them, nor did Mr. Spranzky meet his wife's questioning eyes. As the days passed, he became evidently depressed and uneasy. He avoided Mrs. Keene and her constant stream of talk more and more, and his wife became anxious at his failing appetite. Miss Matty herself, good soul, was daily receiving fresh disillusionments. It was gradually becoming clear to her that her conception of the first Mrs. Spranzky's character was not, perhaps,

the correct one, but her loyal heart refused to admit the truth.

One morning, when Mr. Spranzky arose from the breakfast table and Miss Matty was hastening to brush his hat and fold his newspaper for him, he looked at Mrs. Keene and then at his wife.

"To-day's Saturday," he remarked.

"Yes, I know," said Miss Matty. "I won't forget. They're just full o' bloom this morning, too."

"Maybe you hadn't better go to-day," said Mr. Spranzky, with another glance at Mrs. Keene.

His wife's hands fell, and she looked amazed reproach at him.

"Oh," she said. "That wouldn't be right, Mr. Spranzky!"

"Well," said her husband, in a voice of dull acquiescence. When he went out of the gate his shoulders had a very dejected stoop.

Mrs. Keene asked no questions, for once, but watched Miss Matty closely all the morning. It was not until early afternoon, however, that she discovered the meaning of the conversation at breakfast time. When Miss Matty put on a large flat straw hat, and went out into the heat with a pair of garden shears, she followed her. All the week they had commented on the lovely bloom of the rose bushes; every day Miss Matty tended them carefully, and to-day Mrs. Keene was surprised to see her cut off every flower.

"What on earth!" she exclaimed. "What you cutting all your roses for?"

"I cut 'em every Saturday," Miss Matty replied.

"What for?" pursued Mrs. Keene.

Miss Matty hesitated.

"Well, I always take 'em somewheres Saturdays," she said.

She carried her roses, a great armful, into the kitchen, and put their stems in water. When she came downstairs dressed to go out, she found Mrs. Keene with bonnet and gloves on, too.

"Thought I'd go with you, if you don't mind," Mrs. Keene said. "I ain't been out much since I been here, an' the walk or the ride will do me good."

Miss Matty's cheeks had little red spots, and her eyes were very bright. She talked more than was usual on the cars. She offered no explanation as to where they were going, and Mrs. Keene asked no questions until they came to the end of the car line.

When they stepped down, Miss Matty glanced toward the western horizon.

"It looks to me like we'd have a thunderstorm," she said. "You got on your best bonnet, Cousin Julia; maybe you better turn back home."

Mrs. Keene looked at the gathering clouds.

"What you going to do?" she asked.

"Me? Oh, I guess I'll just go on, long's I'm this far!" said Miss Matty.

"Then I guess I can," said Mrs. Keene, and the two set off down the road. After half a mile or so they came in sight of a tall stone gateway, with a keeper's house at one side. Mrs. Keene faced Miss Matty.

"Matty Spranzy," she said, "is this where you bring your flowers to every Saturday?"

Miss Matty nodded; her cheeks were redder, but there was the light of battle in her eyes.

"You bring your flowers out to this cemetery, to put on Julia Spranzy's grave?" demanded Mrs. Keene.

"Yes, I do," said Mrs. Spranzy the second. "We used to come out Sundays, Mr. Spranzy an' me; but he's real tired on Sundays, an' I'd just as soon come by myself. It's all I can do for her."

Mrs. Keene looked at her a moment with set lips, then stalked ahead.

"Come on," she said, grimly. As they passed the stone gateway the sky was ominously dark. "How far is it?" asked Mrs. Keene.

"It ain't so very much farther," said Miss Matty. "But maybe you better wait for me at the gate."

Mrs. Keene, however, only walked on the faster, until they reached the top of a hill. There she paused, breathing heavily.

"I ain't goin' a mite farther," she said, and sank down upon a grassy mound. "Look at that cloud! It's goin' to pour in a minute, an' it's thundered already. I ain't goin', an' neither are you, Matty Spranzy."

Miss Matty looked distressed.

"Oh, I have to!" she said. "I haven't had as many roses as this before, an' I just couldn't take 'em back home. I'm real sorry about your bonnet."

"So am I," said Mrs. Keene as the first drops began to fall. "But I'm more sorry for anybody that's such a fool as you are. Here," she said, on the impulse of a sudden inspiration, "I tell you what you do! If you got to put those flowers on a grave, just put

them on one of these graves! Here's a woman died aged fifty-six, erected to her memory by her beloved daughter, may she rest in the Lord. That sounds like she was a good mother. She's deserving; put your roses on *her* grave!"

Miss Matty looked shocked.

"Oh, I couldn't!" she said, almost in tears.

"I guess I better go on to Mis' Spranzy's. You run back to the gatehouse an' wait for me, Cousin Julia!"

Mrs. Keene gave her a look full of meaning, then gathered her skirts in both hands and started quickly down the hill. Miss Matty ran in the other direction.

When she rejoined Mrs. Keene, and on the way home, scarcely a word was spoken between them; but when they were in the Spranzy kitchen once more Mrs. Keene dropped her skirt, heavy with rain water, and took off her best bonnet. She looked it over solicitously; it was very wet and crushed. Then she faced Miss Matty.

"I thought I could hold my tongue about it, but I can't," she said, and put her bonnet upon the table. "I want to tell you right now, Matty Spranzy, that you are one of the best women I ever saw, an' a better housekeeper than I am myself, which is sayin' much; but I want to tell you also that you are a fool. I ain't a mite surprised at Josiah Spranzy's foolin' you the way he's been doin'. You're such a fool it must 'a' been more of a temptation than he could stand. He didn't have to do a thing but keep still, an' that's just what he's done. He knew when he's well off! Trust a man for that!"

"I ain't goin' to listen to a word against Mr. Spranzy," cried Miss Matty. Then she began to tremble, and sank limply into the big kitchen rocker.

Mrs. Keene sniffed.

"He was my cousin by marriage before he was your husband," she said in self-defense. "An' his first wife was my own cousin, named after the same aunt I was named for, too. But that ain't goin' to keep me from tellin' the truth about her. I just can't keep still a minute longer. I never thought I'd ruin a best bonnet o' mine, takin' flowers to lay on Julia Spranzy's grave. I'd a heap rather spoil it doin' something for you, even if you ain't just what you might call a relation. Here you are workin' yourself to death, tryin' to do like she did. Do you know how she did? No, you don't."

Miss Matty was crying and shivering, but Mrs. Keene went on:

"No, you don't! Well, I'm goin' to tell you, own cousin or not. You said you wanted to make Josiah comfortable the way Julia did. Land! Julia never made him comfortable a day in her life! Do you really suppose she made fresh bread for him every day? Do you really suppose she let him lay down on the best velvet sofa at all, much less with his boots on? Do you think this house was bright an' cheerful an' pleasant for him, when Julia was alive? Well, it wasn't. Julia had dyspepsia, an' never cooked a thing she couldn't eat herself. They was mighty few things she *could* eat, so it was mighty little variety Josiah got on the table. She kept all the shutters drawn in so's not to fade the carpet an' the wall-paper, an' Josiah had to go in an' out the kitchen door, so's not to tramp dirt through the front hall. He just loves flowers, and Julia wouldn't have a one on the place. She *said* she liked grass better, but I always did think she did it just to devil Josiah. Comfortable! Well, I guess he wasn't comfortable. If he ever had any pleasures or luxuries it was outside o' this house. Toward the last she wouldn't even let him smoke outdoors, because she said she couldn't stand the smell o' tobacco in his hair an' his clothes; an' here he's smokin' in every room in the house. Say anything about her! Of course he don't! He just lays back an' lets you do for him! What man wouldn't? An' he's afraid to give you so much as a word o' thanks for it, for fear you'll find out he never had it before an' slack up on it. Never even calls you by your name! An' you still a-callin' him Mr. Spranzy! I'd Mr. Spranzy him! An' the worst thing of all—lettin' you tramp out every Saturday with flowers for Julia Spranzy's grave! That beats anything I ever heard of in all my born days! I can't account for it, unless he's that grateful to her for dyin' that he feels he owes her some reward. For if ever a man was better off without a woman, that man was Josiah Spranzy when Julia passed away! Land! She never give him a pleasant word nor a pleasant look, so far as I ever heard; and she never did one thing to make him comfortable. If she was my own first cousin a hundred times over, I'd have to say it—she was just about as mean a

woman as ever drew breath of life; an' here you are cultivatin' flowers to lay on her grave, an' settin' her up above your mantel to go an' worship!"

When Mrs. Keene paused at last, Miss Matty was sobbing and trembling, a pathetic little figure in the big chair. Mrs. Keene went up to her, and laid a hand upon her burning forehead.

"You poor little soul," she cried. "I can't say all I think o' that man, lettin' you go out there in all sorts of weather, ruinin' your good clothes, an' gettin' pneumonia!"

She was so intent upon feeling Miss Matty's cold hands and unburdening her mind that she had not noticed the figure standing in the room beyond; but at the word "pneumonia" Mr. Spranzy came forward. He walked with his shoulders up, in a way he had not for days.

"Here," he said, "I guess I can take care o' Matty. I told her not to go out there to-day! She shan't ever go again, either. I'll carry her upstairs. You just make her a cup of good hot tea, will you, Julia?"

At his unexpected arrival and his tone of authority both women looked up in amazement; but before even Mrs. Keene could speak, Miss Matty felt herself lifted in her husband's arms. Mrs. Keene recovered her presence of mind at once, and with a grim smile she began to fill the kettle.

When he laid his wife upon the bed, Mr. Spranzy stooped down and awkwardly kissed her.

"I'm mighty glad you know it, Matty," he whispered.

Miss Matty put both arms about his neck, and drew his head down to hers. "O Josy!" she cried.

On Sunday morning Mr. Spranzy was the first downstairs. His wife found the fire burning when she came down later. At breakfast Mrs. Keene looked questioningly toward a bare space over the mantel. Mr. Spranzy looked, too, and said:

"I thought I'd send that crayon portrait of Julia to her sister in Nashua; I thought maybe she'd like to have it."

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Keene pleasantly. "I don't know but she would."

Miss Matty only looked at her husband with adoring eyes, and blushed.

TAKING THE RAILWAY TO THE PEOPLE

BY EARL MAYO



FOR fifty years the efforts of American transportation men have been devoted to bringing people to the railway. For the next fifty years their problem will be that of devising effective ways and means of taking the railway to the people. This is a roughly accurate epitomization of the changes that are shaping in the field of railway operation. Like most generalizations it is not wholly true. In the West and South the task of the railway official still is largely one of building traffic by attracting population. In the older and more fully developed sections of the East, however, progress in transportation must come from intensive railroading just as in agriculture it must come from intensive farming. The railway manager will devote his attention more and more to the raising of larger crops of transportation from his present area rather than to extending his field of operations.

Every new era has its pioneers and the pioneer of intensive railroading is Charles S. Mellen, president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, commonly called the New Haven system. This is due partly to the man and partly to his situation. Southern New England, through which the New Haven lines run, differs from every other section of the country as a field of transportation, just as it differs in many other particulars. It is the most densely populated district of the United States, a highly developed manufacturing region, and it was looked upon years ago as being a fully occupied transportation field. So firmly fixed was this opinion that when Mr. Mellen became the executive head of the road, three years ago, he was congratulated by some of his friends

on having been put to sleep on a feather bed. Mr. Mellen, having inherited a Yankee aptitude for hard work, has shown no fondness for feather-bed ease and he has made the feathers fly about until he has produced more pregnant changes in the transportation situation in New England than had taken place in a generation before. It is a safe assumption, therefore, that the man as well as the situation has something to do with these developments and that, had he remained at the head of a Western road, while he might not have become the leader in introducing the era of intensive railroading, he still would be one of the strongest and most forceful personalities among American railway executives of the present day.

So far from being a territory incapable of further development from the traffic man's viewpoint, Mr. Mellen has shown that thickly populated New England, where there is no room for new through railways and not enough profitable business for branch steam lines, is still capable of affording a vast growth of traffic by the process of intensive cultivation. He acquired all the trolley lines in Connecticut and Rhode Island and a share of those in Massachusetts to form part of the comprehensive transportation system which he is constructing. He bought up steamship lines and railway lines and has spent great sums for reconstruction, six-tracking his freight approach to New York, introducing electricity as a motive power, rebuilding bridges, and purchasing new equipment. All of this has cost millions and most of these millions are being spent in the evolution of the new railroading which is developing toward an ideal that will be realized only when transportation facilities are placed practically at every man's door.

Of the mechanical forces that are bringing about this notable change in railway operation, the most important undoubtedly is electricity. There are those who predict that within another decade or two the steam locomotive will be as extinct as the dodo. This may be doubted. For sustained speed over long distances it possesses advantages which no other form of power has demonstrated conclusively. For short-distance traffic, on the other hand, the day of steam is rapidly passing. It is possible that to some extent gasoline may dispute with electricity in the field of improved forms of power. The Union Pacific road is at present experimenting with gasoline motors and the Erie is trying a steam motor on some of its branch lines. In the near future, however, electricity is likely to maintain the leading position. The greater ease and quickness with which trains may be started and stopped, the superiority in adapting the size and frequency of trains to the size of the crowd to be moved, the greater economy in operation, and the absence of dirt, smoke, and gases, are among the advantages of electricity as compared with steam for moving this sort of traffic.

Another factor of less recognized importance is the T rail. Few persons outside of the transportation business ever have pondered upon the T rail. Generally it is known that it is the kind upon which the trains of steam railroads run, taking its name from the resemblance which it bears in cross-section to the twentieth letter of the alphabet. In city streets and in most places where other wheeled traffic is constantly crossing the tracks of the surface lines, a grooved rail ordinarily is laid. With such a rail it is impossible to run wheels with wide flanges, such as those of heavy railway cars necessary where high speeds are to be attained.

Actual test has shown that with modern methods of paving the T rail may be used in city streets without interference with other vehicular traffic. In some cases it is found to possess distinct advantages, as on slopes where water running down sometimes freezes in the grooved rails with the likelihood of throwing cars off the track.

With the same kind of rails in city streets and on rights of way, it is a natural step to the running of the same cars on both, since electricity makes possible the operation of single cars as well as trains. With the concentration of business and population in cities

and the consequent growth of suburban and other short-distance passenger travel this possibility becomes of increasing importance.

One development of the future will be the operation of electric cars through the streets of suburban towns, gathering in passengers from their homes and then running at express speed over the tracks of the railway to the city, to continue by subway, surface, or elevated lines to the heart of the business or shopping districts. The greatest loss of time in this form of travel at present is at either terminal. A man who lives in a town fifteen or twenty miles from the city and whose house and office are each a mile or more from the railway station will spend as much time in covering the two miles at the ends of the line and in making connections as he will in traversing the much greater distance between the suburban town and the city. The two nickels which he pays for this service is just about equal also to the amount he pays the railway in commutation for the longer journey. The introduction of cars which would enable the commuter to make the entire trip from his home to his office without change would reduce the time spent in getting to and from the station about two thirds, while the expense would be materially lessened as well. That President Mellen has some such possibility as this in mind may be indicated by his acquisition of the franchise of a proposed high-speed electric line extending from New York into the suburban territory to the north and east of the city and having a terminus at the northern end of one branch of the city subway system.

The same system will apply to practically all local passenger travel. It is now in operation on various sections of the New Haven lines. One of these is between Norwich and Central Village, Conn., and another is between Middletown and Berlin in the same state. The big, double-truck electric cars used on the electric lines owned by the railway pass through the streets of one town and then run at high speed over the railway tracks to the next, there to resume their course through the streets in the manner of the familiar trolley car. All the passenger traffic, being local, is moved by electricity while freight is hauled by steam locomotives over the same tracks at night. The more frequent, rapid, and convenient service which this plan makes possible stimulates travel and

increases the volume of business between places so connected.

Another development that will follow the common ownership of the various agencies of transportation within a given territory will be an interchangeable steam and electric service over the same tracks. That is to say, the through steam trains carrying long-distance traffic and high-speed electric trains handling local traffic and affording frequent and rapid communication between neighboring cities will operate over the tracks on which steam trains now run.

Cities and large towns are not to have a monopoly of the railway manager's attention in the future. Even more interesting in the field of intensive railroading is the problem of creating traffic in sparsely settled regions where it never has been worth while to construct steam lines and where even the more economical trolley could not operate successfully if managed independently. The plan of the progressive transportation manager will be to develop this territory and to create traffic in it by putting out branch electric lines which, while they may not pay directly, will pay in the long run as feeders to the main system, and by reason of the additional revenue which they will bring to the company through the long haul necessary in moving freight and passengers to or from them.

Perhaps no better illustration can be given of the way in which this problem will be met than the plans which President Mellen and his associates have laid out for western Massachusetts. As is well known, there is the greatest possible contrast between the two ends of the Bay State. The eastern half is, broadly speaking, the most densely populated section of the country. It is the seat of vastly important manufacturing industries and is already well supplied with the means of transportation. The western half of the state, on the other hand, contains but a fraction of the total population. With the exception of a few flourishing cities, enjoying advantageous locations, its towns are small and its industries few. It is a broken region of hills and mountains containing some of the most picturesque country in the Eastern States, but, for this very reason, holding out less inducement to the farmer than many sections on which Nature has lavished her beauty less generously.

Many of the towns of western Massachusetts have to-day exactly the same transpor-

tation facilities as they had, to use President Mellen's accurately descriptive phrase, "in the days when Massasoit ruled the Indians." It would be impossible to secure capital for the building of additional steam lines in this territory for the double reason that the traffic does not exist to support such lines and because the grades necessary in many places are practically prohibitive. Hills and mountains, however, offer no such obstacle to the nimble trolley as they do to the lumbering locomotive.

It has been part of President Mellen's comprehensive plan of development to spend \$10,000,000 in the building of electric lines through this Berkshire region. The purpose was to attract a large summer population with resultant prosperity to the local residents, to bring about the creation of industries, perhaps of no great size individually but of considerable importance as a whole, and to make small farming profitable by bringing the farmer within a few hours of city markets. The plan is one that in time will be duplicated all over the country in those regions where topographical or industrial handicaps in the past have prevented the creation of transportation facilities.

While the developments outlined thus far relate chiefly to passenger traffic, equally important changes are taking place in the handling of freight. Electricity possesses the same advantages over steam for handling most kinds of local freight traffic that it does in the case of passengers. All over southern New England the trolley express is being introduced to take the place of the lumbering way freight and of the wagon express which was able to compete with it, but is now being abandoned before the competition of electricity. There are several of these trolley express lines operating from New Haven. One of them runs over a loop which extends northward to Waterbury. Freight moving between these two cities by steam train formerly required from two to four days to reach its destination, most of the time being consumed in stop-overs on sidings. The trolley express cars make two trips in each direction daily, requiring about two hours for the journey, and goods delivered at the freight station in New Haven in time for the early morning trip are on the shelves of merchants in Waterbury by the time their doors are opened to customers. When trade is able to flow so easily and rapidly between business

centers its volume is certain to increase and thus a given territory is made to yield a larger traffic crop in freight as well as in passengers.

As the trolley express becomes the collector and distributor of freight for the long-distance steam lines, handling not only the products of the factory and the goods of the wholesaler, but also the farmer's milk and fruit and field crops, so the trackless trolley will be the messenger boy of the electric express line.

The trackless trolley in appearance is a combination of a motor truck and a trolley car. It has wheels the tread of which is unusually wide and with just sufficient concavity to hold them on the rails, so that while they can be operated on the ordinary track they can be run also on pavements or improved highways without injury. The trackless trolley car possesses the advantage of being able to run out along the tracks in any industrial community, gathering power into its storage batteries from the feed wire as it runs, and at any point it can turn off into the highway to run alongside the loading platform of a manufacturing plant or down an alley to collect freight direct from the doors of a warehouse, returning in the same way to the central freight station. The storage batteries, when fully charged, will carry the car twenty-five miles, so that it can cover a considerable range of territory independently of tracks and wires.

From this point it will be but a step to the handling of all trucking business having a large volume by the agency of the consolidated transportation system, as is now done in England. There is no question that with the mechanical improvements certain to be realized within a comparatively few years, including the general use of motor trucks, it will be possible for the transportation companies to perform this service more cheaply than it is now done by separate trucking concerns or by the manufacturers themselves. At the present time the New Haven receives freight for any point at any of its numerous piers in New York City. Under this plan the manufacturer finds it necessary to pay for trucking his goods only a few blocks, saving the cost of long wagon hauls through the congested streets of the city. A still greater economy will be introduced when transportation companies have their own mechanical tractors running on established routes through

the cities, collecting goods to their central freight station, and handling every shipment from the door of the factory or the shop to the hands of the consumer.

Another economy made possible by the common ownership of railways and trolley roads is the utilization of the tracks of surface lines during the period when they now are virtually idle. On the ordinary trolley system there is almost an entire cessation of business between midnight and morning, but the power plant must be kept going and the expenses of operation are not materially lessened, while the use of the equipment is lost for practically one quarter of each twenty-four-hour period. There is no reason, if all the lines within a certain territory are under a common ownership and management, why the tracks and power of a trolley system should not be employed during this period of present disuse to distribute and collect certain classes of freight to and from manufacturing plants throughout a given locality. At the present time in one New England city where the trolley line is controlled by the New Haven, coal is hauled over the trolley tracks at night from the coal pockets of the railway to manufacturing plants in outlying districts. By this plan there is not only an economy, but one of the most difficult and objectionable kinds of traffic is removed from the streets at the hours when they are most in use and is handled when they are out of use for other purposes.

The changes which are being introduced into the organization of transportation in southern New England are frankly monopolistic in tendency. Here, too, Mr. Mellen was a pioneer, for he was one of the first railway presidents to accept the theory of government regulation. Admitting that state or federal authority is to provide the safeguards of the public against discrimination and excessive charges, there is of course no reason for endeavoring to do this by the costly process of maintaining fiercely competing lines paralleling each other and engaging in an expensive struggle to wrest business away from each other. The railway manager of the future may address himself, not to the problem of winning traffic away from the other fellow, but to the task of giving complete transportation facilities to his particular territory and to maintaining its commercial position in the markets of the country.

A SMALL VACATION WITH NO EXCITEMENT

By L. C. HOPKINS



HE doctor hit McGuire in the lung and felt his pulse; then he took a base advantage of him when he wasn't looking, and punched him in the solar plexus; after which he pried his mouth open, inserted a section of three-inch speaking tube, and snapped a little electric light into him.

"You don't need any medicine," remarked the physician as he removed the tube. "All you want is to ease off work for a few days. A small vacation with no excitement will make you as right as a trivet. Suppose you try Silverdale Springs? Nice place; always full of frying-size girls and boys and nothing else. Nobody'll know you; nobody'll bother you. You can have a bully time, sitting in the shade and listening to the mocking birds. You'll gain a pound a day."

"Just what I've been longing for," cried McGuire. "The simple life for me! And mocking birds? Why, I love them better than anything else on earth. I can never get enough of them. I feel better for the very idea! I've gained a pound since you mentioned the subject!"

On the second day thereafter the Major was seated on the wide veranda of the great hotel at Silverdale. He was exceedingly low in his mind. He was making a herculean effort to fish up his soul out of the bottomless pit, and it was becoming very clear that he didn't have the proper bait. He tried every fly in his tackle box, but he didn't get a rise.

A mocking bird lit on a twig close at hand, winked with unendurable familiarity at the Major, put his head on one side, quirked his tail and began to warble impertinently.

From McGuire's eyes leaped a crimson

flame. A flame which meant but one thing: murder! He tiptoed down the steps and picked a stone from the border of the walk.

Then he sneaked up on the mocking bird; sneaked up on him, as he had been wont to do on such occasions some forty years before.

The bird didn't seem annoyed at his maneuvers. He watched them with interest entirely unmixed with alarm. Silently McGuire crept within close range, drew slowly back, took careful aim, and—Bang!

Through his right shoulder shot a dagger stab. He grinned with pain as he clasped that rheumatic member tightly with his left hand. The mocking bird hopped to another twig a few feet nearer, squinted at the Major, put his head on one side, and quirked his tail.

McGuire turned his back firmly, and with dignified stride walked down to the spring.

He took a long draught from the iron basin, then another from the sulphur, then a third from the freestone.

"There's not a mite of difference in 'em," he remarked. "They're all just plain branch water."

He drew a cigar from his pocket and bit off the end. It was the eighteenth for that day. He lighted it and began to pace the pavilion floor. After two or three turns, he stopped and looked out through the grove of live oaks at the lake beyond, which was turned to molten gold in the last rays of the setting sun. It was a beautiful prospect, and McGuire was visibly affected.

"Confound this blasted place!" he growled. "I'd give four hundred dollars to hear a telephone bell, an electric car, or a fire alarm!"

The breeze was blowing a beautiful anthem among the pines, but the Major heard it not. His mind had drifted far away. He was thinking of a certain snug little office in which

there was a great flat-top desk; close at hand was a table on which were four telephones; at one side, a lot of buzzers and buttons; a raft of papers; a barrel of excitement; a totally unlimited amount of things doing, doing, doing, for the little office was at the end of a suite of rooms in which were dealt with from day to day things which affected the hearts, the minds, the souls, of men, of corporations, of legislatures, of cities. In those offices was a dear old hoodlum named Bob, and they were occasionally visited by a dear old villain named McAllister; and—but the Major could pursue his reflections no further.

Down the path trotted a small boy. Under his arm was a bundle of walking-sticks. He held out one to the Major.

"Fine sticks, mister; fifty cents each."

At this moment another boy came galloping down the path. He, too, carried a bundle of sticks. As he hove within yelling distance he waved one in the air.

"Jest as good, or better," he cried, "fer forty cents!"

The first boy looked sad.

"Fake it quick, mister," he whispered, hurriedly, "fer thirty cents. They're better'n his—a damsite."

The other boy was now up with them. He took in the stage of the bidding at a glance, and reduced his selling price to a quarter.

The first boy gave it up.

The Major looked at them with pity; pity mixed largely with annoyance. Such business methods jarred him to the core.

"Lemme take yer down to see the Wesley Oak," said the boy who had first approached the Major. "The only genuyne and original tree Mr. Wesley ever preached under. Take yer down and explain the whole thing, fer twenty-five cents."

"Twenty cents!" yelled the other boy.

But as some great philosopher has said, there is a limit to all things, and the first boy discovered that he had reached it: He smote his opponent in the eye.

Upon the moment there was mixed up before McGuire's horrified eyes the most unchristian conglomeration of boys and bad language which he had ever heard or dreamed of. It was like a growling, swearing, biting, kicking whirlwind.

"Stop it, you little devils!" cried the Major. "Stop it, you little devils!"

With the last command to stop it, McGuire managed to get a "collar holt" on each, and

then he held them thus, at arm's length, still spitting and sputtering.

"Of all the—of all the—" He could not finish. He had no words. So he soused them in the spring, the sulphur spring, which thereupon was rendered more sulphury than it had ever been before.

"Now, you young reprobates," the Major said, as he sat them down hard on separate seats in the pavilion, "just you listen to me. I didn't know there existed upon the earth such a condition of affairs as you have revealed to me to-day! It is a disgrace to the commonwealth! Heavens! Have you no fathers? No instructors? Have you been born of savages into a primeval world?"

His audience didn't seem to catch his drift.

"Here are legitimate businesses," pursued the Major, "lucrative businesses with natural assets—Wesley oaks, and trees for making canes—gone literally to rack and ruin, destroyed, annihilated, through your murderous competition! Why, it is simply inconceivable! Look here! Tell me! Did you ever hear of coöperation or combination? Do you know what a corporation is? Did you ever hear of stock and stockholders? Did you ever hear of a trust?"

The boys were silent. The Major wiped his brow.

"I'll bet a house and lot against a bow-legged mocking bird they don't even know what a union is!" he muttered, hopelessly. "And yet they belong to young America! They are growing up, expecting to meet the world!"

He then calmed himself by main force and began to catechise the boys, with the result that he shortly ascertained that there were, all told, about a dozen of them engaged in the business of stick selling, basket selling, and Wesley Oak showing; that they were on terms of constant enmity resulting from the various underhand methods they used in attracting patronage, and that the average retail price of the sticks was barely above the cost of manufacture, whereas the usual fee for Wesley Oak showing was so ridiculously small that it scarcely paid for the shoe leather.

A great idea seized McGuire.

"There are about four hundred guests at this hotel," he thought; "four hundred suckers; plenty to practice on. Blamed, if I don't believe the job'll work!"

That afternoon in his room at the hotel he held a formal meeting with the boys. He had

a full attendance. Word had gone round that some rich guy was going to have ice cream and lemonade to throw away, and wanted all the boys about to help him throw it.

When the refreshments had been attended to, McGuire delivered himself of a short lecture on modern business methods, sharply contrasting the evils of competition, both to producer and consumer, with the corresponding advantages to be gained by thorough coöperation and harmonious combination. After which, a few simple plans were laid and the meeting adjourned.

That night the Major went to bed happy. He was filled with that rare joy which comes only to one who has inaugurated a great reform; a reform which is bound to succeed; a reform which means the broadening of lives, the liberating of slaves, the putting of a community upon a higher, nobler plane of life!

Next morning there was posted in the hotel office a notice of the organization of the "Consolidated Copper-Oil Promotion and Manufacturing Corporation, Limited."

"But we ain't got no copper nor no oil," one of the incorporators had objected.

"That doesn't make the slightest difference," the Major had returned. "There's one kind of sucker who's never satisfied unless he's wallowing in oil, and another kind who won't bite anything but copper. We want 'em all, and we're going right out after 'em."

The prospectus announced that this new corporation had obtained from the owners of the hotel exclusive rights to sell baskets and walking sticks on the hotel grounds, exclusive rights to conduct tourists to the famous oak under which John Wesley had preached, and had purchased an option on an immense tract of land (size and location unstated) on which appeared fine prospects of oil and copper.

"All these immensely valuable rights, privileges, and assets," the prospectus stated, "have been turned over to the corporation absolutely free of debt. There are no bonds, nor liabilities of any kind whatsoever."

"In order to obtain funds for development a limited amount of treasury stock will be disposed of at par. All moneys derived to be used in defraying the expenses of the organization and in developing its properties."

The entire capitalization was 20,000 shares, par value one cent each.

The guests of the hotel, always on the lookout for something novel, took an immediate

interest in the situation, and when the stock was formally placed on sale, several blocks of one hundred and five hundred shares each were taken, at prices ranging from three quarters of a cent to a cent and a quarter.

A few young men who desired to exhibit their familiarity with such transactions sauntered about with their hands in their pockets, threw cold water on the enterprise, and, as an evidence of their lack of faith and knowledge of the inside workings of similar schemes, sold short several hundred shares.

After the market had been open for a half hour and the bidding had become desultory and the price had sunk back to par, a strange broker appeared on the floor and startled the crowd by offering a cent and a half for all or any part of three thousand shares.

At this, the smart ones referred to became slightly panic-stricken, fell over each other in their rush to cover, and bid the price up to two cents flat, with the result that the strange broker was able to unload several large blocks of stock at the highest notch.

The market closed firm at the top, and a little later McGuire and his cohorts gathered in the Major's room for a quiet jollification. The exact profits of the day's dealings on stocks bought low and sold high footed up no less than eleven dollars and sixty-one cents; while the amount of stock sold but not bought—in other words, unloaded—was an even nineteen dollars. After these pleasing figures had been duly examined and gloated over they held a directors' meeting.

All the boys were elected officers. Johnny Huff was chosen president, with eight vice presidents. Each of the officers was voted the same salary, twenty dollars a month.

Then Johnny, who prided himself on his mathematics, produced from his trousers' pocket a lump of chalk and began a series of intricate figures on the back of the Major's bedroom door.

At the expiration of ten minutes he made the announcement:

"In just one month the entire capital stock'll be used up in paying the salaries."

"Precisely," replied the Major.

Just then a bellboy brought in a telegram for McGuire:

"Sorry interfere visit but utmost importance you be here to-morrow noon conference Governor Badger and Tolbotton at capital answer. Bob."

The Major promptly sent the reply:

"Regrets to Badger and Tolbotton postpone conference can't leave now. McGuire."

That afternoon the price of walking sticks was put on a uniform basis of seventy-five cents, and those of the guests who visited the Wesley Oak paid a quarter each, irrespective of who escorted them. The hours also were regulated. No sticks were sold except between three and five, and no trips to the oak were made except between five and seven. The boys had all the rest of the time for frolicing, ball playing, and using up the unlimited loads of ice cream and lemonade which the Major provided out of the stock sales and charged into the corporation's expense account as "sundries."

The next few days were among the happiest of the Major's life.

"I've been before every court and I've wallowed in every political hotbed in the country," he chuckled to himself, "but this is the first time I've ever had a real chance to try myself at high finance!"

The second day the stock was put on a ten-per-cent-dividend basis. That afternoon McGuire got another wire:

"Absolutely necessary you be here tomorrow will be forced employ other counsel if you don't come. Tolbotton."

To which the Major replied:

"Extremely sorry but matters here great importance detain me. McGuire."

That night, as he retired to rest, he remarked to himself:

"There's just one person in the world who can handle that conference for Tolbotton, and the sooner he finds it out the better."

The third day it was formally announced that oil indications had been discovered on some of the corporation's vast real-estate holdings.

The fourth day an enormous vein of copper was reported opened.

All this time the stock was so strong it looked to McGuire as though it would certainly strain itself. Each day thousands of shares were bought and sold, and the market price kept climbing. Many of the guests were growing rich. Several of them had cleaned up as much as ten dollars each. All won, and nobody lost, for the close each day was at a price higher than the opening.

All the boys had new clothes, and every morning from four to eight o'clock, armed with slings, they took turns under the Major's window, and kept the neighborhood free from mocking birds.

On the fourth morning McGuire received this telegram:

"Tolbotton urges me use all my influence make you return immediately vitally necessary you represent him at Badger conference I advise you drop everything and come. McAllister."

To which the Major replied:

"Next few days here worth five thousand to me can't possibly leave. McGuire."

That night he said to himself:

"Tolbotton will meet the price to-morrow and I'll have to go. I can't afford to push him too far. I'll have only one more day's fun, but cuss me for a mocking bird if I don't fill it full enough to make up for the next month!"

On the following morning the market opened feverish. The strange broker was in his place, alternately buying and selling. Other brokers appeared, and the trading became very lively. Guests who had been playing tennis and golf were driven to the house by a rainstorm and took part in the trading, which speedily became fast and furious. The strange broker, who now no longer denied that he represented inside interests, was the most active of the group, and appeared willing either to buy or to sell an unlimited amount of stock. The wind and rain outside increased in violence, and the volume of trading kept pace with it.

At last it became evident that the inside broker was selling far more stock than he was buying. Then suddenly there rose rumors that something was wrong. Expressions of vague alarm were heard here and there. The inside broker ceased to buy and increased his sales. The price began to break. Panic-stricken bulls poured in their selling orders. Nobody seemed to know what was the matter, yet everybody felt that it was something dreadful.

The professionals took advantage of this unfounded depression, smiled to themselves, and bought stock with confidence.

When the price had tumbled to the lowest figure it had ever touched, there was suddenly a great commotion at the door and Johnny

Huff rushed into the room. His eyes were wild, his tongue hanging out. He was covered with mud and dripping from every pore.

"The company is ruined!" he yelled. "The Wesley Oak is blown down!"

Then of a truth panic swept the market! Frantic orders to sell, sell, sell, at any price, were rushed to the floor; the bulls saw ruin staring them in the face; the price collapsed, crumbled to nothingness. When it was down to two mills, the inside broker began to buy.

The exultant bears, fat with wealth, drunk with victory, divining that he had received orders from headquarters to support the market at all hazards and not believing that he could possibly do it, pounced upon him and literally carried him off his feet. The price broke another point. But although swamped for a moment, he clung desperately to the floor, yelling: "One mill for all or any part of five thousand shares!"

The orgy was frightful; yet pale but calm, the inside broker regained his feet and faced the storm. With set teeth, he repeated his bid: "One mill for all or any part of five thousand shares!" and he got it.

As the price hung steady, and still he bought every share of stock offered, the professional bears here and there began to cover, and the price rose to two mills. At this point the bears became uneasy. How could the tide be held against them thus with the chief asset of the corporation annihilated? Could there be any mistake about it? An indefinable fear seized them and they began to buy. But, horrors! *There was no more stock for sale!* The inside broker was still buying! The price went up like a balloon. Eight mills. A cent. Cent and a half! *There was no stock for sale!*

As the price reached two cents the frenzied shorts realized that the stock was cornered. Just then Bill Jenkins, First Vice President, sauntered in with his hands in his pockets.

"Tell us about the catastrophe," cried twenty voices. "Just when and how was the Wesley Oak blown down?"

"Wesley Oak? Blown down?" he repeated, calmly. "That was all a mistake. That was the oak t'other side the creek. The Wesley Oak's all right."

The Wesley Oak all right! From the floor of the exchange rose a roar like that of a hurricane. And then ensued carnage, the like of which made all that had gone before seem child's play.

At eight cents, the inside broker, calm, defiant, seeing the millions within his grasp, began to sell. The shorts ravenously gobbled up his offerings. The price held, and as he marketed the last of his purchases, the gong sounded and the stock closed steady as a rock.

That afternoon, while the Major and the boys were holding their daily directors' meeting, increasing salaries of all the officers, McGuire was handed another telegram:

"Tolbotton says come at any cost six thousand if you catch night train. McAllister."

The Major smiled.

"I thought that was about the way it would work out," he said to himself; then to the boys: "Fellows, I hate to do it, but I've got to jump the game. You chaps have good clothes, enough to eat, and about twenty dollars apiece in real money. I hope you've learned your lesson. Coöperation is the law of life; individual competition is the law of death. Let the market alone. All the stock has been unloaded on the suckers—let them run it now to suit themselves. If you'll form a union and attend to your business, you'll have no more trouble. Now, half a dozen of you get busy and help me pack my trunk."

Most of the boys were inclined to tears at the thought of his departure, but they braced up and helped him pack.

As train time approached, the Major took a cab for the depot. No boys were in sight.

"It's only human nature," he thought, though he could not help a pang of regret.

At the station, as he turned from the ticket window, he suddenly found himself surrounded by the entire swarm. At their head was Johnny Huff. In his hand was a package. He mounted a seat, unwrapped the bundle, and, behold, a loving-cup! Twelve inches high, of solid aluminum!

"It is me pleasure ter present this," said Johnny, "and which it cost six dollars, ter the swellest gent what ever broke into Silverdale."

The Major could not reply. He could only wring their hands.

The train rushed up and stopped. McGuire climbed aboard the rear platform and waved his hand to them until he was pulled out of sight.

And ever since then that aluminum loving cup, as one of the Major's most prized treasures, has reposed gracefully upon his great flat-top desk; and it is one of Bob's daily duties to keep it always filled with roses.

THE HOSTAGE

BY OTTILIE A. LILJENCRANTZ

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR E. BECHER



SEEK to tell of a Danish hostage, called Valgard the Fair, that in his youth was ceded to our great Alfred by the Danish king Guthrum when they two made peace together in the year of grace eight hundred and seventy-eight.

From Denmark young Valgard came to England in the following of Ogmund Monksbane, who was his elder brother and Guthrum's first war chief; and though no warrior of more accursed memory than this same Ogmund ever fed the ravens, it was known that toward his young brother alone of all living things he showed a human heart. Wherefore those on whom it lay to choose the hostages were swift to name the comely boy as the one pledge that might clinch the Monksbane's shifty faith. And that nothing might be lacking, they further fixed it in the bond what would be the fate of Valgard and the eleven other hostages if they that gave them should break any part of their oath; and it was this—that the discipline of the Holy Church should take hold of them, and after that they should die a shameful death.

A snared and a savage man was Ogmund Monksbane when they brought this word to the tent of skins in which he laired; and it saddened him besides that the boy Valgard strove to contend him, saying:

"It will be no hindrance to you, kinsman. Never will you so much as think of me when the battle-lust comes on you. And I shall bear it well."

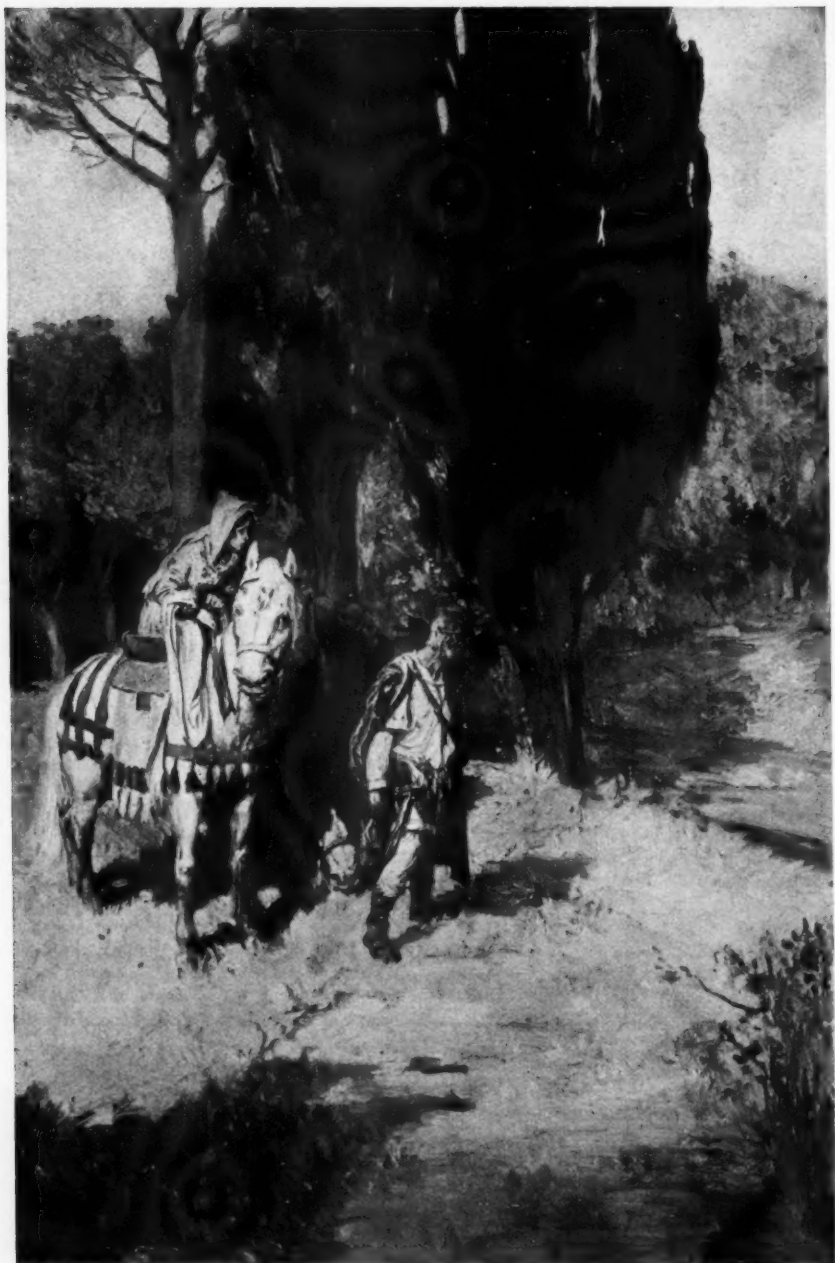
In our king's will at London, therefore, young Valgard grew into man's estate and, contrary to his expectations, throve mightily, discovering a rare aptitude for gentle accomplishments. And for that his heart was noble

as well as brave and he was as debonaire as he was comely, the king and the royal household came to love him exceeding well until—as the years went by and the peace held—they scarcely remembered that he might one day stand as a scapegoat for loathsome crimes against them.

Only Valgard himself never for the span of one candle's burning forgot it. Like poison at the bottom of a honeyed cup it lay behind every honor he achieved. Yet even as he had promised his brother, he bore it well and gallantly enough—until, in the sixth year of his captivity, it fortune to him to fall in love.

She of whom he became enamored was a young maid in the queen's service, whose rightful name was Adeleve but whom men called Little Nun both by virtue of the celestial sweetness of her face and because of her being but newly come from a cloister school. And in this cloister they had taught her so much of heaven and so little of earth that whenso her heart was taken by Valgard's brave and debonaire ways she knew neither fear nor shame therein, but continued to demean herself with the lovely straightforwardness of an angel or a child. Wherefore Valgard who was used to women that smiled at him from under heavy lids or drew full red lips into rosebuds of enticement might not dream that she felt more than friendship. And since in her presence he was always silent and humble as he had been before Our Blessed Lady herself, though elsewhere light speeches sparkled on his lips as bubbles on the clear wine, he wist not for a long time the true name of what he felt.

But one day at that season of the year when the king's household rode often to hunt the wild boar in the woody groves that compassed



Drawn by Arthur F. Becker.

"Schooling her how she must put him from her heart and forget him."

London round, it happened to Valgard to become separated from the rest and stray alone through still and shadowy glades. There in the solitude, as was ever his unhappy case, his gayety fell away and his forebodings climbed up behind and went with him heavily. Riding thus, it chanced to him to approach the spot where the queen and her maidens tarried and so to come upon the Little Nun herself, that also rode apart, following a brook which sang as it went. Then at last was he made aware of his love, for suddenly it was neither a dislike of death nor any rebellious wish to flee therefrom that possessed him, but solely the dread of being parted from her, which so racked him that he was in very agony.

Now as soon as ever the Little Nun perceived that a great trouble was upon him she spoke straight from her heart, though timidly as a child knowing the narrowness of its power, and prayed him to say whether his distress were aught which her love might assuage. When he heard her speak thus sweetly and marked the angelic tenderness of her eyes under her little dove-colored hood, lo, everything fell clean out of his mind before one almighty longing. Descending from his horse, he took her hands and spoke to her passionately, so:

"Tell me whether you love me. My heart cries out for you with every beat. Must it be as the voice of one calling into emptiness? Tell me that you return my love and my life will be whole though it end to-night."

The Little Nun's face of cloistral paleness flushed deeply like an alabaster vase into which is being poured the red wine of the sacrament, but her crystalline eyes neither fell nor turned aside.

"I love you as much as you love me—and more," she answered softly.

Whereupon he would have caught her in passionate arms, but that even as he reached this pinnacle of bliss it came back to him how he was a doomed man; and he was as one that is cast down from a height and stunned by the fall.

Anon his voice returned, and sinking to his knee he begged her in broken words to forgive the wrong he had done her in gaining her love, that well knew himself to be set aside for shame and dole and apart from the favor of woman.

To which the Little Nun listened as it might be one of God's angels, bending over

the golden bar of Heaven, would listen to the wailing in the Pit. And so soon as he paused she spoke with halting breath.

"Alas, could anything so cruel happen? Ah, no! The peace has held six years—the king believes it firm—and every night and morning I will pray to Our Lady to change your brother's heart."

As she said this, her face bloomed again with her hope. But Valgard only bowed his head upon his hands and groaned; for that albeit he had faith in the Virgin, he knew the nature of Ogmund Monks-bane.

Soon after, constraining himself to hardness for her sake, he rose and drew from her away and continued to speak with the dullness of one in great pain, schooling her how she must put him from her heart and forget him.

But to that, when she had listened a while with widening eyes, the Little Nun cried out piteously:

"Alas! what then shall I do with my love? It came into being before you called it—it cannot cease at your bidding. Oh, if it be God's will that we shall not have a long life together, then God's will be done, but make not a thwarted useless thing out of the love which He has permitted me! Let me give it to you. Even though it be too poor to ease you much, yet let me give it! How else shall I find comfort?"

Suddenly, as their eyes met, she stretched out her hands to him with a little sobbing cry that was half piteous and half pitying. And so drew him back, malgre his will, until he had put his arms about her where she sat in the saddle above him. When she gathered his head to her breast and cherished it there, with little soft wordless sounds of comforting.

Thus, for that he was so well-nigh spent with struggling, he leaned a while upon her love. And it heartened him. And he lifted his head, thinking to set burning lips to her sweet mouth.

But even as he thought to do this, something in himself or her checked him, so that he kissed instead her small ministering hands. Wherefore the Little Nun remained unstartled and blessedly trustful, and raising her eyes to the blue heavens of which they seemed so much a part prayed softly to Our Dear Lady to keep true the heart of Ogmund Monks-bane.

The fourth morning after this, the queen's maiden Adeleve was wedded to Valgard the Hostage. And that day at noon did our be-

nignant king and his housewifely queen make a marriage feast for the young pair that both of them held dear. A marriage feast, well-a-way!

It happened to the sweet bride to come to it last and alone, for that she had lingered above to pray once more to her on whom she fixed her faith. Blissfully enough she began the descent of the stairs that cored the massive wall; but ere she reached the foot, where a door gave upon the king's hall, dead was her joy. For this is what befell.

First, a quavering shriek as of an aged woman stabbed by evil tidings; and after that a deathlike stillness. Then the door opened and a girl staggered forth and up the stairs, her hands groping before her as her staring eyes had been sightless, the while she moaned over and over the name of her soldier lover.

Though she knew not why, little Adeleve shrank from the groping hands and crept by them down the stairs. Whither rose these words in a man's loud voice:

"—but last week came a load of Danish pirates to the shore, reeking of slaughter and gorged with Irish spoil. And every night thereafter a band of them sat at drink with the Monks-bane, stirring his fighting lust, until——"

Here the voice was lost in an outburst of many voices, till it overleapt them hoarsely to answer a question from the king.

"The twoscore English soldiers I named to your grace; besides all the nuns of Saint Helena's that lie stark in their blood——"

Then once again the tumult rose, which now there was no overleaping, and the bride cowering against the wall saw how all heads turned toward him who stood opposite the king in the mockery of gay feasting clothes. And suddenly one called down Christ's curse on the race of Ogmund Monks-bane, and a second echoed the cry. Whereat the other Danish hostages—to show that their hands were clean—took up the shout more fierce than any, and smote Valgard that he reeled under their fists. And the aged woman whose son had been slain flung her cup of wine in his face.

Thereafter the young wife saw only the figure of her doomed lord upon whom it seemed that the curses descended as a visible blight, withering to ghastliness his fresh beauty and blasting his spirit that he shrank further and further from the damning looks and tongues till he might no longer in any wise

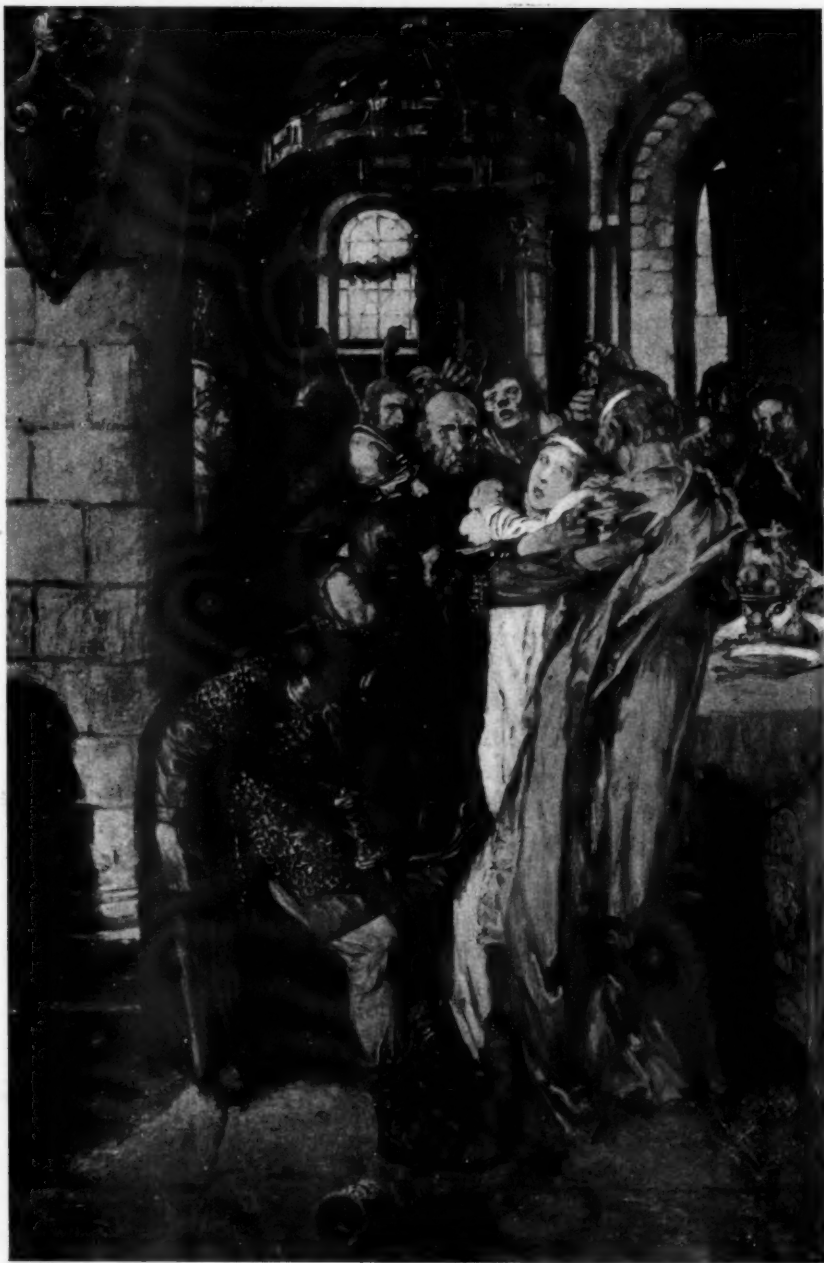
endure them, but calling in agony upon his God strove with his hands to stop his sight and his hearing. And when so presently he became aware of the Little Nun approaching, he cried out to know whether she also was come to curse him, and bent his arms around his head as against a blow.

But even as he did this, he met the anguished love in her eyes and saw how she was laboring to make of her fragile self a buckler for him against the press of crowding bodies; whereupon he caught hold of her shoulder and held to her as a man sinking into Hell might hold to the robe of an angel. Until brutal hands thrust her one way and dragged him the other.

Now the sentence was that he should die at sunrise, unto which time the Church should have him to chasten. And this sentence our king might not alter, for that he was called the Truth-teller and had sworn to take the atonement of life for any breach of the faith. But this much he granted, out of the pity and love he had toward the young pair, that they might be together when the end drew near. And stranger than betrothal or marriage feast was this vigil of their wedding night!

Strange was all the world now to the Little Nun, since the arch of her Heaven had fallen about her with the destruction of its keystone, which was her faith in the Virgin. As the white dove of the Ark hovering over a changed earth whereon it might see no familiar foothold, she hung faltering on the threshold of the king's chapel, while the bells tolled the midnight hour, gazing at the group of deathful men looming amid blended smoke and starlight and torch-glare, at the pitiless shining figure of Our Lady above the altar, at him who stood in grim endurance before it, stripped to naked feet and a single garment of horsehair.

When Valgard felt her eyes and turned his set face toward her, she fluttered to him as the dove to the Ark. But no longer to brood or minister; only to cling to him in utter helpless woe of her helpless love. And when it happened to her hand to touch his horsehair shirt where it was wet with the blood of his atonement, she screamed sharply and was like to go wild with weeping over him and lamenting that she might not bear any of his punishment on her own soft flesh. It was he that kneeling on the stones gathered her to his breast and cherished her, speaking to comfort her such words of resignation as no priest's



Drawn by Arthur E. Becher.

"Whereupon he caught hold of her shoulder and held to her."



Drawn by Arthur E. Becker.

"Gazing at him who stood in grim endurance."

scourge had drawn from him with his life-blood.

Lo, it was so that from the very helplessness of her love he drew his best strength, that he no longer cared anything at all for his own woe but only for lightening hers. When she cried out piteously that she must always fear Christ's Mother now her whole life long, and all the world saving him alone, he spoke with tenderest artfulness, thus:

"For my sake then, heart beloved of my heart! Be brave for my sake—because your tears are the only part of my doom that is heavier than I can bear."

Which was the one plea in all the world that had a meaning for her, so that she tried obediently to choke down her sobs.

Yet which was the easier to bear, her courage or her tears, it were hard to say. When the time of parting came and she had suffered him to loosen her clinging hand and fold them upon her breast and leave her, a little white and shaking figure at the Virgin's feet, it seemed to Valgard looking back that death was easier to him than life, and he pressed with mad haste upon those who went before him to the door.

Now in this vill it so was that the king's chapel was hollowed out of the wall of the king's hall; wherefore the opening of the door permitted Valgard and those surrounding him to look down into the great dim room wherein our king kept sorrowful vigil with his knights, and to behold also a man that stood before the high-seat with the mud and mire of the road yet besmirching him. Upon whom Valgard's glance fell amazedly for that he knew him to be a Danish thrall and his brother's trusted slave, albeit the Monksbane had used him so cruelly that some of his features were lacking.

As the door opened, the thrall began speak-

ing, thus, in the dull voice of one who has neither wit nor will but only dogged faithfulness:

"This is the message of Ogmund Monksbane, that because as soon as he got into his senses again he disliked the thought that he should cause the death of his brother whom he loved, he sends you this atonement."

Saying which, he thrust his hand under his cloak and drew therefrom, by the knotted yellow hair, a bloody head. And the ashen face on the head was the face of Ogmund Monksbane.

Through stillness, the thrall spoke again. "Do you accept this atonement, king?"

To whom, after a little time had passed, our king answered in a strange voice: "I accept this atonement."

Then, his task being accomplished, the thrall loosed an awful discordant sound of grief; and raising the head between his palms kissed it on either cheek, crying:

"I slew you and I brought you hither because I have never dared go against your will in anything, but even you cannot hinder me from following you now!"

Wherewith he slew himself with the knife he had at his belt. And the sound of his falling body broke the spell, that the bars of silence were let down and men's voices rushed in like lowing cattle.

Excepting only in the little chapel in the wall. There Valgard stood as a man in a dream, gazing on the dead face of his brother; while the Little Nun, clasping him close, yet lifted awe-filled eyes to Our Lady that thus in her own inscrutable way answered the prayer to keep alive in the nature of an evil man its one good part.

Let us all give thanks that there is such a Lady, and pray that she may hearken to us in our need!

A SCHOOL FOR AMERICAN BUSINESS MEN

BY WILLIAM S. HARVEY

President of the Board of Trustees of the Philadelphia Museums



IN view of the notorious apathy of many of our manufacturers toward export trade, it may seem incredible that America should possess the most complete international commercial institution in the world; and that this should be the offspring of a city which in the business world is facetiously reputed to be the most unprogressive. Yet such is the case, and Philadelphia in this as in many other instances sets a fine example of broad-minded, large-hearted, public spirit.

Officially the institution is known as the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, but in a sense this is a misnomer. It is much more than a museum; rather it is a college for the American manufacturer where he may economically study the commercial conditions of the whole world and gain scientific knowledge regarding the exploitation of his products in foreign markets. There are features about the Commercial Museum that no other institution in the world possesses. It is a combination or grouping together of all the best features offered by foreign institutions, together with innovations, American in their progressiveness, that make the Museum an absolutely unique center of commercial enlightenment.

One of the most valuable features of the institution is its educative work. This in itself is along unique lines. The purpose is not to induce hasty and sporadic trade expansion, but to impress upon the manufacturers the fact that the time will inevitably come when foreign markets must be found for American surplus products and that fatal results will follow any such attempts

without proper understanding and preparation.

Our country is the greatest manufacturing community on the globe. In 1905 her factories turned out nearly seventeen billion dollars' worth of goods, about as much as the combined output of the United Kingdom, Germany, and France, which countries with the United States supply about two thirds of the manufactures entering into international commerce. Yet of the manufactures exported from these countries, amounting in value to about three billion dollars, the United States supplies only about one sixth. No country is our equal in the invention and utilization of labor-saving machinery nor in the product turned out by such machinery in proportion to the operative labor expended. This fact, together with our great abundance and variety of raw products, enables us to compete with foreign factories despite our much higher scale of wages. And yet German, French, and English manufacturers are holding the largest share of the trade of all the important foreign markets when we should be getting the fair share of the world's increasing wants our facilities entitle us to. Of our total exports, about equal in value to those of the United Kingdom, less than thirty-six per cent are manufactures.

The explanation lies in the phenomenal prosperity of America, and the careless methods and self-satisfaction that go hand in hand with prosperity. Most of the time our manufacturers have been busy supplying the demand at home, and much of such foreign commerce as they have hitherto built up is the result of intermittent and unsystematic effort. Our industries have developed under a series of political administrations during



SORTING FIBER, FRUIT, AND SEED SAMPLES

which "prosperity" has alternately waxed and waned. At one period our manufacturers are straining every nerve to meet the demand of the "good times" which have been inaugurated with no thought of the commercial conditions governing the rest of the human family. Factories are extravagantly enlarged and an immense output is rushed to meet what is apparently an ever-increasing demand. And should this demand not be immediately satisfied, new manufacturers enter the field to reap some of the harvest. The result is that soon the home market is choked and then follows a period of depression. As a consequence many of the factories are forced to close, and those that do not, become feverishly interested in foreign markets for the purpose of "working off" the surplus left idle on their hands.

Rarely, despite his most frantic efforts, is the American able to get a hold on the markets where other nations have been steadily building up a valuable clientele for years; and when he does manage to find an open-

ing, American commerce is often more seriously damaged than if he had been wholly unsuccessful. By the time he is fairly started, another "era of prosperity" has been inaugurated at home, and he forgets the foreign way he has paved, neglects that side of his business, and often is unfair enough to disregard his contracts regarding supplies and deliveries. There are many records of such dealings at the Commercial Museum, one of which will suffice to indicate the harm that is done.

During a period of depression, an American manufacturer of tools managed to secure the exclusive business of one of the most prominent wholesalers of hardware in Spain, the affiliation being arranged after months of negotiations. The wholesaler had been handling the goods of an English manufacturer and only made the change when he was convinced of the superiority of the American product. For a time all went well, the tools giving satisfaction and being readily bought in the place of the English tools. Then the

home demand began to strain the output of the American factory and the result was that deliveries were cut off from the Spanish house. Meanwhile orders had been piling in on the agents and, as they had severed connections with the English concern, they could get no tools to supply their own trade. They lost a large volume of business and, their experience becoming known, American products and business methods received a setback from which it will take years to recover.

It has been the American business practice to learn by experience rather than by planning and plodding, but this is a system that will not apply in our export trade relations with the world. It is often advanced that mistakes, no matter how costly, are cheap when they prevent a recurrence of the mistake; but this is logic that courts disaster in opening trade relations with strange peoples. In such cases the error not only involves loss of time and money, but in addition creates a bad impression that tenfold the expenditure of time and money cannot repair.

At best, foreign merchants and agents are conservative to a degree Americans cannot realize, and do not take kindly to innovations in the way of manufactured products from new sources. They are suspicious and hard to convince as to the advisability of handling new lines of goods and, once disappointed, it is next to impossible ever to regain their confidence and coöperation. Manufacturers of the older countries bidding for the trade of the world understand this exactly and do not undertake to invade a new market until they have studied it and are prepared to look painstakingly after such business as may result. Their methods are not only based upon years of experience but are supplemented by conservative business methods which are unfamiliar to many in hurry-up America.

It is the work of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum to give the American manufacturer information which can be effectively used against this experience and conservatism. This work makes it one of the most valuable of American educational institutions. To-day the American manufacturer or merchant by a visit to the Museum may obtain a comprehensive view of the markets of the world. He may learn the consuming capacity of any country. Before his eyes is an object lesson of what to send and what not to send. If he is a textile manufacturer who

wishes to sell cotton goods in Central Africa, the exhibits show him samples of the cloth made by the natives to which his product must approximately conform if he wishes to sell his goods. The native cloth is woven on hand looms about six inches wide and naturally is in strips of that width when finished. These strips are sewn together at the side selvage, according to the whole width desired, with a peculiar herring-bone stitch, and the finished product is in appearance not unlike some Turkish tapestry. Side by side with the native goods are shown the imitation cloths put on the market by German and English manufacturers. These are a close imitation, even to a reproduction at six-inch intervals of the queer stitching with which the wider weaves are made to simulate the narrow strips joined together by the native.

Again, if a cutlery manufacturer, he will have opportunity to see and examine samples of tools used in many countries. These are all properly classified, showing the uses to which they are put, and the way in which the tools must be fashioned in order to conform to the various methods of the foreign workmen. In the country he wishes to invade, the carpenters may saw backward, and in fact use every tool differently from what we consider right.

In other collections he will find the products of these countries and can see what they have to offer in return trade. If he is in search of a particular product for use in his business, the American manufacturer may obtain the expert advice of the Museum as to where such a product may be found, its price, and the probability of its meeting his requirements. He may inform himself as to the present volume and extent of trade movements in any part of the world from the market reports, statistical publications, trade and technical journals in many languages spread before him in the library of the Museum. This library is the most complete of its kind in the world, excelling even the Congressional Library in the completeness of its collection of strictly commercial and Government statistical reports of the various nations. Or, if he prefers, he may have such investigations prosecuted for him by experts at the actual cost of the work. In like manner, from the International Bureau of Information of the Museum he may obtain specific information about firms in a position to handle his goods abroad, and about the special problems that



GENERAL EXHIBIT ROOM, PHILADELPHIA COMMERCIAL MUSEUM

present themselves to him in entering a foreign field. He may have his foreign correspondence translated and obtain the benefit of expert opinion on the many perplexities met with by the amateur in foreign trade.

The value to the American manufacturer of such a center of commercial information as this, with its lines of communication reaching out to all corners of the globe, is immediately apparent. It is a business institution run by business men, yet engaging in no private transactions, but depending solely on a public foundation enabling it to devote its energies entirely to the fostering of the foreign trade of the United States.

Twelve years ago, not only the ignorance but the indifference of our exporters to such matters amazed other nations. Yet precisely at that time did the city of Philadelphia found the Commercial Museum, and during the past decade it has steadily improved and enlarged, and now it is firmly established and permanently housed in the capacious grounds and buildings which the city provided for the

National Export Exposition of 1899, the only one ever held in the United States, this enterprise being conceived and executed by the Museum.

The idea of the Museum originated with one man, and it is largely through his indefatigable efforts in securing the interest and support of others that it has been successfully developed. Oddly enough he was not a business man. When Dr. William Powell Wilson first suggested the idea to the City Councils of Philadelphia, he was director of the School of Biology of the University of Pennsylvania. Through his scientific work, Dr. Wilson had become an authority on fibers, and this especially brought him in touch from time to time with large commercial interests and turned his attention to the study of the world's markets. He was retained by the Edison Company during the famous litigation over patent rights in the incandescent electric lamp, and through his testimony the use of bamboo fiber as a filament, the result of years of experiment by Edison, was estab-



WOOD CARVING AND INLAID WORK FROM INDO-CHINA

lished as a basic improvement upholding the validity of the Edison patents.

As is often the case in great accomplishments, the inception of the Museum was accidental. While visiting the Chicago World's Fair of 1893, Dr. Wilson was impressed with the idea that the magnificent and costly exhibits sent by foreign governments would form the nucleus of a permanent industrial exhibit if permanent housing could be obtained for them. He found the representatives in charge quite ready to use their efforts to secure from their governments donations of the valuable materials, models, and exhibits in case the proper offers were made.

Upon his return to Philadelphia, Dr. Wilson laid the matter before City Councils, who appropriated money to transport the exhibits and assigned space in the then uncompleted City Hall as the first home of the Museum. The quarters proved immediately too small, however, and Dr. Wilson with much effort finally aroused enough private interest in his project to secure at least storage space sufficient for the twenty-five carloads of goods he had secured as gifts to the city. After a time the office buildings formerly occupied by the Pennsylvania Railroad were freely offered and gladly accepted by the Museum, and here it remained for several years while Dr. Wilson was actively perfecting plans for its improvement and securing the necessary funds for their achievement.

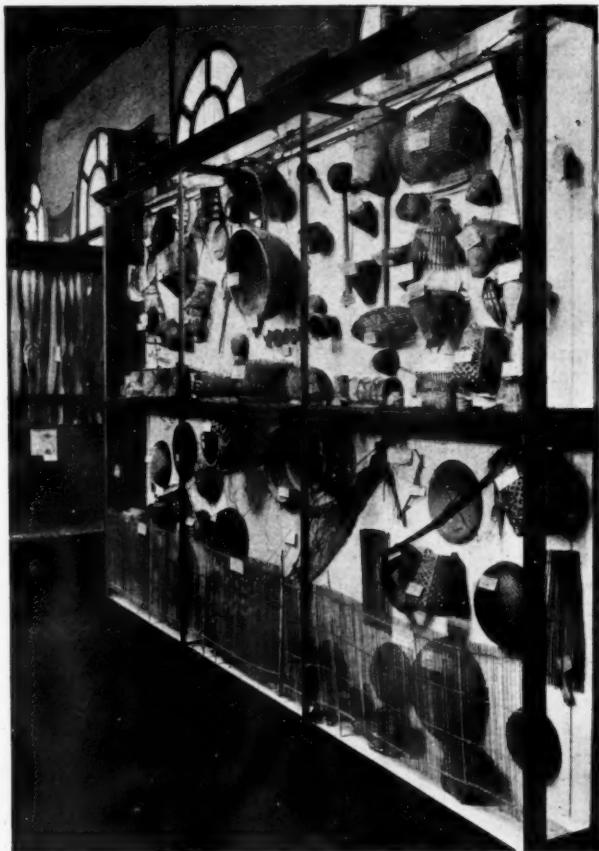
While he did not then realize the importance to which his scheme would attain, Dr. Wilson was sufficiently far-seeing to conceive that

this beginning should form the nucleus of a "great group of museums, general, scientific, economic, educational, and commercial" similar to a certain extent to the famous South Kensington group of museums which make London such a valuable center for investigations along lines more or less bearing on industrialism.

Philadelphia Councils were induced to pass on June 15, 1894, an ordinance creating a permanent board of trustees for the development of such a group to be known as The Philadelphia Museums. The trustees included the Governor of Pennsylvania; the Mayor of Philadelphia; the President of the

two branches of Councils, the President of the Board of Education, and the Superintendent of Public Schools of Philadelphia; the State Superintendent of Public Instruction and the State Forestry Commissioner, all serving ex officio; together with fourteen life members appointed by the Mayor, all prominent citizens of Philadelphia, serving without pay. The late Dr. William Pepper was the first President of the Board of Trustees, and until the time of his death was an enthusiastic worker for the success of the plan. At this time the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Mr. Roberts, and the President of the William Cramp and Sons Ship and Engine Building Company, Mr. Charles H. Cramp, were among the members of the board.

It was not long before progress was made toward the formation of collections for the various museums, but the Commercial Museum, the basic idea of the group, was most actively developed because it supplied an immediate practical need of American manufacturers seeking expansion of trade in foreign markets. The necessity of establishing close relations with trade organizations throughout the world was at once apparent and resulted in the speedy formation of an Advisory Board, which held its first meeting at the Commercial Museum in June, 1897, and included representatives from trade organizations in the United States and from Chambers of Commerce in all the American republics. The gathering had assumed so broad a character that it was known as the Pan-American Commercial Congress, and



MODELS OF FISHING APPARATUS FROM INDO-CHINA

the late President McKinley, in a memorable address, formally inaugurated the Commercial Museum as a public institution national in character. The visiting delegates on this occasion were taken on excursions as far north as New England and as far west as Chicago and Milwaukee in a train of handsome Pullman cars provided by the Pennsylvania Railroad. They were thus given opportunity to see some of the chief industries of the United States and were brought into touch with representative manufacturers and business men in our principal cities.

Under the impetus of the assured international scope given to it by this meeting, the

Museum entered actively upon plans for an international trade congress which should cover the whole world, bringing together delegates from trade organizations in all parts of the globe. A National Export Exposition of American products and manufactures was projected for this time and, after unflagging effort on the part of Dr. Wilson, the city, state, and national governments appropriated money for grounds and buildings so constructed that they could subsequently be made the permanent home of The Philadelphia Museums.

The Exposition was opened on September 14, 1899, and on October 12th the International Commercial Congress was called to order in the large auditorium and remained in session seventeen days. Thirty-eight foreign governments sent forty-six official delegates to this Congress. There were also present one hundred and fifty-one delegates from one hundred and twelve trade organizations located in all parts of the world; fifty-six countries in all being represented. At the Congress there were presented one hundred and fifty papers and addresses on subjects vitally affecting the extension of international commerce.

The value of this Exposition and Congress

in recommending the Commercial Museum to the foreign governments and trade organizations of the world at once gave the institution an international standing which it still retains. As soon as practicable the collections and offices of the Philadelphia Museums were installed in the new buildings and appropriations were made by the city and state for the necessary alterations. There are three steel frame buildings two stories in height with provision for the extra floors between these, when they become necessary. This gives an available floor space of 336,000 square feet, which is capable of being doubled at any time. There is a large storage and exhibition hall with floor space of over 100,000 square feet connecting two of these steel buildings, and a fully equipped power house. The grounds are fifty acres in extent and are set aside under city ordinance as a public park and botanic garden.

Since being installed in these new buildings the Museums have been enriched by many valuable donations from foreign countries; notably those through commissioners at the St. Louis Exposition. The collection illustrating the ethnology, industry, commerce, and transportation of the Philippines is a museum in itself. Valuable exhibits were



CARPENTERS' TOOLS WITH WHICH OUR MANUFACTURES MUST COMPETE



UTENSILS OF CALABASHES AND GOURDS FROM WEST AFRICA

also received from countries in the Far East and South America. Previous to this Dr. Wilson had visited Paris at the time of the *Exposition Universelle* and obtained important exhibits from this source. The past three years have been spent in installing, classifying, and arranging this material according to comprehensive, instructive plans, and now the collections are assuming shape in which their value is apparent to the casual visitor. Meanwhile work is progressing on refacing the staff-covered outer walls of the buildings with terra cotta, thus giving them their final architectural beauty and dignity.

But the department which has done most to make the Commercial Museum well and favorably known throughout the commercial world is its International Bureau of Information, which has steadily increased its usefulness in aiding American business interests to

extend their trade relations with foreign markets. It is this side of the institution that comes into direct contact with the men who have goods to sell and to buy, both at home and abroad. There is scarcely a commodity of commerce, scarcely an item of news of any possible interest to the business world, or a new development of importance in any foreign country, about which the files of the Bureau, in connection with the excellent Library of the Museum, will not furnish information. For the securing of special information regarding movements and opportunities in foreign trade, and for the answering of specific inquiries, the Bureau maintains regular correspondents in the chief commercial centers of Europe, and special correspondents in all parts of the world. These resources are supplemented by the Museum's wide circle of business friends abroad, who,

in return for services rendered them by the institution, reciprocate by answering inquiries at any time.

The Museum strongly advises all manufacturers and merchants to acquaint themselves thoroughly with every aspect of the foreign field into which they contemplate commercial invasion, pointing out that there are many difficulties which do not appear on the surface. Very recently there was an American manufacturer who came to the conclusion that he could place his goods on the market in a South American country on the Pacific coast, through a certain port, and far underbid the existing prices made by competitors already in the field. He had carefully calculated the freights by rail and water to the port and thought he knew exactly where he stood. Luckily he made inquiries of the Commercial Museum before closing any contracts at his "cut-rate" figures. The Museum informed him that vessels discharging cargo at that port had to unload at sea and have the freight lightered ashore, and that the cost of the

lighterage was so great that the figure he had made on his goods would have spelled ruin.

Along the same lines it is very important for the manufacturer to know under what class his product will go when it is assessed for paying customs duties in foreign countries, as all governments take a different view and what is low in one port is prohibitively high in another. It is also very important to know whether a particular country or any of its provinces or cities imposes a tax upon commercial travelers. This is the case particularly in some of the Latin-American countries where home industries are protected by a system of license fees for foreign salesmen and agents.

Unreliable and dishonest concerns that prey upon American manufacturers and merchants are exposed by agents of the Commercial Museum, and their prospective victims warned in advance. Swindlers in this country who pose as agents in foreign countries are also carefully watched. In this class is a New York man who makes arrange-



CASE OF TEXTILES FROM THE TROPICS

ments with manufacturers to handle their goods in South America. Many firms have supplied him with from fifty to two hundred dollars' worth of samples. He immediately sells these for half their value to certain "merchants," who dispose of them at cut rates to the trade.

A particularly interesting feature of the work of the Bureau, and one that is specially valuable to business concerns whose foreign trade is limited, is the translation department for foreign correspondence. When an American receives a letter from a firm in any part of the world he can send it to the Bureau and have it translated into English. He may then write his reply in English and forward it to the Bureau with blank letterheads of his firm, upon which the Bureau writes the translation in the language of the foreign firm and the letter goes out on his official stationery, prepared by experts familiar with business phraseology and customs throughout the world. Letters are received in all languages and even dialects, and the scope of the work may be judged from the fact that last year (1906) 11,697 letters were translated, aggregating 2,010,222 words.

The Commercial Museum has from the start cooperated freely with the Consular Department of the Government. From its very nature it will always be able to perform commissions and render services and furnish information from which the Government, for diplomatic reasons, might be debarred by its connection with legislation affecting trade. On the other hand, the standing of the Museum as a public institution gives it a wider sphere of influence, usefulness, and authority than would be possible for any commercial agency conducted as a private profit-making business, no matter how ably managed. It is the vanguard of trade expansion and creates new fields for commercial agencies.

Hundreds of inquiries are answered each year by the Bureau, for which it receives no return and frequently not even thanks, although a fee of one hundred dollars annually is charged for unrestricted and continual use of all its facilities, including the receipt of all publications of the Museum. No fee whatever is accepted from foreign firms, on the ground that bias might be suspected in recommending contributing concerns to American inquirers. The business men on the board of trustees give their time for the conduct of the institution without compensation.

All fees received by the Bureau are applied to increasing its efficiency and widening its scope. Although the Bureau urges upon American firms the advisability of full membership as a means of automatically keeping in touch with the development of foreign trade with an eye to their future rather than immediate needs, it makes no distinction between members and non-members in the quality of the services it renders and the completeness of the information it furnishes.

Any firm may learn of the commercial conditions peculiar to any locality into which it wishes to introduce its goods, together with the most reliable local agents through whom they may be safely handled. The Bureau answers daily and indiscriminately queries as to customs duties and regulations, consular invoices, commercial travelers' licenses, trade-mark regulations, methods of packing, shipping, and handling goods, transportation routes and rates, credits and collections and prevailing prices—in fact all the practical and pertinent details a business man desires to learn concerning a foreign market into which he wishes to introduce his goods. During the year 1906 the Bureau answered 8,441 such inquiries from American firms. Frequently it is only necessary to turn to the files for the desired information which has been gathered, often at considerable expense, for a previous inquiry. But if the information sought is of such a character that the Bureau must send abroad for it, immediately the machinery of its organization is set to work to obtain the latest and most reliable facts covering the subject.

Letters of inquiry from foreign firms regarding American goods are published in the *Weekly Bulletin of Foreign Trade Information*, or, when more expedient, transmitted impartially to representative firms in the lines indicated. On the other hand, when an American exporter seeks information of a foreign market, outlining his plans, the communication and the result of the Museum's investigation are kept sacredly confidential. In case, however, another concern should make the same or similar inquiry, the result of the investigation is given without any hint of the previous inquirer.

The Bureau issues a monthly paper, *Commercial America*, which is distributed among foreign buyers to the number of 20,000, and contains a classified list of American manufacturers interested in foreign trade. It also

issues quarterly a buyer's list, indexing some 6,000 articles made for export by American manufacturers and containing inquiry blanks in several foreign languages. This is distributed widely to foreign buyers to supplement the work of *Commercial America*. From time to time the Bureau publishes books and pamphlets designed to be of practical value to exporters by disseminating trade information about foreign countries. Such for instance are the "Around the World Papers," "Trade-marks for Use in China," "The World's Commerce and American Industries," and "Commercial Guide of South America," treating each country separately and containing a complete gazetteer and other information difficult to obtain at any price. Members of the Museum staff make frequent tours of investigation through foreign markets, in order to study conditions at first hand in the light of the intimate knowledge they possess of American industries and conditions.

This practically free circulation of printed matter is designed to interest foreigners in American goods and acquaint American exporters with the actual demands of foreign buyers, help them to find new markets for their products and make satisfactory deliveries in foreign marts of trade. The Bureau has thus, through the inquiries elicited from abroad, brought to this country many orders for goods, which without its efforts would have been placed elsewhere; it has helped scores of American manufacturers to establish foreign agencies, and has made American goods better known among the right people abroad. It has not only made money for its patrons but has saved them thousands of dollars by intelligent direction and effort. The value of this service, as well as all others rendered by the Bureau, depends largely on the use made of the information.

One evidence of the far-reaching policy of the Museum in building for the future is the

educational work it is doing among the school children of Philadelphia and throughout Pennsylvania. Almost every school day large classes of pupils from the public schools of the city meet at the Museum by appointment for free lectures upon the commercial aspect of different parts of the world. These talks are given by members of the Museum staff thoroughly familiar with the countries and topics treated. The stereopticon is used to show the habits, character, occupations, and amusements of different peoples, and the classes are taken over the Museum and shown the actual goods entering into different lines of the world's commerce. Here the children see all the commercial products of the country described; they learn how they grow, how they are gathered, and how shipped to market, and how, in the case of manufactured goods, every stage of the transformation from raw to finished product is accomplished. That this feature is popular is shown by the fact that often several lectures are given in one day. So important does the State of Pennsylvania regard this work of education that it has appropriated fifty thousand dollars in the last four years wherewith miniature museums are annually prepared and sent for exhibition to public schools throughout the state, thus enlarging the facilities for instruction in geography, natural science, and commerce. The exhibits cost about one hundred and twenty-five dollars each to prepare and include more than three hundred specimens of commercial material, entering most largely into commercial life. There are four classes of collections for schools of different grades. This valuable educational work should be adopted by every state in the Union. Its origination by the Philadelphia Commercial Museum is a step, and a long step, in the right direction toward the much-needed preparation in America to reap the great commercial harvest of the future in foreign trade.

WHO KILLED LADY POYNDER?

BY RICHARD MARSH

CHAPTER I

DRIVEN OUT



CLAIRE SETON was the only child of James Seton, a widower. Her mother had died when Claire was twelve years old, and for the next seven years the girl kept house for her father. When she was nineteen she went with him for a holiday to Brighton. While they were staying there Lucy Pauncefote, the one friend she had in the world, fell ill, and begged she would come to see her. Claire went, leaving her father behind, in the Brighton lodgings. Lucy Pauncefote, who was suffering from pneumonia, became worse instead of better. Claire stayed, not unwillingly—stayed to see her friend die. The first thing she learned on her return was that her father had been married that morning. A florid-looking person introduced herself to the girl as her new mother. Her father remained in his room till the introduction had taken place and the news been broken. Claire remembered the woman as a Mrs. Liddell, who had had rooms beneath them.

That was an uncomfortable household. Mrs. Liddell had a daughter—a fact on which she had not laid much stress until after she was Mrs. Seton. Nellie Liddell was of the same age as Claire, but there all resemblance ended. When she appeared upon the scene it was soon made obvious that the two girls were not likely to regard each other with sisterly love. Nellie resented her mother's remarriage as much as Claire resented her father's, the difference being that Nellie showed her resentment in much more practical fashion than Claire. Before the reconstructed family had been established a month

in the house off the Camden Road it had become obvious that it would be impossible for Claire to continue to be an inmate of her father's home. After much trying she found a situation as a "nursery governess"; in exchange for a wretched wage she became the drudge of an ill-regulated household, and the slave of five unmannerly children. She was of a high courage, and prepared to endure much before she allowed herself to be driven back to what once had been her home. Yet, after some dreadful months, one day her mistress, in a fit of hysterical jealousy, accusing her of all sorts of crimes, dismissed her at a moment's notice, bidding her recover her wages through the county court if she could. Practically penniless, she had no option but to return to her father's house, if only for a night's shelter.

Mrs. Seton and her daughter were out when Claire returned to Holly Villa, which was the name of the little house in which she had lived practically her whole life long. When, returning, they found her there, they would have had her put out into the street again at once; but this her father would not permit. There ensued a painful scene, such a scene as Claire might have dreamed of in some peculiarly unpleasant nightmare, but in which she had never supposed she would figure in her waking moments. Her father, roused to a consciousness of how grievously his child had been ill used, bent on asserting his independence at any and every cost, worked himself into a state of frenzied excitement, in the middle of which he fell on the floor before them.

James Seton never recovered; that fit of passion on his daughter's behalf sent him to his grave. A few days afterwards he was dead. His child was the only mourner at his funeral; Mrs. Seton and Nellie Liddell stayed at home. When Claire went back, in the mourning coach, to Holly Villa, she found a red-faced

man, who informed her that he was Mrs. Seton's brother and her father's solicitor. In the latter capacity he produced a document which he announced was her father's last will and testament. By it he left everything he died possessed of to his second wife, absolutely; it contained no mention of his child.

That was about five o'clock on the afternoon of May 3d. Claire was dazed; this last blow, that her father should have ignored her existence in his will, seemed to stupefy her. She went up to the little attic which she was to be allowed to occupy for that night only. Her intention was, while endeavoring to form some plan for the future, to put together her belongings; but she soon realized that, to all intents and purposes, she had no belongings. Her scanty wardrobe was at her late situation; her mistress had not allowed her to remain long enough to enable her to take it away. That, of course, was recoverable; but so far she had not been able to take any steps to regain it. Predatory hands had been laid on such of her possessions as she had left behind her at Holly Villa.

Her sole worldly wealth was contained in a parcel which her father had given her. Practically she had been his sole attendant while he lay dying in bed. For the most part he had been unconscious; but at rare and, by her, unexpected intervals he seemed to regain complete control of his wits; to lose it again, sometimes after a few seconds, always after a minute or two. The afternoon before he died he had suddenly called her by her name.

Startled, she ran to him.

Ignoring the affectionate anxiety which flooded her eyes, he confined himself to what evidently was the business which occupied his mind.

"Go to the fireplace; put your hand up the chimney; on the right-hand side you will find a brown paper parcel. Bring it to me." Asking no questions, she did as he bade her, wondering. She thrust her hand through the narrow opening of the old-fashioned register. On the right was something which, when she took it out, was seen to be a small brown paper parcel. She took it to him. When he saw it in her hand he said: "That's for you." Then, as if fearful that she would open it then and there to examine its contents, he added: "Don't let them see it—hide it; it's yours."

The packet remained unopened till she was alone in her attic on the day of his funeral.

She had forgotten its existence, coming on it by chance in a corner of an almost empty drawer. She found that it contained odds and ends of her mother's jewelry: her gold watch, a long gold chain, a brooch, a couple of rings, a bracelet, various other trifles of the sort which some women prize—nothing of much value. The whole contents of the parcel would hardly have fetched a ten-pound note; yet she was glad to think that her father had not forgotten her altogether. Tears came to her eyes as she fondled first one thing and then another.

All at once the door opened to admit Nellie Liddell. Instinctively Claire crumpled up the sheet of paper; but the other's eyes were sharp ones.

"What have you got there?" she asked. Then, turning, she called down the staircase, "Mother, come here!"

Claire stood up.

"Will you be so good as to leave my room?" she said.

"Your room? I'll show you if it's your room." Mrs. Seton came panting up the stairs. "Mother, you remember the watch and chain Mr. Seton gave you, and the rings and things, which you couldn't find anywhere? I believe she's got them in that paper."

Without a word Mrs. Seton moved toward Claire, who retreated trembling.

"Don't come near me!" she exclaimed. "They were my mother's. My father gave them to me."

Mrs. Seton snatched at the paper she was holding; the contents fell to the floor. A shameful scene ensued: mother and daughter assailing her as if she were some unmentionable thing; charging her with theft as if it were the least of her crimes.

The girl was inarticulate before them; her heart was thumping against her ribs. Presently she was conscious that she was going down the stairs, though she scarcely knew how or why; then that she was out in the street, and that the house door had been banged against her.

CHAPTER II

NO. 33

SHE still wore the clothes in which she had attended her father's funeral. They were not, strictly speaking, mourning, but they were the nearest approach to it she could manage.

Although it seemed an eternity since she stood by her father's grave, and was, in fact, some hours, she had removed nothing. She did not know what time it was, but out in the street it was dark. She was like a person in a dream; it seemed that the things which had happened to her could not have happened had she been awake; they were so monstrous, so incredible; somewhere there must be some horrible mistake. Her impulse was to return to the house and batter the door down. Then her pride intervened.

She started walking. She never knew where she walked that night. Afterwards it was as if she had moved through a mist, aimlessly, blindly, on and on. As she went she tried to collect her thoughts, to form some plan of action. Then suddenly it was borne in on her that she had come away without money—absolutely penniless. When she realized that this was so she began to tremble so violently that she had to clutch at the railings of a house which she was passing to prevent herself from falling. A voice addressed her from behind. Glancing round, she saw that a man was standing close beside her, that he addressed her with an air of familiarity while he smiled. What he said she did not know; she only knew that he frightened her. She broke from him at a run; the fact that he laughed as she went made her run still faster. All at once she found herself sitting on a friendly doorstep, panting for breath, more tremulous than ever; she did not know how she got there, but she had gained that doorstep in the nick of time. A constable came up.

"Now, young woman," he inquired, "what's the matter with you?"

Somehow she was not afraid of him. She answered quite simply:

"I am resting."

"If you're tired, why don't you go home? You can't stop there; you know that very well. Now then, move on—if you don't want to get into trouble."

His tone, though peremptory, was not unfriendly. Standing up, she did as he bade her, conscious that he remained motionless, watching her as she went.

Then she found herself in a great street. Although the shops were shut, compared to what she had just come from everything was a blaze of light. The road seemed crowded with vehicles of all sorts and kinds; the pavement seemed thronged with pedestrians. She

was aware that people eyed her with uncomfortable glances. Some spoke to her—both men and women. She did not know what they said; she did not pause to listen; the fact that strangers ventured to address her at all filled her with acute distress. She was becoming momentarily more frightened. In desperation she went round the first corner she came to, away from the glare and the crowds. Immediately she was in a different world; the streets were narrow; there were few lights, and fewer people.

She began to ask herself how long this was to continue, this purposeless tramping. Since she could not follow the policeman's advice and go home, what did she propose to do? Without money to pay for a lodging, without a friend to go to, even had she felt disposed to thrust herself upon a friend at that hour, in that plight, the alternatives seemed few. She could not walk about the streets all night; at least it appeared to her that she could not. What could she do? Certainly she could not walk much longer, if only for physical reasons. She began to be so tired and hungry that she could with difficulty drag one foot after the other. She had scarcely eaten anything all day. All at once it seemed to her that she was starving; she would have welcomed a crust of bread. Faint for want of food, exhausted by walking, worn out by mental stress and strain, fatigue came on her from all sides. She leaned against a lamp-post, partly for the sake of its support, partly with a view of ascertaining her whereabouts; she felt that if she knew where she was it would be something.

All she learned was that she was facing a terrace of good-sized houses; they stretched in an unbroken row in front of her—solid, respectable, uniform, four or five storied. Immediately in front of her was the door of one of them; she could see the number—33; the two threes stared at her across the pavement. She noticed what a decorous-looking door it was, painted an immaculate dark green; the brass fittings shining at her like burnished gold. The purity of the steps was in keeping with the door; they could hardly have looked whiter.

What was that on the pavement just in front of them? Something which gleamed. She moved forward and picked it up. It was a chain bag, large enough to be used both as a hand bag and a purse. It looked as if it were made of gold. Its contents bulged it out.

Claire pressed the spring; it came open. Within were stones which sparkled. Claire took something out. It was a necklace. How it sparkled in the gaslight! Was it of diamonds? If so it was of great value. In the bag were more stones; of the same kind; of different kinds. What did it mean? How came the bag there? Stuffed with jewels! By what chance had it come into her hands? Who—and where—was the owner?

Replacing the necklace, closing the bag, Claire looked about her. Not a creature was in sight. Turning to make sure, her foot struck against something on the pavement, something metallic, which emitted a faint ringing sound as it came in contact with the stones. Stooping to see what it was, she perceived that it was a key. When she had it between her fingers she saw that it was a latchkey; with a long and very slender stem—a latchkey of unusual construction.

Both the bag and the key lay right at the foot of the steps of No. 33. She looked round at the door, struck by a sudden whimsical idea. She advanced the key toward the tiny keyhole; it adjusted itself with almost ominous facility; she gave it a twist; the door was open. The quickness, the ease, with which the thing had happened appealed to the curious mood which she was in. She laughed, oddly, as if at some queer jest. She pressed the joke still farther. Pushing the door wider open, she stepped into the hall which it revealed. As she did so she must have touched the door with her elbow as she passed; because, without warning, unexpectedly, it shut behind her, with a faint, hollow, booming noise, which seemed to sound right through the silent house.

CHAPTER III

THE WOMAN WITH THE BLUE VEIL

THE only light in the hall came from the street gas lamp, through the narrow pane of glass over the top of the door; it shone on the stone steps of a staircase which was at the other end. Between Claire and the staircase all was dark; in her tremulous state, when the noise made by the closing door had died away, the stillness seemed uncanny. Already she regretted having yielded to the temptation to try the key in the keyhole; she felt as if she had been caught in a trap. She turned to reopen the door and escape, but found it not an

easy thing to do. Apparently it was like the entrance to a trap; being once shut, it was not to be opened by the victim it had caught. It seemed that it was fitted not only with a patent latchkey, but also with a patent lock, the mystery of which was beyond her. The darkness was against her; she could not see what kind of lock it was; her helpless fumbling was unavailing; getting in had been easy; getting out was quite another matter; she realized that, for the present at any rate, she was a prisoner in an unknown house.

She felt that she must sit down; she could stand no longer. Groping her way as best she could, she came to what seemed to be a bench, on which she sat and shivered, trying to regain her presence of mind. However appearances might be against her, she had been guilty of no crime. Even suppose some one was to come and find her sitting there, she had a sound and satisfactory explanation of her presence. She had found the bag of jewels, which she still gripped tightly, in front of the house, together with the key. Her one desire was to find the owner of the bag; the inference was that it belonged to some one in the house; if that were so all would be well—she had earned the owner's gratitude. All the same she was conscious of a horrid sensation that, unwittingly, she had become a criminal. If it were not so dark; if it only were light enough to enable her to understand the working of the lock, so that she might get out of the house while there still was time!

Suddenly the stillness was broken by a sound like that made by the cracking of a whip. It seemed to come from quite close to where she was sitting; certainly from not many feet away. Claire stood up, trembling more than ever. If, as she was convinced, the sound had come from somewhere near her, then the probability was that some one in the house was still up and about; in which case she had better make her presence known before it was ignominiously discovered. She moved eagerly forward. Her eyes had become sufficiently accustomed to the gloom to enable her to distinguish dimly her surroundings. She felt sure that the sound had come from somewhere just beyond the foot of the staircase, probably from a room on the left. She could just make out the outline of a door; found the handle, turned it—the door was open. Contrary to her expectation, the room beyond was pitch dark—much darker than the hall. Believing that some one was in the

room, she had taken it for granted that it would be lighted; the pall-like blackness took her aback. Yet she had a notion that some one was in the room, in spite of the darkness. She thought that she heard some one moving. She listened, and had an idea that some one was listening to her. There was a pungent smell, which irritated her throat, disposing her to cough. Then she inquired, still standing in the doorway:

"Is anyone in there?" None answered. Yet she was surer than ever that some one was in there. She ventured on a bold assertion. "It's no use; I know you are there. Why don't you speak?"

Her boldness was rewarded. Instantly the room was all in radiance; half a dozen electric globes were gleaming. It seemed to be a reception room of some sort—not very large. Facing Claire, on the opposite side of the room, a woman was standing. Near her was an electric switch, which she had doubtless just manipulated. She was probably rather above the height of the average female, a fact which was accentuated by the long dark coat she wore. She wore a felt hat, which was enveloped in a dark blue motor veil, which was so thick that it almost wholly obscured her features. Claire could not make out if she was dark or fair, old or young. Her voice revealed that she was a woman of breeding.

"Who are you?" she demanded, in tones which suggested that she was more used to command than to obey.

"I am Claire Seton."

"And who's Claire Seton? And what's Claire Seton doing here?"

"I found this bag on the pavement in front, and the latchkey. Is the bag yours?"

The other moved half a step forward.

"No; the bag is not mine. How did you get into the house?"

"With the latchkey. I put it into the keyhole, and it turned."

"Did it? By itself, or with your aid? Your tale sounds thin; I'll ascertain how much of it is true. If you'll come into the room I'll make inquiries."

Claire moved forward into the room as the other passed out, closing the door behind her as she went. Left alone, to wait for she knew not what, the girl began to wonder. What was the meaning of the noise she had heard? What was the acrid odor which still afflicted her nostrils? What had the woman, attired in such a costume, been doing in the room all by

herself at that hour of the night, which caused her to plunge it into darkness the moment some one else came near? Had she been by herself?

Not only did Claire doubt it, but all at once it was borne in on her that she herself was not alone in the room. She had an uncomfortable feeling that not only had the woman had a companion, but that the companion had been left behind. It was an uncanny feeling to have, considering that the room was all in light, and that there was no one to be seen. What kind of a companion could it have been? In uncertain tones she asked a question of the apparently vacant space:

"Is—is anyone in the room?"

Though no one replied, she was not convinced. She began to peer under tables; behind and under chairs; in places where no one could by any possibility have been concealed; until, as she approached the window, she saw something lying on the floor, peeping from behind the curtains. She snatched it up. It was a revolver. Then she began to understand. It had recently been discharged—that was the cause of the noise—and the smell; but at what had it been aimed? With a sudden sense of approaching horror she drew aside the curtain, and understood better. Behind it, on the floor, lay a woman—still.

As, in a state of approaching stupefaction, she bent over her, as yet realizing nothing except that it was a woman and her utter stillness, the room door opened behind her. She turned, supposing, hazily, that the first woman had come back again. But she had not; it was not a woman who had opened the door, it was a man in a dressing gown, an elderly man, visibly perturbed. He stared at Claire as if she was the strangest thing he had ever seen: then demanded, in staccato tones:

"Who are you? What are you doing here?"

How what immediately occurred did occur Claire never perfectly understood. In the horror of the discovery she had made, she had forgotten that she was holding a revolver; the stranger's unlooked-for entry did not serve to bring it to her recollection. In any case, she had never touched a revolver in her life before, and had no idea how easily some of the modern weapons can be fired. When the stranger addressed her she raised her hands; that moment the revolver, which was in her right hand, went off. The man gave a shout

which was expressive of surprise rather than pain.

"You've shot me!" he cried. As he sank into a chair, clapping his hands to his side, other men came rushing in. One made straight for her—a tall, bold-faced man, with powder on his hair.

"You devil!" he said. "Drop that gun!" She let the revolver fall, though whether it was because he bade her, or of her own volition, was not clear. Whereupon he sprang at her, and with his huge hand took her by the throat as if she were some vile thing, nearly choking the life out of her before he perceived what it was that he was doing. When he relaxed his hold it was to insult her. "It would serve you right if I were to twist your neck; it would be saving the hangman a job."

Then he shook her as if she were a misbehaving cur. Some one was leaning over the woman who was lying on the floor.

"Sir John," he observed, choosing words which seemed singularly discreet in that moment of agitation, "I fear that something has happened to her ladyship."

The elderly man came limping across the room. He knelt at the woman's side.

"Elaine," he asked, "what has she done to you?"

His tones had an effect on her like nothing which had passed before; to the general surprise she spoke—in a voice which was unnaturally low, but which was audible to everyone in the room.

"She shot me." After a brief interval she repeated her words, with an evident effort, a painful pause between each. "She—shot—me."

Then she was still; and all were still; the silence being broken by the elderly man, who spoke with a catch in his voice.

"I fear—she's dead."

CHAPTER IV

LOCKED UP

To Claire it continued to be like some dreadful nightmare in which she had to endure all things helplessly, but from which she could not awake. Two great, strong men held her arms, each with his two hands, gripping hard, as if fearful that at any moment she might display incredible strength in her frenzied efforts to escape. Other men appeared, among

them two policemen, who were presently joined by a superior officer, to whom the elderly man said:

"I fear this woman has murdered my wife; I know she tried to murder me."

One of the policemen interposed:

"I've seen this woman before to-night; she was on the doorstep; I thought her manner was suspicious then; I wondered if she had any designs upon the place."

She was taken out of the house between the two constables, each of them holding one of her arms with both his hands. A four-wheeler was standing by the curb. As they thrust her into it the driver said to the superior officer:

"What's she been up to? I saw her go into this house with another woman, and I wondered what her game was then."

The officer asked:

"How long ago was that?"

"Perhaps a quarter of an hour, perhaps twenty minutes; I know I'd just put down a fare and was looking for another when I saw a female come out of No. 33. I was just making for her when this one came tearing up and seemed to drive the other right back into the house. As I say, I wondered what she was up to."

"You are sure it was the same woman?"

"Quite sure. I took particular notice of her, because I felt that she'd perhaps done me out of a fare."

"Very good." He addressed one of his subordinates. "Get his number when you reach the station, and see that a note's taken of his statement. Off you go."

Off they went, Claire sitting with one policeman at her side, and another immediately opposite. They pressed her so closely that it was impossible for her to move. It was a grewsome ride, the second she had had that day. The first had been to follow her father to his last resting place, this one was to jail. It seemed that the policeman beside her was the one who had found her sitting on the doorstep. It added to her bewilderment to learn that she had actually been sitting on the doorstep of No. 33, to which she afterwards unconsciously returned, with such a tragic result. Neither of the officers showed any disposition toward severity; they seemed to regard the business from a point of view of their own, which was almost a humorous one. To Claire this attitude of theirs seemed to make her position still more dreadful; they so ob-

viciously took it for granted that she deserved to be where she was; they spoke to her good-naturedly enough, but as if she were something lower than they were. Said the policeman at her side:

"I told you you'd get into trouble if you weren't careful; you can't say I didn't warn you, now can you? And here you are!"

She was silent; at that moment she could not have answered him to save her life. A sound came from her like a furtive sigh; it spoke of an agony which was beyond their knowledge.

When she reached the station house shame was piled on to shame. The two policemen held her in front of a hole in the wall while the charge was taken. They asked her name, her age. When she said she was nineteen the officers looked at her and at each other. She was then asked what money she had; when she said she had nothing they eyed her again, this time with a suspicion of a grin. She was led to a cell, at whose open door a woman was standing. The woman entered with her, pulling the heavy door to as they entered. She was about forty years of age; big, broad-shouldered, erect, with a square, resolute face. She said curtly when they were in:

"Take your things off."

Claire looked at her askance, not realizing what she meant, or even if the command was addressed to her. The woman, seeming to take it for granted that the girl's mood was contumacious, repeated her order in plainer language.

"Strip! I've got to search you!"

The blood dyed Claire's face. She shrank back, almost more moved by the woman's words and manner than by all which had gone before; it seemed to her unthinkable that she should so suddenly have been reduced to this. The other, continuing to regard her with immovable countenance, reiterated her injunctions.

"Now then! I've got no time to waste! Take your things off, or am I to take them off for you?"

As the girl removed garment after garment the searcher snatched each from her, as if she feared she would play some trick with it if she allowed it to remain a moment in her hands. Then, as the girl shivered with shame, the other examined each garment rapidly, minutely, throwing each one back to her so soon, apparently, as she was satisfied that

there was nothing about it in any way remarkable. When, however, she came to the frock it was another matter. Something on one sleeve and on her skirt caught her keen eyes.

"Have you got another dress?" she asked. Claire shook her head. "Then you'll have to wear one of ours. You can't have this; it'll be wanted for evidence. Let me see your hands." Claire held them out, turning them over in obedience to orders. The woman opened the door with a key which hung from a chain attached to her belt. She called to some one. An officer appeared. "Have you seen her right hand?" the searcher asked him. Then she said to Claire, "Hold out your hands again."

Claire had resumed all her garments with the exception of the confiscated frock. She was painfully conscious of its absence as she once more held out her hands for the man's inspection. Taking the right hand in his right hand, he turned it over and over, then said as he held it palm upward:

"That's blood. How did it get there?"

The girl was speechless. In the haste of her departure from what had been her father's home, she had come away without gloves. Both hands were soiled; on the right were dark red stains, which she perceived for the first time. The officer asked the searcher, "Have you found any more of it?"

"It's all over her dress. She'll have to have one of ours."

The officer turned again to Claire.

"You see—that's blood on your hand. Have you any explanation to offer of how it got there?" It seemed as if her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth and her heart was frozen within her. He pressed her again. "You understand? The fact that there was blood on your hand at the time of your arrest will be mentioned in evidence, so that if you wish to give any explanation of how it came there you had better do so."

Seeing that the girl was still silent, the officer went out, followed by the woman with the dress over her arm. Shortly the door was opened again and a dress was thrown in, of coarse, dark blue serge, with the broad arrow stamped all over it. Claire ignored its arrival, being brought to a state in which her faculty of observation was dormant; almost anything might have happened, yet have remained unnoticed by her. Those stains on her right hand had for her a terrible fascination. She

stared at them with eyes of horror, then hid them behind her, then brought them back to stare again. She found it difficult to realize that they were stains of blood—the life blood of another woman, who had been done to death such a little time ago.

CHAPTER V

MR. LEONARD CLEETHORPES

IN the morning, they permitted her to wash herself in a small tin pannikin, which contained perhaps a quart of water. What a relief it was to wash off that stain—they even suffered her to do that—but though, in a physical sense, her pretty hand was white and clean, it seemed to her that always, with some uncanny eye of the mind, she would see that smudge on it. Also they allowed her to do her hair, after a fashion, without a glass, and with the aid of the remains of a penny comb. When it came to putting on the blue serge dress which they had given her, to take the place of her own, she could not do it. The grim broad arrows with which it was branded made her soul quail within her. It seemed to her that putting it on would be tantamount to an admission that that garb of shame was her proper apparel. Presently when the female searcher entered, with what was meant to be her breakfast, the girl stood up, the dress in her hand.

"Why must I wear this?" she asked.

"What else have you got to wear?"

"Why can't I wear my own frock? You've no right to take it from me. I want to wear it."

"Don't talk nonsense. There are stains of blood upon it; it'll be used as evidence against you. If you'll tell us who your friends are we'll let them know, and perhaps they'll send you something you can wear."

"My friends!"

The girl shrank back.

"Tell us where your father lives—or your mother—a relation—a friend—anyone who knows you."

The idea of revealing, in such a manner, and for such a purpose, her plight to Mrs. Seton or her daughter did not commend itself to her.

"I have no friends."

"Then tell us where you live; I suppose you've some clothes there; we'll send and get them."

The girl shook her head.

"What does that mean? That you haven't an address, or that you'd rather not say what it is? You needn't, mind, if you don't want to. I'm only asking for your own sake."

Again Claire shook her head; she dared not trust herself to speak.

"Very well, keep your own counsel if you like, it makes no difference to me; only if you don't want to wear that dress, what are you to wear? Unless you mean to go into court as you are; you'd cut a pretty figure if you did."

"Into court?" The words came like a faint echo.

"Yes, into court, of course. There'll be a coach and pair waiting to take you to the police court in a few minutes, so if you take my advice you'll slip into that dress without any fuss. Here's your breakfast. If you want anything else you'll have to pay for it."

The woman went. Breakfast consisted of three slices of bread and butter piled on top of a mug, in which was some tea mixed with milk and sugar. Claire wanted nothing either to eat or drink, although it was so long since she had had any food; yet she sipped at the tea in the vague hope that she might derive from it some benefit. But she did not like it; she found it hard to swallow. The bread and butter she left untouched. Then, after momentary cogitation, she donned the blue serge dress, shuddering as she settled it about her slender form. To add to its drawbacks, as a fit it was grotesque; it had been made for a much bulkier person than she was. But she appreciated the logic of the searcher's words—if she did not wear that, what would she wear? Especially as it seemed that she was about to be taken to the police court. That prospect filled her with sufficient perturbation. At the idea of appearing in such a place in her petticoat she became hot and cold all over.

It seemed to her a very long few minutes, the interval which ensued before they fetched her. At last the door was thrown open, and an official voice exclaimed:

"Now then! out you come!"

And out she went, a strange figure in that hideous, overlarge serge dress.

"This way!"

A constable, taking her by the arm, led her quickly out into the street, across the pavement to where a dreadful-looking vehicle was standing. A second constable, standing by the open door, half pushed, half hoisted her

into it. A narrow passage led down the center. Here a third constable was waiting.

"In here!" he cried.

Almost before she knew it, she was thrust into a sort of tiny cupboard and a door was banged upon her. It was just large enough to permit her to stand upright. Coming out of the bright daylight it was almost dark, the only light entering through a grating which looked out upon the center passage. It was some moments before Claire appreciated her surroundings. She only discovered that there was a seat on one side of her den when the vehicle, suddenly starting, precipitated her on it.

The journey was not a long one. The vehicle stopped. The noise instantly ceased. There were sounds of doors opening and of hurrying feet. Presently the door was opened; she was rapidly conducted across the pavement into a flagged courtyard and into still another cell. She was dimly conscious, in the brief glimpse she had of the street, that the footpath was thronged with people, who broke into exclamations as she was hurried between a double line of policemen, who kept a passage clear. It seemed to her that she was kept an interminable time waiting in that cell; a dreary time. It was with a sensation of positive relief that she hailed the opening of the door, and the curt official order:

"Come this way!"

She had only taken a few hurried steps when she found herself in a good-sized but queerly arranged room, standing on a raised ledge, which was surrounded by an iron railing, before a number of people. Her knees seemed giving way beneath her; she did not dare to move for fear of stumbling; things were swimming round her. She was only clearly conscious of two facts: one was that a policeman of some sort was talking glibly to the elderly gentleman who leaned his elbows on the table on the platform in front of her. She did not know what he was talking about; nor did she in the least want to know. The other fact of which she was conscious was that a gentleman who was seated immediately in front of where she was standing seemed never to take his eyes from off her face. Not that there was anything singular in this. She was hazily aware that the eyes of all present were fixed on her practically all the time. But there was a peculiar quality about this gentleman's gaze which seemed to commend him particularly to her notice. It was not only that he was

young and good-looking; she was hardly in a mood to be struck by trifles of that sort. It was rather because, in his continuous gaze, in a special sense, there was something friendly and sympathetic, so that something passed from him to her which did her good. All at once the policeman ceased to talk. The elderly gentleman on the platform said:

"Remanded for a week." The officer who had been standing close to her side said:

"Come along!" and before she knew they had really begun, the proceedings had finished, and she was being hurried out of the room as quickly as she had been hurried in.

She was taken back to her cell. The door was shut with a clang. But in a brief space it was reopened. Before her was standing, hat in hand, the gentleman she had noticed in the court. She was not surprised to see him. Somehow she had expected that he would come; though, had she been put to it, she would not have been able to give the slightest solid reason for entertaining an expectation of the kind. The door was left open; he came no farther than the threshold of the cell. An officer, strolling to and fro, kept an eye upon the proceedings, though he made no attempt to listen to what was being said. It was some seconds before the stranger spoke. He stood observing her with a scrutiny which was both shrewd and whimsical, as though he was tickled by the spectacle she presented. When he did speak it was in the most musical voice she had ever heard.

"Is your name really Claire Seton?"

"Yes."

She spoke falteringly; he was the first person who had spoken to her pleasantly for weeks.

"I am Leonard Cleethorpes, barrister—though as yet a rather briefless one. I was in court just now, as perhaps you noticed, and was impressed by a feeling—for which, perhaps, I ought to apologize—of your helplessness, in which I trust I was mistaken. May I ask if you have made arrangements for your defense?"

"Of course I have not. How could I?"

Still her speech was tremulous.

"Have you communicated with any friends?"

"I have no friends. My mother died years ago, and yesterday I was the only mourner at my father's funeral."

The expression of his face changed; it became even oddly grave, as if the girl's words

lent the problem he was contemplating a fresh significance.

"Is that so? You are indeed in a more unfortunate situation even than I supposed. I hope your father left you comfortably off."

"I haven't a penny in the world, and I don't know where I am going to get one."

There was a pause before he spoke again, as if he were weighing her words.

"I take it, Miss Seton, you know what a grave position you are in?"

"I suppose I am, though I don't know what it is they say I've done."

"You don't know what is the charge against you?"

"I suppose they say I've been killing some one, though I don't know who."

"You are charged with the murder, last night, of Lady Poynder in her house in Portman Square; and with attempting to murder her husband, Sir John Poynder."

"It is absurd!"

"How do you mean?"

In a few words she told him her story, while he listened gravely.

"Your story, Miss Seton, seems a strange one; but there is no time to ask you for further details now; in a few minutes they will take you away. With your permission, I will undertake your defense. I do not know if you are acquainted with the etiquette which prevails in matters of this kind. As a barrister I cannot receive my instructions directly from you, my client; they must come through a solicitor—it is better for you, on all accounts, that they should. A trustworthy, as well as a clever, solicitor will communicate with you at once; with whom, if you are wise, you will be perfectly frank."

"But where is the money to come from to pay him—and you?"

Cleethorpes smiled.

"The solicitor in question, Mr. Bertram Drummond, is a particular friend of mine, and, like myself, not overdone with business. Your case is likely to bulk largely in the public eye. When it becomes known that the solicitor for the defense is Mr. Bertram Drummond and the counsel Leonard Cleethorpes, the publicity we shall gain will do us more good than any sum we might receive as fees; while if we bring you off with flying colors our fortune's made. Be easy in your mind; we shall be in your debt, not you in ours. You understand what has taken place this morning?"

"Not in the least; I didn't listen—I couldn't. I don't know what happened, but it was all over much sooner than I expected."

"The proceedings were merely formal, in accordance with the law which requires that a prisoner shall be taken before a magistrate within four-and-twenty hours of arrest. The police gave formal evidence of arrest, then asked for a week's remand, which was granted. During that week they will endeavor to collect evidence against you, and the inquest will be opened on Lady Poynder's body. As you are aware, her death will have to be made the subject of a coroner's inquest, at which it is possible that your attendance will be required. In any case your interests will be adequately represented; Mr. Drummond will see to that. While you are under remand you will be detained at Holloway Castle, where Mr. Drummond, as your solicitor, will have access to you at all reasonable hours. Rest assured, Miss Seton, that all arrangements shall be made for your comfort which the regulations permit."

CHAPTER VI

COUNSEL LEARNED IN THE LAW

BEFORE Cleethorpes left the building he gave a sovereign to one of the officers who were in attendance. "See that Miss Seton has some decent food at once; don't ask her what she wants, send it in to her without asking; let her have some decent coffee; make her as comfortable as you are able; send her to Holloway in a cab, and not in the van. As soon as possible after she is there her solicitor will come to her and make all arrangements."

When he was outside, and rolling along in a hansom, he communed with himself, apparently in some perplexity.

"I wonder if, after all, I've been a fool; if I shouldn't have been wiser if I'd kept my finger out of the pie. I wonder! The situation is such a delicate one that it's hard for a body to be sure. Looking on at the game, or taking a hand in it, he'd be a keen-sighted man who'd say, right now, which were the better policy; events do move on such unforeseeable lines." Then, with a queer little smile: "After all, I can always withdraw."

The cab put him down before the block of buildings which takes the place of the old Clement's Inn. He went up to a door on the third floor, on whose panel was painted, in

black letters, "Mr. Bertram Drummond, Solicitor." Having rapped, he opened it without awaiting permission, passing into a small room in which a weedy youth was sitting at a dilapidated table, and then into a larger room, where was a young gentleman of about his own age, who received him with an enthusiasm which might be described as dry.

"Hello, Len! It's a comfort to see some one. One gets tired of wearing out the chairs by sitting on them, and doing nothing else; to say nothing of the weariness of being always afflicted with one's own society."

"I've come to put an end to that; I've brought you a job which will make your fortune."

"That's good news; what shape does it take?"

"You've heard of what took place last night in Portman Square?"

"I occasionally read the papers."

"Then you know that they've got some one whom they fancy they caught in the very act. I've been present at her first appearance at Marylebone Police Court, and I've offered to act as her counsel, and I want you to act as her solicitor."

The two men were in striking physical contrast. Cleethorpes was tall, well set, well shaped—a fine figure for a sculptor; he could not help being graceful; his every movement had a charm for the eye. Bertram Drummond was undersized, making up for being too short by being too broad; his chest would have become a Hercules; while his arms were so long, in proportion to his height, that when they hung loosely at his sides his finger tips came below his knees; without being actually deformed it would have been difficult to have been more ungainly. Cleethorpes was not only handsome, he was beautiful—yet in no effeminate sense; with light-brown curly hair; bright blue eyes; a broad brow; a well-turned nose; small, white, even teeth, which shone through his rosy lips whenever they were parted by a smile. He had neither beard nor mustache; his skin was clear, with just enough color to show his perfect health; his well-shaped head was daintily poised. He was a man whom all women looked at twice, and many much oftener; he seemed to unite in his personality so much that they desired. Drummond was not good-looking. He had a square face, with dark hair and a dark skin; a high, wide forehead, under which gray eyes were set far apart. He had a square jaw, and

there were times when one felt that his lips would never part again, they were set so close together. His natural expression was almost saturnine; he would say the quaintest things without the suspicion of a smile. Altogether he was apt to impress strangers as a strong man, though as one who would need understanding.

Cleethorpes stood in a characteristic attitude by the empty fireplace, with one arm resting on the mantel. Drummond leaned forward in his chair, his elbows on the table; he looked his friend squarely in the face.

"What do you mean by saying that you want me to act as her solicitor? Is it what she wants, or what you want?"

"What I want."

"Has she nothing to do with it?"

"Nothing."

"Who is she?"

"She says her name's Claire Seton."

"Says? Isn't she a friend of yours?"

"Never saw or heard of her before."

"Has she money?"

"Not a penny piece."

"Then who will pay the bills?"

"I will."

"You will? Do you mean that you will pay my bill?" Cleethorpes nodded. "And out-of-pocket expenses? And give your own services?" Cleethorpes nodded again. "But why?"

"Because. If you'll go and see her in Holloway Castle, as I've promised you will do, I think you'll understand."

"Shall I? How old is she?"

"She says nineteen."

"She's beginning early. Will she leave off early? Did she do it?"

"Frankly, I've no notion. She professes to consider it absurd that anyone should even suppose she did it. She tells a queer story; I won't tell it you, because I would rather you heard it from her own lips; then we can compare notes. But, between ourselves, even if she didn't do it, I shouldn't be surprised if they were to hang her."

"They wouldn't hang a girl of nineteen."

"Wouldn't they? Is penal servitude for life a better fate when a girl's nineteen?"

Drummond was rubbing his chin with the palm of his right hand, a trick he had. He never took his eyes off the other's face, seeming to be studying it intently, as if it were the page of a book. Cleethorpes, as if unconscious of his scrutiny, returned him glance

for glance; his whole countenance illumined by a smile.

"I thought that Lady Poynder was a friend of yours."

"What made you think so?"

"I've heard you talk of her."

"It doesn't follow that all the people one talks about are one's friends."

"No doubt; but I gathered from something you once said that she was your friend."

The other shook his head.

"You're wrong. My acquaintance with her was of the slightest; I had never wished that it should be more."

"What sort of woman was she?"

"She was not bad-looking, if you liked the type. Some people thought her divine; her husband certainly did; she was to him an object of adoration."

"Wasn't he older than she?"

"She was in the early twenties, and he was about sixty."

"Who was she?"

"No one ever heard of her till they met her as Lady Poynder; under those circumstances you can believe that one has been given to understand that she was all sorts of people."

"Was she a lady?"

"My dear Bertram, I have long ceased to attempt to define a lady. Nowadays the word is bourgeois. All the women one knows are ladies, especially if they are married to respectable men. All the information I have about the Poynders—which is very little—shall be placed at your service on some future occasion; you will probably learn all you want to know about them from the papers during the next few days. What I want you to do is to go to Holloway Castle and see Miss Seton. Listen to her tale, hear all there is to hear, then tell me your opinion of her and of things in general. I think you'll find I've brought you a job after your own heart. See that she has everything in the way of food, and privacy, and so on, which the regulations permit her to have; everything, mind. I'll foot the bill."

Again there was a pause, while Drummond rubbed his chin.

"Len, you didn't use to be a Quixote. If you pay my bill, and everything and everybody else as well, it will mean a big expenditure. I've known you a good many years; I never saw anything in you which caused me to suspect that you would ever start tilting at what looks to me very like a windmill."

"You're shortsighted. This is going to be,

from the notoriety point of view, a big thing. In the ordinary course of events, how long do you think I should have to wait before I was briefed as leading counsel in a *cause célèbre*? I see my way to a magnificent advertisement. Claire Seton ought to make my fortune; I believe she will. If I bring her off, or if I don't, I intend to demonstrate to the entire British public that when I chose the law as my profession I knew what I was up to. To me this is that tide which comes in the lives of all men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune; and I mean to take it at the flood. I am only too anxious that the world shall think I'm playing the part of Don Quixote; but I intend to play it on strictly commercial lines. This is an investment which I am convinced will come back to me with much more than compound interest; you wait and see."

"There is a good deal in what you say."

"There's a great deal in what I say; and when you've seen Claire Seton you'll understand the rest, or you're duller than I think."

After Cleethorpes had gone, Drummond sat turning his words over in his mind.

"I don't fancy I'm duller than he thinks, and that's why I'm puzzled. Leonard Cleethorpes never yet wore his heart upon his sleeve, nor gave a real reason when an imitation one would serve. He's a good fellow on lines of his own—you couldn't want a better—but they are his own lines; and when he starts out to champion a beggar maid, I feel sure it's for a sufficient cause. What he says is true enough, and almost too plausible. It may turn out to be a great advertisement, and probably will; but I'm tolerably certain that the prospective advertisement is not the only propulsive power. He's not that kind of man. I wonder what his relations were with Lady Poynder. I remember his telling me once that she was the dearest little woman in the world, but that she'd probably get her throat cut one day for the public benefit. He may have forgotten; but I haven't. It looks as if he saw with a prophetic eye. Perhaps, as he says, I shall understand better when I've seen Claire Seton. I doubt if he cares a snap of his fingers if she hangs or not—which is possibly because he suspects that she ought to hang."

Leonard Cleethorpes, going westward from Clement's Inn, was thinking also; his thoughts ran in much the same groove as when he was going there. He was again in a hansom.

"I wonder if, for the second time to-day, I've been a fool; it's awkward to have to keep

on wondering that sort of thing about oneself; one begins not to know where one is. Drummond is so pestilently thorough. If he once gets a notion in his head that I've some ulterior purpose in taking up Miss Seton's case, he'll nose and nose, and that'll be a nuisance. Still, there isn't much to fear; in other respects he's just the man I want. Even when he's difficult to land I can play him better than he thinks." Something a little hard came on his face, which came over it like a cloud. "Perhaps, unconsciously, he's right, and I am tilting at a windmill—perhaps!"

CHAPTER VII

THE MARCHIONESS AND HER SISTER

THE Marchioness of Sark was at home, that afternoon, at the house in Grosvenor Gardens, and all the world came to see her. When a woman is young and beautiful and very rich, and is married to the eldest son of a duke who is reputed to have royal blood in his veins, all that part of the world does go to see her which she will suffer to pass her doors. It was merely an ordinary at home, but things were well done. The flowers were fine, as they ought to have been, considering what they cost. The music was good; there were the fashionable *artistes* of the hour, who were paid what their agents asked. And there was a famous French actress, who recited things which had been written to her order. And for one person who listened there were a dozen who talked. And all the time people kept coming and going, quite regardless of what might be taking place at the moment, or of what the *artistes* felt. It was just one of those smart at homes which are the common-places of the London season.

It said on the cards that the Marchioness of Sark was at home from three to six, but the crowd was at its greatest just before five. It was about a quarter to six when Cleethorpes arrived. The rooms were emptying fast; the marchioness was fully occupied in shaking hands with those who went out of their way to say good-by; yet she had an eye for this late comer. She offered him no greeting, but she said to him, in a low tone, as he approached:

"Wait; I want to speak to you after the people have gone."

He made no reply, passing her with a little

nod of comprehension. As he moved on he was greeted right and left; everybody seemed to know him. Leonard Cleethorpes was one of the most popular men in town.

Soon afterwards her ladyship found Leonard Cleethorpes in the conservatory, examining some dwarf trees which had come from Japan.

"They only arrived this morning," she told him. "Aren't they quaint?"

She took one of the tiny trees in her hand.

"I wondered if you were coming. Why were you so late?"

"I had a dozen things to do, but had I guessed you wanted me, I would have been here long ago. Do you want me?"

"No; not particularly." She put the tiny tree back in its place.

She sat on a chair which was near them. He stood looking down at her, his brow wrinkled a little between his eyes.

"They've tried you—these people."

"I think they have—a little." She was looking down, smoothing with a jeweled finger some trimming which was on her gown. Nor did she look up when she spoke again. "Leonard, where is Hereward?"

"Isn't he here?"

"No, he is not; don't you know it?"

"How should I?"

"At least, he is not. I have not seen or heard of him since yesterday morning early, and I am troubled. You know, Leonard, I never can quite make you out. I like you, but I never can be certain if you like other people; and the more one knows you, the more puzzling you are."

"Am I? Why do you say so?"

"Because I don't know if you are Hereward's friend, and I want to know. Tell me frankly, are you?"

"We were at school together, and afterwards at the same college at Oxford. Doesn't that constitute friendship?"

"No, it doesn't; you know that as well as I do."

"We have never quarreled; we have never even differed; we have never even rubbed each other the wrong way; but then, of course, he is the Marquis of Sark, and will be the Duke of Alderney; while I am, and always shall be, only Leonard Cleethorpes."

"That's nonsense; it's not nice of you to talk like that. To me, his wife, it almost sounds like a sneer. As if Leonard Cleethorpes were not some one, and as if he did

not know it. But, at least, I think you are my friend."

"I am."

"Then I want you to help me; I am afraid I must have help from some one, and you are the only person I can ask. You are so observant; possibly you have noticed that all has not been as it should be between Hereward and me lately; he has not seemed very kind. Yesterday we had a—a small difference of opinion. He left me in anger; I have been trying to find out all day where he is, and failed. Do you know?"

"I don't."

"You are sure? I think that sometimes you men stand by each other against us women."

"I am not standing against you, and am never likely to. Where were you last night?"

At his sudden question she looked up; hitherto she had kept her eyes cast down.

"Why do you ask?"

"I was wondering if anything you did last night was causing you to feel tired to-day."

"I don't think so; I did nothing unusual. I went to Mrs. Landon's for dinner; then with her to the opera; then I looked in at Lady Massinger's; then came home."

"Straight home?"

"Straight home—as straight as Jackson would bring me."

"What time was it?"

"About two; perhaps a little later. Why do you ask these questions?—for any particular reason?" All at once she stood up, her face flaring with sudden emotion. "Oh, if you only knew what trouble I'm in about Hereward! He's been so unkind! Are you sure you don't know where he is? Haven't you a notion?"

"Not the dimmest. Margaret, if you take the advice of a professional stoic—you'll not worry."

"It's easy for you to talk; you don't know what he is to me; how I love him; and—and I am afraid!"

"Hereward's a good chap; and one of those men who, if he thinks a woman is running after him, is apt to take to his heels and bolt; but if he thinks she's running away from him he'll sprint after her for all he's worth."

"I don't understand."

"It's a cryptic saying; but you've wit enough to puzzle it out. Don't you worry yourself about Hereward's whereabouts; he's all right, and won't feel flattered if he learns that you've been fidgeting. But I'll make a

point of finding out where he is, and will let you know directly I hear."

"Thank you; if you will."

"But you'll find that he'll turn up before I have a chance."

"Do you think so?"

"Then you'll have to hide from him the fact that you ever bothered about his absence; or even noticed it."

"I shall be so glad to see him, that will not be easy; but—" Her tone changed.

"Thank you for letting me bore you with my small worries; here's Alice; I'll resign you to her."

Lady Sark flitted away, as there came through the flowers a young woman who was as charming an example of girlhood as the eye would wish to see. This young woman was the marchioness's sister.

CHAPTER VIII

ALICE'S DREAM

ALICE MAHONY was beautiful; with exquisite freshness on her cheeks, glory in her eyes, and a radiance in her smile. As she went close up to Cleethorpes her big dark eyes looked into his blue ones with something of a challenge.

"So you are here! Dear me! I was beginning to wonder what you looked like."

As he looked back at her there came into his face the one thing which ordinarily was lacking, feeling. In general it was like a face on a cameo, or on a bas-relief—very fine and beautiful, but as if its owner was not in touch with common human interests, and observed, with the aloofness of a critic, the pageant of life display itself before him.

But none could doubt that there was warm, red blood in his veins when Alice Mahony placed herself within a foot of him. One had a notion that it was only with an effort that he kept himself from stretching out his arms and unfolding her within them.

As he answered her there was a music in his voice which—although she hoped she did not show it—every time she heard it set her heart beating faster.

"Then you must have a very short memory, since it was only the day before yesterday you saw me."

"Was it? Oh! And why didn't I see you yesterday?"

"Because I'm an epicure."

"Isn't an epicure a person who takes care to have as much of a thing as he wants? So the inference is—thank you; the sentence finishes itself."

"You are mistaken. An epicure is a person who delights in teasing his palate. I denied myself the pleasure of seeing you yesterday because I knew that—on that account—I should enjoy so much more the pleasure of seeing you to-day."

It was perhaps because his words brought an extra tinge of color into her cheeks that she was so quick to change the subject.

"What was Margaret saying? Has she been telling you her troubles?" He nodded. "Hereward has been behaving shamefully; she has been worrying herself into a headache about him. Were I in her place I shouldn't. If he were my husband I should say, 'Good day, and good-by, sir'—and I should never speak to him again."

"Do you know that yesterday she had a dreadful quarrel with Hereward? Did she tell you?" Again he nodded. "Now I believe that in the bottom of her heart she's afraid that he's going to run away with Lady Poynder, if he hasn't done it already. Isn't it frightful! What can be done? Oh, do you know that last night I had a most extraordinary dream? Listen, I'll tell you; I feel I must tell some one, so I may as well tell you. It was the most extraordinary dream. All yesterday I kept raging against Lady Poynder; I kept saying to myself that such women ought to be killed, and that whoever did kill her would do a service to society." He made as if to speak, but she stopped him. "No, don't interrupt; keep still and listen, and then when I've finished tell me what you think." She clasped and unclasped her hands, and knitted her pretty brows, in her efforts to tell her tale with all necessary precision; while he watched and listened with—although he might not have known it—that hard something coming out more and more clearly in his face as she went on.

"Last night Margaret went out; I don't know where she went to, but I know that she went. I wondered at her going, considering the state that she was in. I said to her, 'Margaret, if I were you I should stay at home; you really aren't fit to go out.' And she answered—you know that gentle, cold way she has when she likes, which makes you feel that she's so infinitely superior to everybody

else—'Don't you understand? If my heart is breaking, isn't that a reason why I shouldn't show it? Am I to appeal to the public pity, or to the public laughter? Because I'm the most miserable woman in London, I'll prove that I'm the happiest; and that's the reason why I'm going out.' And she went. Of course, I couldn't say another word; I never can when she talks like that; besides, I was afraid to make her cry. There are few things I fear more than Margaret's tears; it is awful to see her cry. She is not like many women, who'll cry whenever they know that there's a handkerchief just handy; when she cries it's because she knows that something she prizes has gone out of the world for her. Now let me think; I don't care how it bores you, I want to tell you the story exactly as I feel it ought to be told, so that you may understand how oddly in keeping the dream seemed. I had dinner all by myself in my own sitting room, and afterwards I sang a little, and I played a little, and then I read."

"What did you read?"

"Well, to be frank, I didn't read much of anything; I tried different books, though I couldn't keep my attention fixed on one of them. I kept thinking of Margaret and Hereward and Lady Poynder—but principally of Lady Poynder. The more I thought of her the more I raged. When I remembered how happy Margaret and Hereward were before she appeared upon the scene I felt—you know Balzac says that there are times when, if we could kill some one we hated by merely touching a button, the best of us would touch it; I felt then that I hated that woman so much that if, by touching a button, I could have killed her, I'd have touched it; I couldn't think why such creatures were allowed to exist. Then I went to bed."

"What time was that?"

"I suppose soon after eleven. But when I got into bed I couldn't go to sleep; my brain was in such a whirl; I couldn't get that woman out of it—it was most unpleasant."

"So I should imagine."

"Ultimately, however, I must have gone to sleep, because presently I dreamed. Leonard, my dream wasn't in the least like other dreams; it wasn't like a dream at all; throughout it was just as though I was wide awake and was doing everything with my eyes wide open. I dreamed that I got out of bed, and I dressed—I remember everything I put on."

"Do you sleep with a light in your room?"

"Of course not; am I a child?"

"Did you switch one on?"

"I don't remember; I don't think I did; and yet—it's odd—it couldn't have been dark, because I remember so well what I put on. For instance, over everything I put a dark brown motor coat—perhaps you recollect it; you do sometimes notice what people wear."

"I notice what you wear."

"Do you? Then perhaps you've noticed that—a dark brown motor coat, bound with green leather, and with a green leather collar; rather a weird sort of garment."

"I know; you wore it the other day when I drove you to Henley."

"Yes! Well, I put on the coat, and a felt hat, and that thick dark blue motor veil which is your pet abomination. Then I went out of the house."

"Do you remember going downstairs?"

"No; that's odd again, I don't; but I remember opening the front door."

"Did you open it for yourself?"

"I must have. I don't think anybody else was there. I have a curiously distinct recollection of how fresh the air felt when I got out into the street; I stood still for a second and breathed it in."

"Through that veil?"

"Fresh air does penetrate; it is only dust which it keeps out; because one wears a veil one doesn't necessarily suffocate. I called a hansom."

"Where from?"

"I fancy it was passing the house; I know I called one."

"Did you notice anything about it?"

"No; nothing."

"You generally have a quick eye for a horse."

"I didn't notice what kind of horse that had; I only know that I called a cab, that I got into it, and told the man to set me down at the corner of Orchard Street."

"Which way did he take you?"

"It's queer; but that again I can't recall. It seemed at the time that everything was what you might call consecutive; but now that you keep on asking questions—though I told you not to interrupt—I see that there were more blank spaces in my dream than I supposed; but the main features stand out as well, I never had so real a dream before. The cabman put me down at the corner of Orchard Street."

"What did you pay him?"

"It's funny, but I don't remember paying him anything; though I suppose I must have done so."

"If you didn't I should say there ensued a warm discussion."

"I know that I walked down Orchard Street, and then to Lady Poynder's house in Portman Square."

"Had you ever been there in your waking hours?"

"Never."

"Then how did you know which was her house?"

"I knew it was No. 33, and I walked nearly round the square in search of it. Coming from Oxford Street I found it was on the opposite side, nearly in the corner; isn't that where it really is?"

"I'm not answering questions; I am listening to your dream."

"You are very rude. I went into the house."

"How did you get in?"

"That was the mystery, even at the time; and I haven't been able to solve it since. I don't think I knocked at the door, or rang, or anything like that; but whether it opened of its own accord, or whether I met some one in the street who opened it, is not clear. I've a funny notion that I met some one in the street with whom I entered; that's the mistiest part of my dream. Anyhow, I know I did go into the house, into what seemed to be a room at the back; and there was Lady Poynder."

"How was she dressed?"

"I didn't notice, which is perhaps the queerest part of it all; but I was so absorbed by the fact that it was Lady Poynder that I had eyes for nothing else."

"What was she doing there?"

"Can't say; can't tell you anything except that she was there. I told her I'd come to kill her."

"A pleasant way of opening the conversation."

"So she seemed to think; she seemed frightened out of her wits; so I killed her."

The girl said this with a matter-of-fact air which seemed to make Cleethorpes wince. Apparently unconscious of having affected him disagreeably, she met his unwavering gaze with in her own eyes something like a suspicion of a smile—as if she had said something funny.

"You killed her. How did you do it?"

"I don't know."

"Then how do you know that you killed her?"

"She lay dead on the floor. I went out and left her there with a sublime indifference to her fate which, even in my dream, I felt was surprising."

"Then what did you do?"

"I woke up, and found myself in bed; and couldn't think how I got there, the dream had been so real."

"And then?"

"Then?—I suppose I must have turned over and gone to sleep again; I was asleep when Sanders brought my tea this morning; but directly I was awake the dream recurred to me, and has kept recurring all day; its reality was beyond anything."

"Have you any idea what time it was when you woke up—after your dream?"

She shook her head.

"Somewhere in the middle of the night; it was pitch dark."

"There was no light in your room?"

"Not a glimmer; at least I have no recollection of one."

"Between your leaving the house in Portman Square and your waking up—is that a blank?"

"Entirely—that is, when I woke I had some vague consciousness of having been passing through endless streets; but that's all."

"In your dream, did you strike her?"

"I tell you I don't know; I seemed to put out my hand—and she was dead."

"You might have shot her."

"I should have heard the explosion or something—shouldn't I?"

"Have you a revolver of your own?"

"I've several. Have you forgotten that I pride myself on my revolver practice, and all the prizes I have won?"

He turned away, as if yielding to an uncontrollable impulse. She seemed struck by something singular in his action.

"Leonard? Is anything the matter?" He turned to her again. "Why do you look at me like that? What's wrong?"

"Your dream was an odd one."

"Wasn't it?"

"Especially under the circumstances."

"Under what circumstances? What do you mean?"

"Under the circumstances of Lady Poynder's death."

"Death! Is she dead?"

"Do you mean to say that you don't know?"

"How should I?"

"It's in all the papers."

"I haven't seen a paper to-day."

"Everyone's talking about it; you must have heard about it this afternoon from some one."

"Not a word. I was only downstairs a short time. Most of the time I was down I was talking to the Bishop of Battersea. He was telling me about a new settlement which he wants me to start in the Wandsworth Road. Leonard, do you mean it? Is she really dead?"

He seemed to find it difficult to answer. When he did, the lines on his face were as rigid as if they had been cut out of marble.

"Lady Poynder was murdered last night in her house in Portman Square. A woman shot her with a revolver."

CHAPTER IX

THE MARQUIS OF SARK

THERE is a club within a stone's throw of Piccadilly which is known as the Picnic. That is not its actual title; the word is merely a pleasant allusion to the free-and-easy methods which are supposed to prevail within its walls. When Leonard Cleethorpes left Grosvenor Gardens this social center was the first place at which he called. He asked the porter in the hall:

"Lord Sark here?"

The porter appeared to hesitate, then to answer with a certain reluctance:

"Yes, sir."

"Been here long?"

Having committed himself so far, the man seemed unwilling to commit himself yet further; but finding his questioner's eyes fixed steadily on him, in evident expectation of a sufficient reply, he lowered his voice and said, with a discreet little cough:

"He was here this morning, sir, when I came."

"Where is he?"

"He's in the reading room, sir."

It is one of the humorous features of the place that, while it contains all the apartments which are proper to such establishments, no one ever dreams of using them for the purpose

for which they were intended. Cleethorpes, therefore, was in no way surprised to find several gentlemen in the reading room who certainly were not reading. Four were seated at a table, and the others were looking on; the four at the table were playing poker. As Cleethorpes entered, one of them threw down his cards face upward, exclaiming as he did so:

"A flush! I think that takes it."

Another faced his.

"I think not—a full."

The first speaker uttered a full-mouthed execration, which seemed to come from him with unusual awkwardness. Somehow he did not look as if he were the sort of person with whom such language was in common use. He was tall and slender, and had about him an air of curious refinement, which his red hair and tiny mustache seemed to accentuate, lending an appearance of delicacy which was probably an appearance only. One had only to glance at him to perceive that he had been drinking; and there again one felt that he had been doing something which he was not in the habit of doing. Yet at that moment he was drunk—as drunk as he very well could be without losing all his senses.

"How much does that make?" he demanded in a voice which was not so clear as it might have been.

As he spoke he lifted a tumbler to his lips, with a hand which did not seem quite to know the way there. The man who had held the full hand glanced at some figures on a slip of paper.

"Nine thousand pounds."

"I don't care if it's ninety thousand," said the man with the tumbler. "I don't care a damn!" He put down the tumbler so insecurely on the edge of the table that it went crashing to the floor. "Waiter, bring me another brandy," was the only comment he made.

One of the players stood up.

"Thank you," he said. "I think I've had about as much as I want."

A second also rose.

"I'm sure I have."

The one who had had the full hand observed:

"I think we all of us have had about enough."

Each of the three was holding a slip of paper, which was covered with figures.

The fourth player dissented.

"I've not had enough—nothing like enough—not a bit of it." He pronounced his words so that they seemed to run into each other. "You've all of you won my money. I want to win some of it back again; I can't afford to lose all that money—certainly not."

The holder of the full hand informed him with refreshing candor:

"You'll lose still more if we do keep on playing. You're drunk."

The statement seemed to occasion the other no offense.

"I know I'm drunk," he admitted. "And I mean to keep on being drunk forever and ever. That's nothing to do with it. I want another jack pot."

Cleethorpes laid his hand upon the speaker's shoulder.

"Sark," he said, "I want to speak to you."

The marquis looked up, seeming, after considerable inspection, to recognize him in a misty sort of way.

"Very well; you can speak to me. I'm not objecting. So far as I'm concerned, anyone can speak to me. All I say is, I want another jack pot; and let's have no nonsense."

"What I have to say must be said to you in private, and at once."

"Very well, say it at once; and if a man isn't in private at his club, where is he?—I'd like to know. What I say is, I'm going to have another jack pot; and let's be quick about it."

Cleethorpes looked at the others. A telegraphic message passed from his eyes to theirs. With one accord they all began to leave the room—with that unanimity which sometimes marks the characters on the stage. Lord Sark perceived, hazily, that they were vanishing from sight.

Cleethorpes afforded him much-needed support by slipping an arm through his.

"I have a cab outside," he said. As if that were a sufficient explanation, he began to lead his companion from the room. The marquis expostulated—vaguely.

"I don't want a cab. Who said I wanted a cab? I don't want a cab. I'm not going in a cab. I say, I'm not going!"

In spite of his saying so he went. Cleethorpes instructed the driver:

"Cork Street."

And the cab was off. Scarcely had it started when Cleethorpes perceived that his companion was asleep; the spectacle seemed to please him rather than otherwise.

When the cab stopped Cleethorpes had the

marquis round the waist. Before he was able to realize what was taking place sufficiently to enable him to offer effective resistance, he was borne across the pavement through the open door of the house beyond. "Shut the door," commanded Cleethorpes, so soon as he had his burden through it. And the door was shut by the manservant who had opened it.

Cleethorpes continued to keep an outward appearance of unruffled calm, although the exertions he had been undergoing had a little disarranged his hair and his necktie, and so on. He had gone to the sideboard. As he crossed to it he had taken a blue paper out of a letter case, and was now emptying its contents into a tumbler. Adding some whisky and some soda, he returned with the glass in his hand to the marquis.

Putting the glass to Lord Sark's lips, he made him drain the contents; which had on him a singular effect. Sudden as it was, it was evidently not unexpected by Cleethorpes. He caught the tumbler just as it was falling, and, putting his arm about the marquis's shoulders, he caught him also. He half led, half dragged the miserable man to an arm-chair, where, his head falling forward on his chest, he was still, oddly still. Cleethorpes stood looking down at him, still smiling, though the quality of his smile had changed.

Cleethorpes put some more soda water into the tumbler and rinsed it round, then passed into the adjoining lavatory to empty it out, being careful to see that no traces of the powder were left at the bottom. Returning, he unlocked the door and went out on the landing, calling:

"Wood!" The manservant came up the stairs. "I could see by your face there was something you wanted; what is it?"

"Sir John Poynder's man, sir, has been here three times to say that Sir John wants to see you, most particular."

"Very good. Telephone to Portman Square that I'm engaged for the moment, but will come as soon as I can, probably inside the hour." Cleethorpes went back into the room, pausing just inside the doorway. "Now it's Sir John Poynder; Sir John! I'm going to have a very busy day, to make up for those idle ones, which are gone forever."

Something came from him which was very like a sigh. The marquis was in exactly the same position in which he had been left. Cleethorpes regarded him for a moment; then lifted him—as easily as if he were a small

child—bodily from the chair, and carried him in his arms through another door into a bedroom which was beyond. Depositing him on the bed, he began to take his clothes off; the marquis showing no more consciousness of what was being done to him than he might have shown if he had been a lay figure. Having undressed him, Mr. Cleethorpes placed his guest between the sheets.

Gathering together the garments which he removed from the sleeper, his attention was caught by the coat, whose inner pocket was bulging with papers. He took out some of the contents. There were some letters inclosed in a rubber band; he slipped it off. "Hers! Think of it! She knew how to write such letters if ever a woman did—why, this is the strangest thing of all, that I should be holding in my hand her letters—to him, and that he should have carried them about with him! If Margaret had found them! What's this? Two tickets to Paris—that was to have been their first stoppage—they'll never be used; the money's wasted. Bank notes! Was he already so drunk, when he began to play poker, that he had forgotten they were there? He seemed to be playing for owings. There are plenty of them. He didn't mean to be stinted for ready cash. Why, here's enough evidence to hang him at sight. What shall I do with them? Shall I—?" He held the letters between his fingers as if he were asking himself if he should tear them in half. "I will. No; I'll not. Shall I put them in my desk and use them to bring him to a due and proper appreciation of his offense? No; I'll not do that either, I'll leave them just as they were. When he returns to life he'll find them; the sight will be to his conscience like a scorpion's sting; I know what sort of conscience his is. He'll appreciate his offense with sufficient force upon his own account without aid from anyone."

He locked the coat—with its pocket bulging as before—in the hanging cupboard, and took out the keys. Putting on his hat, he went downstairs, where he found Wood waiting to open the door.

"Lord Sark has gone to bed; see that no one goes into the room to disturb him till I return; he's in the guest room. I am going to Sir John Poynder's, where I may be detained; if I should be urgently wanted you might telephone to me there."

Wood bowed, his master passed into the street. On the way to Portman Square he

sent this telegram: "To the Marchioness of Sark, Grosvenor Gardens. H. is all right. He will return to-morrow, probably for lunch.—L."

CHAPTER X

THE WIDOWER'S GRIEF

THERE were a number of stragglers outside No. 33. The house had become famous; a certain section of the London public regarded even the exterior as something worth seeing, while its fame was fresh. A policeman, walking up and down, endeavored to keep the sightseers moving—an endeavor which some of them resented. When Cleethorpes both knocked and rang they gathered closer, as if he were part of the sight. As the door was opened they peered past it, as if they hoped to see something wonderful; but he entered so hastily, and the door was shut so quickly, that their curiosity received scant gratification. Cleethorpes had been admitted by Hankey, Sir John's own man. He was inclined to be apologetic.

"Great nuisance, those people; we might be living in the chamber of horrors; things are bad enough without their making them worse. I thought it was you, sir. Sir John has been wanting to see you all day; he seems most anxious; he keeps asking for you all the time. Shall I take you up to him at once?"

Cleethorpes said nothing, but he laid his hat and cane on the hall table. Hankey led the way upstairs. Opening the door of a room on the second floor, he announced:

"Mr. Cleethorpes."

That gentleman passed through it, and the door was shut.

A voice came from the bed:

"So it's you—at last."

He approached the speaker.

"I'm sorry, Sir John, to see you there; I hope it isn't serious."

The patient spoke to a woman who wore the professional garb of a nurse.

"You can go. If the wound starts bleeding again I'll send for you; but don't you come till I do send." Without a word she left the room; her patient following her with his eyes as she went. When she had gone, "See if that door's shut fast," he ordered.

Cleethorpes proved by demonstration that it was.

"So you have a nurse," he said.

The patient laughed, if the sound he emitted was meant for laughter; there was no mirth in it.

"Oh, yes, I've a nurse; a man in my position's bound to have a nurse if his little finger's sore; that's the doctor's ruling. It's some time since I saw you."

Cleethorpes did not immediately reply. When he did speak it was to ask a question.

"Why have you sent for me now?"

"I want you to do something." The man in the bed paused; Cleethorpes waited for him to go on. "I want you to sit down at that table over there and write what I dictate."

Sir John Poynder was a man of somewhat unusual appearance. He had spent a large part of his life in a remote part of the world, where he had made money, he alone seemed to know how. Tales were told about his methods; curious tales some of them were; but he was a man who could keep his own counsel, and he kept it. There were men who remembered him when, as a raw youth, he left England with empty pockets; when he returned they were obviously full; but if anyone inquired, no matter in how circuitous a manner, how they came to be in that satisfactory condition, the questioner would almost certainly be favored with a few remarks which were meant to sting, and probably did. For Sir John was not only not an easy person to pump, he had a tongue which cut like a whip. Once, in a club smoking room, an angry man told him that if he lived in any other place except England he would be called out again and again. Poynder looked him very straight in the face.

"Don't let the locality stand in your way," he told him. "If it's a little shooting you want, you can have it when and where you please. I've lived in places where people do a great deal more fighting than talking; if it's one of those places you're thinking of, we'll start just when you like, and with any kind of gun you fancy. But if you talk about calling me out, and don't, I shall think you're one of those fellows who talk about fighting when they're sure that there's a policeman close by who'll interfere so soon as the fighting really begins. You grasp what I mean? When next you go to your tailor to order one of those pretty waistcoats you're so fond of, you ask him for a little friendly advice; you'll find him a sympathetic soul. I always do feel that you're more of a tailor than a man."

This speech was followed by grim silence.

Of course it was an outrageous speech to make in a public room of a club; but there was something in the speaker's manner which suggested an eagerness to make his words good which induced his auditors to postpone any comments they might have to make till later. The man to whom it was addressed left the room without a word; whereon Poynder continued to read the newspaper which, for the moment, he had laid on his knees.

There was some talk about reporting him to the committee, but it went no farther; somehow, where Sir John Poynder was concerned, threats seldom did become realities. He was not an easy man to get on with; and he looked it. His face was disfigured by scars; a slip had been cut off his nose; something had happened to his lower jaw which lent it the appearance of being a misfit for the upper. As he sat propped up by pillows an odd fancy came to Leonard Cleethorpes: he pictured the grim old face lying on a pillow, and on the pillows beside it the pretty, dainty features of his young wife. What a contrast they must have presented! And at the thought he smiled—a smile which the other resented.

"What are you grinning at?" he asked, with that insistence on the vernacular for which he was famous. Cleethorpes was still, but he continued to smile; the other's resentment plainly grew. "You've come in a cheerful mood, it seems; let's hope you won't lose it before you go. Did you hear what I said? Sit down at that table over there and write what I dictate."

"I heard."

"Then do it."

"Why?"

"Because you'd better."

"I always agreed with your wife in thinking that you were the funniest man on earth."

"She thought that, did she?"

"Obviously; so obviously that for her to have attempted concealment would have been absurd."

The old man's face darkened; he was fifty-six, and though he was still alert and wiry, he looked, if anything, even older than his years.

"You—you—liar! Do you think that I'd take your word for such a statement as that? When no one knows better than I do that you'd go to your Maker with a lie on your tongue and a smile on your lips! You car-

rior! If I'd a whip handy I'd cut an L on your face."

Cleethorpes continued to smile.

"I'm still waiting to know why you sent for me; my time is not so valueless as you perhaps think; and since we exchanged all necessary compliments on a former occasion, I can hardly imagine that you wish to indulge in vain repetitions."

"I sent for you because I chose to send, and you came because you had to come. You sit down and write what I dictate."

"What is it you wish me to write? Give me some idea."

"Write 'My name is Norval. On the Grampian Hills I feed my father's flock'; that'll do for me—write that."

Cleethorpes shook his head.

"Got a bad hand."

"I thought you'd have something." There was an interval of silence, during which the two men eyed each other, with a very different expression on the countenance of each. While there was still that faint smile about Cleethorpes's lips, which seemed to suggest that he found the other such a really amusing study, on Sir John Poynder's face and in his small, bloodshot eyes there was a scowling, threatening, half-frenzied glare which one would expect to find as the hall-mark of a homicidal lunatic. Even his words were hardly sane ones; they were spoken with a stolid sullenness which seemed to lend them an added significance. "You killed my wife."

"You funny man!"

"Yes, you may grin, but I know you killed her."

"Pray, how do you know?"

"You know how I know; I'm not going to tell you what you know already. All night, and all day, the knowledge has been pressing me down into hell. There have been moments when I'd have given something to have got my fingers round your throat, and—and a chance of talking to you in my own way. I'm hesitating now, whether to shoot you down like the hound you are or to let you hang; I'd not hesitate to let you hang if I were only sure you would hang. In England justice is straight, but it's stupid, sometimes incredibly stupid. I see already that you've planned a way out; if you were to get out, why I'd still have to deal with you myself; so it seems to me that it comes to this—now, or then?"

"I think you'd better make it then—really."

The pleasant, easy way in which the other spoke seemed to exasperate Sir John Poynder into speechlessness; he opened his mouth as if with the intention of giving utterance to his feelings, then closed it again as if words would not come. He continued to glare at Cleethorpes with the look with which the dog glares at the other dog at which he proposes presently to spring. Then his right hand went underneath his pillow; instantly Cleethorpes, going round the side of the bed, throwing himself on him, gripped the hand before he could withdraw it. There was a sharp, though a short, struggle; then Cleethorpes stood up straight again, holding a revolver above his head.

"You would, would you?" he laughed.

It seemed that Sir John would still; scrambling out of bed, he did his utmost to get within reach of the weapon of which the other had deprived him. Holding him at bay with his left hand as best he could, he kept the forefinger of his right hand—which still held the revolver—pressed against the button of an electric bell. The door opened; Sir John's valet came hurrying in.

"Hankey," cried Cleethorpes, "take this revolver, and keep it out of your master's reach. He had hidden it underneath his pillow, and might have done something with it which he would be regretting already had I not been so lucky as to be able to get hold of it in time. Give my compliments to his medical man, and say that I don't think that he ought to be allowed access to a lethal weapon of any kind; in his present mood he's not to be trusted within reach of one."

The gibe—for so it sounded—seemed to sting the older man to further frenzy. He endeavored to get to his servant, to whose custody the revolver had been transferred.

"Hankey!" he yelled, "give it me! Do you hear what I tell you? Give it me." But the man was careful to keep at a prudent distance, while Cleethorpes unceremoniously bundled his master back into the bed. Sir John, evidently exhausted, apparently recognized that to struggle longer would be useless. He addressed himself to his valet in a whisper which failing breath made husky: "Go, go!"

Just then the nurse entered. Cleethorpes turned to her.

"Nurse, I'm afraid that your patient is in a

refractory mood; my presence does not seem to have affected him beneficially. As the exciting influence seems likely to continue, don't you think I'd better go?"

Her answer was to the point:

"I do."

Sir John endeavored to remonstrate.

"What have you come back for? Didn't I tell you—not—to—come——"

He got no farther; he sank back among the tumbled bedclothes and was still. The nurse bent over him.

"He's fainted. I expect that the bandage has been disarranged and the wound has reopened." She looked up at Hankey. "Telephone to the doctor to come at once."

Hankey left the room. Cleethorpes said:

"Can I be of any assistance?"

"I don't think you can."

She spoke with a degree of coldness which seemed unjustified.

"Can you manage to do what is necessary all by yourself until the doctor comes, or would you rather I stayed?"

"I would rather you did not stay."

He accepted his dismissal with a little bow, as if her curtness amused him. Standing very erect, she looked him full in the face, as if she found nothing amusing about him. When he got outside he said to himself:

"I've seen that woman somewhere before, but I can't think where." In the hall he found Hankey replacing the telephone receiver on its rest. "Where did you get your nurse from?" he asked.

"I can't say, sir. The doctor sent her in."

"What's her name?"

"That also I don't know; we call her Nurse."

"Did you summon the doctor?"

"Yes, sir; he's coming directly."

"There is something I should like to say to you; can we go into one of these rooms?"

"Certainly, sir. Would you mind stepping this way?"

He moved toward the room at the back; Cleethorpes seemed to hesitate.

"Can't we go into the other—the one in front?"

"This is the room, sir, in which her ladyship was killed; at least, this is where we found her. I thought you might prefer it on that account."

"I should. Thank you, Hankey."

The two men went in; and the valet closed the door.

CHAPTER XI

THE BARGAIN

CLEETHORPES looked about him with gentle interest. "What is this room?"

"It's known as the morning room, sir; though I'm sure I don't know why."

"I rather like the decorative scheme."

"That was her ladyship's own choosing. It's only just been finished. Her ladyship's taste was very good."

"And this is where it happened?"

"Yes, sir; as you are perhaps aware."

Cleethorpes looked at the valet a little oddly.

"How should I be aware? I only know what the papers tell; and that's not much."

"Indeed, no, sir; and most of what they do tell's inaccurate."

"That I take for granted. Where was she found?"

"In the bay, sir, just where I'm standing. That's her blood upon the carpet, sir; the carpet being so light colored shows it up."

"I should think that the Tussaud people would give a good round sum for it; they'd regard it as a prize. Heaps of people would pay an extra sixpence to see Lady Poynder's blood."

"Maybe, sir; but I don't fancy Sir John would sell it."

"I dare say not. So this is where she was lying."

"Yes, sir. I understand that that young woman was leaning over her when Sir John entered, and then she turned and shot him."

"It will go hard with her."

"I shouldn't be surprised, sir."

"Nor I, Hankey; nor I. I'm afraid that the catastrophe has had the most unfortunate effect upon your master; it has unhinged his mind—he's not sane."

"You said so once before, sir."

Something in his words, or his tone, caused Cleethorpes to glance sharply at the valet, who was looking modestly down at the stain on the carpet.

"When was that?"

"When Sir John made such a fuss on finding out that you and her ladyship were such old friends—before she was her ladyship."

"You have a good memory, Hankey."

"I have, sir."

"Then you will remember that I was as

much justified in saying he was insane then as I am in saying it now."

"Just so, sir."

Again Cleethorpes eyed him keenly, as if he suspected his words of having a double meaning; but there was nothing on his face to show it.

"What form do you think his madness takes this time?" The man looked up with interrogation in his eyes, but he was still. "He actually wishes me to suppose that he believes that I killed Lady Poynder."

"Does he, sir?"

"I need not tell you how preposterous such a notion is, and how it is one which could only have been in the brain of a madman. Indeed, he has been behaving like a madman; if I had not got hold of that revolver of his in time I dare say he would have tried to shoot me."

"I have always understood that there was a time when Sir John was very handy with his revolver."

"Of course the whole thing is too ridiculous; but at the same time I can't hide from myself that he's in a dangerous mood; and as I always wish to avoid even the appearance of scandal, I should very much like to ascertain how such a bee ever got into his bonnet. Do you know?"

"I do, sir."

"Then I shall be very much obliged to you if you will tell me. Here's a five-pound note for you."

The valet ignored the slip of paper which he held out.

"Excuse me, sir, but it would be worth fifty pounds to you if I were to tell you."

If Cleethorpes was surprised at this prompt display of the commercial spirit on the valet's part he allowed no sign of it to escape him.

"Are you sure it would be worth it—honestly?"

"I am sure, sir, that it would be worth to you every penny of fifty pounds—honestly."

"I haven't so much with me; but here are three fives, and if you will put me within reach of paper, pen, and ink, and a stamp, I will give you a check for the balance. What's this?"

"This is her ladyship's own writing table, and that's her own note paper. Will that suit you, sir?"

"Why, certainly. And is this Lady Poynder's fountain pen?"

"Yes, sir; solid gold. I've heard her lady-

ship say that she didn't care for the commoner metals; she liked everything about her to be gold. Does it suit your writing, sir?"

"Excellently; now for a stamp. Ah, thank you. So Lady Poynder kept her stamps in a gold box, did she? It's plain that she liked to have plenty of it about her. There—there's a check for thirty-five pounds, written on half a sheet of her ladyship's own note paper; with the three fives you have that makes fifty. Now will you kindly tell me what wildcat reasons Sir John Poynder pretends he has for the faith that is in him?"

"Well, sir, in the first place Sir John says that he saw you."

Leonard Cleethorpes had been sitting with one elbow resting on Lady Poynder's writing table; now, sitting bolt upright, he faced right round toward the valet.

"Saw me?"

"Yes, sir; he says he saw you."

Cleethorpes looked as if he did not understand the other's words; he said as much.

"Is your master even madder than I thought? What may he mean by saying that he saw me?"

"Well, sir, it seems it was like this; if you'll allow me I'll try to explain."

"I should be glad, Hankey, if you would; as clearly as you can."

"I will, sir. When that young woman aimed at him the bullet grazed his side. A little more and she'd have done for him. As it was, it made a nasty-looking flesh wound; but though it bled a good deal he would have it that it was not dangerous; and it seems that he knows a good deal about gunshot wounds. He insisted upon being left alone when the doctor had attended to him, and wouldn't hear of anyone staying in the room. What with the police and the doctors, and so on, there were people about the house a good long time. When they had all gone, and things were quiet again, it appears that Sir John got out of bed and started to come downstairs again."

"Then in that case he certainly could not have been seriously injured."

"No, sir, he wasn't; not, I fancy, that it would have made much difference if he had been; he's a very obstinate gentleman is Sir John. He knew they'd put her ladyship in her own bedroom; she and Sir John have not occupied the same room for some time, as perhaps you know."

"Hankey, you keep crediting me with knowledge which I don't possess."

"Don't you, sir? I thought perhaps you did. It seems that nothing would suit him but that he should come down and have a look at her, as she lay dead in her own room. I had had a peep at her myself, and I don't think I had ever seen her look prettier, just as though she was in a dreamless and a happy sleep. In his own way there never was a man who was fonder of a woman than Sir John was of her ladyship; he'd have cut off a finger any day to gratify a whim of hers."

"Foolish man!"

"It's not for me to criticise a gentleman in Sir John's position, but I'm bound to admit that I can't help feeling that there's something in what you say. For my part, I never could see the sense of putting all your eggs in one basket; there, sir, I'm quite of your way of thinking."

"You flatter me."

"Not at all, sir; not at all. As I was saying, according to Sir John, when he got down to the first landing he heard a noise."

"Had he a light?"

"No, sir; and he had been moving so quietly that he was sure no one had heard him. He stood and listened. He says that some one came along by the staircase, crossed the hall, and opened the door. When he opened the door the light of the street lamp shone on him, and he saw it was you."

"He must have been dreaming."

"I can't quite see, sir, how that could have been."

"But where did he suppose I had been hiding?"

"You would have had no difficulty in doing that. You see, as we took it for granted that that young woman had killed her ladyship, no search was made. If you like, sir, I can myself show you one or two spots where you might have been, and no one guessed it."

"I'm obliged, but I'll not put you to so much trouble. I need not tell you, Hankey, that whoever your master saw, or did not see, he did not see me; in the unbalanced state of his mind he was predisposed to become the victim of an optical delusion. Were it necessary, or becoming, I could prove an alibi which would convince even him."

"Could you, sir, indeed?"

"With ease. And is that the only ground he has for his monstrous allegation?"

"It would be pretty good ground, sir, wouldn't it, if he did see you?"

"Even if he had seen me, my presence

would not necessarily have meant what he infers; but he did not see me; on that point you may safely accept my assurance. I asked if he supposes himself to have any other foundation for what he calls his belief."

"Well, sir, that depends on how you look at it. He thinks he has."

"What is it?"

"There, sir, again I think I ought to explain. You must know that last night Sir John supposed her ladyship was in bed. She didn't come down to dinner. Saying she didn't feel very well, she had a little something up in her own rooms, and before ten o'clock she was in bed; because, some minutes before the hour, he knocked at her door and found it locked, and she called out that she couldn't open it, because she'd gone to bed. Her maid was away on a holiday. He felt much concerned at the idea of her being alone; but she called out that she was all right, but very sleepy, and didn't wish to be disturbed. So presently he went up to his own bed, and before eleven the whole house was wrapped in slumber. Therefore our surprise was greater, when we found her ladyship lying there upon the floor, to discover that she was dressed for traveling. She had on a long traveling coat, and a cloth dress, and everything, I'm told, which she used to wear when she was going on a long journey. And in the bodice of her dress was a letter."

"Who found it?"

"I did, sir. When they started to unbutton her coat I saw a corner of it sticking out."

"And I suppose you read it."

"Yes, sir, I read it."

"And then?"

"Then I gave it to Sir John."

Turning toward the writing table, Cleethorpes began to drum on it softly with the fingers of his left hand, then he asked, as if putting a casual question:

"What was in it? Anything of importance?"

Raising his eyes, Mr. Hankey fixed them on the other's profile; they were protrusive, fish-like eyes, seeming void of expression. The same word describes the tone in which he spoke; nothing could have been more monotonous. Though his words were, if anything, overcharged with meaning, to hear him no one would have supposed that they interested him.

"It was a letter from her lover. He said how happy he was to know that she had con-

sented to come away with him at last, and he hoped that she would not keep him waiting, but would be punctual to her appointment; because she wasn't to forget that he would be burning with impatience till he had her in his arms—there was a good deal more to the same effect; what I should describe as loverish."

"Was it signed?"

"No; not with a name. The signature was, 'From Him Who Holds the World Well Lost for Love.'"

"And from that precious epistle what inference does Sir John draw?"

"That you wrote it, sir."

"Hankey! Seriously?"

"Yes, sir; very seriously indeed."

"But—if it's not signed?"

"That's one of his points; he says it would be just like you, not to sign a letter of that sort, and to call it romance; he says you always were noncommittal. But it's the handwriting he goes on; he says it's yours. He thought he had some of your writing, but he can't find it. He's offered me a hundred pounds if I will get him some."

"I now begin to perceive what was at the back of his mind when he wanted me to write down, at his dictation, some silly words from a long-forgotten poem."

"Did you write them, sir?"

"I did not. Now I understand what seemed to be his senseless rage—and that revolver. He is still without a specimen of my writing."

"Then that check you wrote, sir, on that half sheet of her ladyship's note paper, is worth to me a hundred pounds."

The words were uttered with the same air of uninterested stolidity, but they seemed to startle Cleethorpes.

"How do you make that out?"

"To be quite correct, sir, I suppose it's worth a hundred and thirty-five; because I know Sir John will give me a hundred to let him compare it with the writing on that letter and then the bank will cash it afterwards."

Cleethorpes looked at the speaker for some instants as if he could not make him out, then he laughed.

"Hankey, you're an ingenious man."

"Thank you, sir; I try to be."

"And do you really propose to sell to Sir John the right of peeping at a check which I gave to you as a token of my good will?"

"You see, sir, it's always been a motto of mine that every little helps."

"And supposing I object?" The valet said nothing, he kept his eyes cast down. "I say, supposing I object?"

"Yes, sir; I hear you say it."

"Supposing I were to refuse to allow you to leave this room with that check upon you?"

"I think, sir, that I should be able to protect myself if you were to try to rob me, even if I were alone in the house, which I am not. Such an attempt might have serious consequences—for you."

The valet raised his glance—for the first time the two men looked each other in the face. Cleethorpes seemed to see something in the other's eyes which tickled him; he laughed again.

"The world is full of revelations. Hankey, I'd no idea that you had so much ingenuity."

"Hadn't you, sir? I have always had a great respect for yours."

"So I suppose you think that that half sheet of her ladyship's note paper, which was just now blank, till I was wise enough to scribble on it, is worth a hundred pounds to me."

"It's worth more than that to you, sir; it's worth more to me."

"How much would you value it at, for either of us?"

"At the least, sir, a hundred and fifty pounds."

"Is that so? One lives and learns. Supposing, Hankey, I did write that letter; wouldn't that in itself be sufficient proof that I was the last person in the world who would be likely to kill her ladyship?"

"That isn't how Sir John sees it, sir."

"How does he see it?"

"He thinks that whoever wrote that letter had so played upon her ladyship's good nature that at last he'd brought her to promise she'd run away with him, even contrary to the wishes of her own heart. At the last moment it was brought home to her that her heart really was Sir John's, and she refused to go. In consequence of which she and her lover had an argument; and when he found that there was no moving her, he shot her."

"Is that how Sir John sees it?"

"That's how he put it to me. So he says that if he knows who wrote that letter he'll know who killed her."

"Then there does seem to be some method in his madness."

"He's not so mad as you suppose, sir; and never has been. If I were asked to describe

him from your point of view, sir, fairly, I should say he isn't mad at all, he's dangerous."

"That he's dangerous I quite agree; but whether he is more dangerous to himself or to me is a point on which I take leave to have my doubts. However, Hankey, in one direction I candidly admit that your ingenuity is greater than mine; I would rather that Sir John did not have a peep at that half sheet of her ladyship's note paper; I would rather he did not see any of my writing for, say, a week from this. If you will hand me that half sheet now, and will undertake to be careful that no specimen of my writing comes near him for at least seven days; if you will call at my rooms to-morrow morning at any time which is convenient to yourself, you shall receive two hundred pounds in notes."

The valet seemed to be examining the other's face with his eyes.

"That you promise, sir?"

"I do; on condition that, on your part, you also promise."

"I promise, sir, that, if I can help it—and I think I can—no writing of yours shall come near Sir John for at least seven days. Here's the half sheet, sir."

"Thank you, Hankey. When you come you will find the notes awaiting you."

CHAPTER XII

A QUESTION OF CONSCIENCE

THE sun was slanting through the side of the blind when Cleethorpes awoke; a soft breeze came through the open window; the rumble of the Bond Street traffic boomed in his ears. He saw by his watch that it was past nine. He went in his pajamas to his sitting room. Breakfast for two was laid upon the table; on another was a pile of letters and newspapers. He turned the letters over, glancing at the envelopes. There seemed to be nothing which piqued his curiosity. Crossing to the room which was occupied by the Marquis of Sark, he knocked at the door. A voice bade him:

"Come in!"

He entered, to find Lord Sark lying wide awake, apparently once more in his sound mind.

Cleethorpes was airy as ever; the marquis was still more serious. Cleethorpes was un-

locking a cupboard in the wardrobe. "By the way, I saw that the pocket in your coat was pretty full of property, so I thought it would be better to put it where it would be safe." He laid the garment in question on the back of a chair; the marquis watched in silence. Cleethorpes added, as he moved toward the door: "The bath's ready when you are. You know your way, and you'll find some breakfast ready for you when you want it."

He was dressed, and had been reading his letters for some minutes when the marquis appeared, offering apologies.

Cleethorpes rang; Wood appeared with the dishes. They sat down to table. The host ate a respectable meal; his guest scarcely touched anything. Conversation languished; such talking as there was being done by Cleethorpes. Lord Sark sat up very straight, with a look upon his face which almost suggested a martyr at the stake. The more he observed him, the more the other realized that he had some difficult moments in front of him. At last the marquis said:

"If you have quite finished I would like to talk to you."

His host smiled, a little wryly.

"My dear Hereward, I have been trying to talk to you all the time; but where would you like to talk? As you know, I have another room. Perhaps if Wood were to take these things away first we should be more private. You've eaten nothing."

"Thank you; I have had all I want. A little fasting will do me good." When the table had been cleared the marquis began speaking with an exaggeration of his normal gravity. "Cleethorpes, you and I have known each other for a long time, but I don't think we have ever understood each other."

His listener made a grimace.

"My dear chap, I hope that you're not going to treat me to an address on first principles. Do let's take it as read. I know exactly what you're going to say."

"I don't think you do."

"At least, I know all that it amounts to. Forgive me for interrupting, but let me have first talk. You've had a little adventure; and not being a man who is used to having little adventures, this one looms large; but you're not likely to have another one just yet; the incident's closed—done with; so let's say no more about it. I took the liberty yesterday to wire to Margaret that you'd prob-

ably be home to-day to lunch. She's expecting your arrival. She'll be delighted to see you, and she'll ask no questions. You're a lucky man."

"You think so? How odd!"

"Not a bit of it; it's odd how many of us don't see our luck, even when it's staring us in the face."

"All the same, I wish you hadn't sent that message."

"Why? Rather not return to lunch? Very well; go back to tea."

"It is probable that I shall not return at all."

"Till when?"

"Ever."

Glancing quickly at the speaker, Cleethorpes seemed to see something on his face which caused him to observe him more attentively.

"Pray why?"

"My conscience will not suffer me."

"Your—conscience? If you've a conscience of that sort, change it for another. Hereward, you've behaved badly."

"I know it."

"But there's a way of atonement open to you. Go back to your wife—at once! to-day!—and she'll forgive you; all will be well. You don't deserve it, but she'll care nothing for your deserts; she loves you; you know she loves you. But if you don't go back you'll be making your offense ten times blacker than it is already; you'll bring all sorts of evil on her and on your own fair fame—on all that you should hold dear; you'll deserve all the ill that may come to you—don't you wrap it up in any of your casuistical nonsense—because the plain truth is that if you don't go back to her you'll be a dirty black-guard!"

His friend's heat seemed to surprise the marquis into silence. It was some seconds before he spoke; then it was with a brevity which suggested that he was putting a curb upon his tongue.

"I wish I could see it as you do."

"But why can't you? What's preventing? Hereward, you say we've never understood each other. Let's understand each other now. This may be a crisis in our lives of whose importance you've no notion. You've something on your mind; tell me what it is."

"If you were a priest in the confessional I would; as it is, I can't."

"Treat me as if I were your confessor;

I'll take any oath to secrecy you like; I'll give you as sound advice as he would."

"It is not the same; the priest would have his eyes in one direction, you in another."

Lord Sark rose from his chair stiffly, then moved slowly across the room, with the same curious stiffness. Cleethorpes noticed that he was holding something tightly with the fingers of both hands. "Come, Hereward, let's go together and lunch with Margaret and Alice. I promise you as pleasant a meal as you have had, and a peaceful conscience."

When the other turned Cleethorpes saw that what he held was a crucifix.

"Leonard, we shall understand each other so far as it is possible. I do not say that I will not return to—Lady Sark."

The title came from him awkwardly; Cleethorpes fastened on it.

"Lady Sark? Hereward!—since when? Is it she who has offended, or you? Are you going to hold her guilty because of your offense?"

The marquis went stiffly on, ignoring with an obvious effort the other's words.

"I do not say that I will not return, but I must have time for consideration, and I will have it."

"What is there to consider?"

"I have already said that I cannot tell you."

"Where will you consider?"

"I propose to make a retreat to the Monastery of the Sacred Heart."

"I see; that's it—the old lure! In God's name, Hereward, what's caused it to dangle before your eyes again so suddenly?"

"You wouldn't understand."

"Wouldn't I? You might try me. What did you promise your father?"

"That concerns my father—and me; not you. I wonder you have not made more serious attempts to practice your profession."

"Oh, but I have. I'm starting; I've a client."

"Really?"

"Really! And something like a client; a woman—a girl—a child; she's only nineteen, and she looks and sounds still less. She's placed in my hands the issues of life and death. She's to be tried for her life; whether they'll hang her depends on me—and on you."

"On me?"

"On you! But why did you say that about my profession?"

"Because you're such a persistent ques-

tioner. I cannot stop your talking, nor your criticisms, nor your questions; but they'll make no difference. I've told you what I shall do—and I shall do it."

"And when I tell your wife it'll about break her heart."

"I think not; she may understand. Besides, you need not tell her. I will write a note; you can give it to her if you like, or I'll send it through the post."

"I'll give it her; she'd better have it at my hand than at the postman's."

Seating himself at his host's writing table, taking a sheet of paper out of the stationery case which was in front of him, the marquis began to write; then held out the sheet of paper on which he had been writing. "This is the note of which I spoke; you can read it."

Cleethorpes read it; it was brief enough, having neither beginning nor ending:

"I am going to the Monastery of the Sacred Heart, from which you will possibly hear when I have had sufficient time for consideration. In the meanwhile, no notice will be taken of any communication. I shall give instructions that I wish to receive no letters. I think you will understand."

CHAPTER XIII

THE SOLICITOR VISITS HIS CLIENT

BERTRAM DRUMMOND was in doubt whether to take up the case which his friend had thrust into his hands. After Cleethorpes had gone his doubt grew stronger. He realized clearly enough that it might bring him other clients, of a sort; he was not sure that they would be of the sort he wanted. Such odds and ends of practice as he had were on general lines. He had never been in a police court in his life; he had no particular desire to enter one. The idea that criminal work would come his way had not occurred to him. He certainly would not have courted any; his inclination was to refuse it now it had come. Still, he was uncomfortably conscious that at that moment there was absolutely nothing in the office; no client of any kind had required his services for a longer period than he cared to recall. Some time ago there had been quite a rush of business—for him. He hoped that he had fairly started on the road where he would always find something to do. Then, when he had put that business through, there

came no more. For some weeks now there had not been the shadow of a shade of a client; nor could he see where the next was coming from. Under such circumstances it did seem doubtful policy to turn work away from the door, especially work which might pay, in every sense, better than any which had come his way. All the same, he did not want criminal work, he was sure of it. It had been an axiom with the old family lawyer with whom he had served his articles—once a criminal lawyer, always a criminal lawyer. That certainly would not be at all to his taste. Then he had uncomfortable feelings as to the motives which had prompted Cleethorpes to bring him the case.

He had not finally made up his mind when the morning came, and he was starting for the office. On the way there he purchased a generous supply of papers. He found that in all of them the Portman Square murder, as they called it in their headlines, bulked largely. With one accord they took it for granted that the young woman who had been arrested was the guilty party; some of the statements they printed were in that sort of questionable taste about which there is no question whatever.

When he got to his own room in the office he found that the table was bare.

"No letters?" he inquired of his clerk.

"No, sir, nothing at all."

He looked about him with a wry face.

"I shall have plenty of time to read all that the papers say of her," he told himself. But he did not find it an easy thing to do; they contained statements which were so contradictory, so much which was obviously padding, that before he reached the end he had had enough. "I must do something; I can't wade through this stuff. I may as well go and see this woman as read and read about her. I need not commit myself to anything. I can hear what she has to say, then I can form my own opinion as to whether it's the sort of case with which I should care to be connected; if it isn't, I've only to tell Cleethorpes that he must find some one else to take my place, and there'll be no harm done. But before I start I'd better find out to what part of the world I'm going." As he passed through the outer office he asked a question which seemed to take his clerk a little by surprise. "Kimson, where's Holloway Castle?"

"Holloway Castle, sir? That's where they

keep the female prisoners who're awaiting trial; that's where they've got the young woman who murdered Lady Poynder."

"You take it for granted that she murdered Lady Poynder."

"Well, sir, I'm only judging from the papers; from what they say there doesn't seem to be much doubt about it."

"I am going to see that young woman. As it is just possible that I may undertake her defense, it might be as well if, for at any rate the next few hours, you could manage to be not quite so positive; I don't want you to proclaim my presumptive client's guilt out loud in the street."

"No, sir, certainly not; I'd no idea, sir, that anything of the kind was in the wind. I do hope, sir, you'll get the case; it ought to be an excellent thing for us; and if it does come into the office I hope I needn't tell you, sir, that you can rely on my discretion."

"You haven't told me where Holloway Castle is."

"It's in the Camden Road, sir, not far from the Athenæum."

When Mr. Drummond reached the jail he was struck by the architectural pretensions of its exterior.

Having informed the warder, who admitted him through the postern gate, what his errand was, he found that there were several formalities to be gone through before his object could be attained. Finally he found himself in a bare room with whitewashed walls, whose only furniture consisted of a wooden table and some wooden stools. Here he was left for some minutes alone. He was not in the brightest of moods. The spirit of the place affected him; the room in which he was cooling his heels was so hideously clean, so aggressively comfortless. He resented the way in which he had been treated. Official eyes regarded him with sordid suspicion; questions were put to him which made him smart. He was asked if he had any tobacco, cigars, or matches about him, or anything which was contrary to prison rules. Mastering an inclination to inquire what business that was of his questioner's, he admitted that he had the smoker's usual equipment. He was told to put it on the table.

As he paced about that whitewashed room he was more than half disposed to wish that he had not come. The atmosphere of the place was not only depressing, it was con-

taminating; he felt as if he had become another man since he had passed the gate; as if he had lost not only dignity, but caste. The officer's allusion to "all sorts of characters" had impressed him unpleasantly. An uncomfortable notion was growing on him that there could be nothing sweet and wholesome in such a place; that all its inmates must of necessity be foul. He had a disagreeable feeling that it was because this woman whom he had come to see was some obscene creature that he himself was regarded as suspect.

Then the door opened, and a young girl came in on whose face, to his thinking, were written, in unmistakable characters, innocence and truth. He had been wearing his hat; when he saw her he doffed it on the instant.

"Miss Seton?"

"I am Claire Seton."

Her voice went with her face; it was sweet, clear, gentle, within it a quality which moved him to sudden pity.

"I am Bertram Drummond. I'm a solicitor. Mr. Cleethorpes has requested me to act on your behalf, so I have come to receive your instructions."

She was looking him full in the face, with eyes which he found himself unable to meet, there was in them such a speechless agony of pain. Behind her was a wardress and the officer who had interrogated him in the entrance lodge. Him Mr. Drummond addressed. "What is this woman doing here?

And you? I wish to see Miss Seton in private."

"Interviews with prisoners, except in the presence of an officer, are forbidden by the rules."

"What rules?"

"The rules of this prison."

"I have yet to learn that the rules of any prison are superior to the law of England. Miss Seton is not a prisoner in the sense in which you use the word; you have no right to deprive her of the privilege of an ordinary Englishwoman. As her legal adviser I have a right to see her in private."

"You'll be private enough with us here; we've neither eyes nor ears."

"That's not correct; you have both. Either you will both of you at once withdraw, or I must see the governor. It is impossible for me to be properly instructed by Miss Seton in the presence of a third party."

"How long shall you be?"

"It is impossible for me to say; that must be left to my discretion."

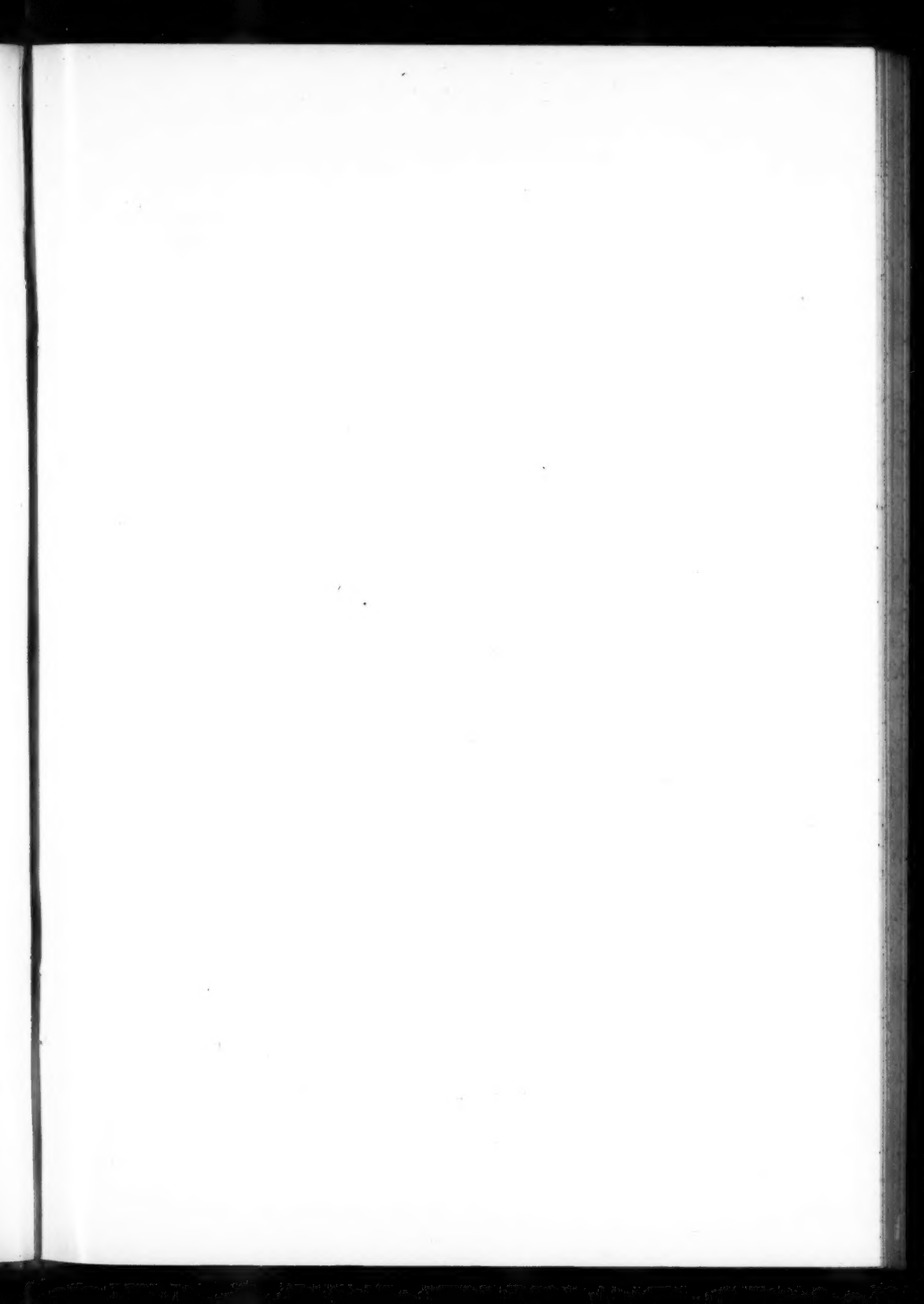
The officer motioned to the wardress; they both went out, leaving the door ajar.

"Please shut that door."

The door was shut. Mr. Drummond was left alone with his client; already he had settled the question with which he had been at issue in his own mind; she should be his client if she would have him for her lawyer. He was prepared to defend her with all the wit which God had given him; with every fiber of his being.

(To be continued.)







*"That woman whom you saw meet Lady Poynder was not I," she
cried suddenly, confronting him with outstretched arms."*

—Page 366.